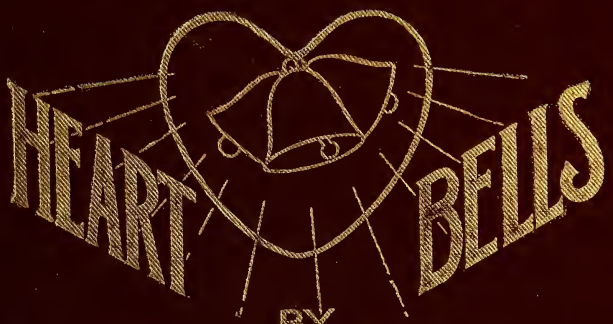


BY

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON

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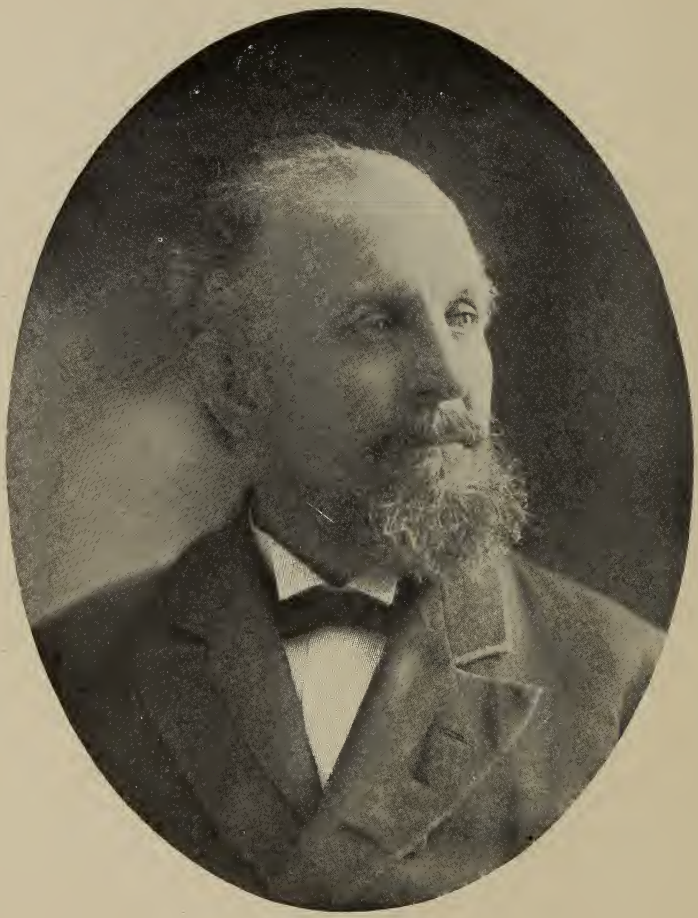
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Yours very cordially
Llewellyn A. Morrison

HEART BELLS.

——BY——

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Thy Statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-nine, by Llewellyn A. Morrison.

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THIS VOLUME

Is published at the solicitation of many people, diverse in education and occupation, of many lands, and yet, each, no doubt, a child of the great All-Father.

The Author makes no special claim to erudition, scholastic attainments, or deep poetical insight. He has heard the BELLS OF GOD ringing in the belfries of Truth, and his own HEART BELLS, in vibrant harmony, have intoned the messages.

Language hath its limitations, even to the ones most learned in all its variant forms and subtleties. Who shall measure, how much more, to one who never knew the discipline of the University or the systematic training of the Masters, and who never dug for gold of thought but by the surface indications ?

The greater portion of the contents is the product of gleaned moments in an active mechanical life, and bears the finger marks of haste. To polish and re-touch might mean to mar, and so they are given as they were written, not for the critics, but for the love-toned hearts that sometimes hear the heavenly rhythms

"That never shall float into Speech."

Prelude.

In that purest measure
For mental pleasure,
One that always pleases
A rhythmal mind,
And contains within it
Joy-tones infinite,
Like the bright June breezes
And light combined,

Or the summer sky-way
(The Storm King's highway,
Where his chariots, wheeling,
Roll feathery foam)
In its light-loom'd tinting
For all things—hinting,
Yet in love concealing,
The Spirit's home—

Do I pen a greeting,
Without repeating
All the hackney'd phrases
That cloy the tongue,
To express to each one,
Where'er I reach one
Who repeats the praises
Of God in song

All my soul's confiding:
By trust, not chiding,
May thy heart discover
The lore I send,—
For I fain would reach thee,
To help and teach thee,
And, with absence over,
Secure a friend.

Heart Bells.

Listen to the heart bells,
Pealing ! Pealing !
All the futile folly
Of a life unsealing ;
All the weary waiting
Of a soul revealing ;
How they ring abroad !

(REFRAIN) :
Listen to the heart bells !
Hear them ! Hear them
Sobbing after sanctity
For the spirits near them !
Singing of the Comforter
To the ones who fear them !
Golden bells of God !

Oh ! The ringing heart bells !
Tolling ! Tolling !
Doom, despair and darkness
In their vibrant knolling !
Telling of the record
Unto judgment rolling !
Mocking spectres nod.

Still the ringing heart bells !
Calling ! Calling !
Satan, Sin and Sorrow
Still the soul enthralling :
Lo ! The grace that saveth,
In their love-tones falling,
Thou shalt praise and laud.

In His Shadow.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

I am walking where the shadow
Of Jehovah falls around,
And the way I follow, homeward,
By His grace is holy ground;
I can see afar the brightness
Where His glories kiss the lea,—
And His wings, above the valley,
Temper everything to me:
O, the gladness of abiding
Underneath the Living Word!
O, the blessedness of hiding
In the shadow of the Lord!

I am dwelling in the shadow
Of the Lord with great delight,—
Where the fountains of His favour
Flow in fulness, day and night;
Where the mountains of His mercy
Safely shelter me from sin,
And my Father's warder angels
Fortify and wall me in.
O, the safety of abiding, etc.

I am resting in His shadow
Though the burdens press me down;
Peace in tumult, joy in sorrow,
Are my aftermath and crown;
He my refuge is and fortress,
And whatso to me doth come
Is an Angel of redemption
To allure and lead me home.
O, the sweetness of abiding, etc.

From the shadow, in the portal
Where I walk with Him by faith,
I shall some day pass, immortal,
Up the ransomed way of Death;
He is mine; my God, forever;
I am His; my fears remove;
For my need He faileth, never,
In the secret place of love.
O, the glory of abiding, etc.

The World for the Lord.

"And David said, arise and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."

Beloved of Jesus, go forth and God speed thee!
Be swift in His name till the end of the days!
Let Christ—the great Leader, Omnipotent—lead thee,—
His Kingdom thy boast and His Glory thy praise!

Arise and be doing!
Above and around thee
The ranks of the ransomed
In panoply teem:
Be valiant in service
For Jesus hath crowned thee
A servant of many,
To save and redeem.

To action! Delay not! Thy mission, salvation;
The grace of thy going each gateway unbars;
Win souls for the day of the King's coronation;
The ones who turn many shall shine as the stars.

O, haste thee, nor tarry! Stay not for the morrow!
Jehovah, our God, thy defence and thy might;
Bear light into darkness and joy unto sorrow;
Be firm and be fearless for truth and the right.

O, faint not, nor falter, though burdens oppress thee!
Thy buckler and shield—the immaculate Word:
His power and the spirit of conquest possess thee;
Thy watchword forever,—The world for the Lord.

Faith's Favors.

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name."

Wonderful promise ! Begotten of love !
Freighted with bountiful life from above ;
Fresh as the flowers in the May-mantled sod ;
Old as the purpose and pleasure of God ;

Promise of pardon and healing for me ;
Promise of heirship, my fellow, for thee ;
Promise all fragrant of childhood and home,
Care and protection and keeping to come ;

Promise of peace that is deep as the sea—
Hid from the tempest—for thee and for me ;
Promise for all if they only believe,—
All who will Christ the Redeemer receive.

Promise of holiness, freedom from sin,
Cleansing and infinite pureness within,
Sons of Salvation, adopted by blood,
Chosen and sanctified children of God.

Jahveh, our Father ! what glories unfold !
Broader to-day than in Zion of old ;
Broader for this, that the human hath grown,
And standeth, bare-browed, by Eternity's throne.

This is the fulness and measure of bliss ;
He hath nor higher, nor greater than this ;
White with Omnipotent favor aflame,
"Even to them who believe on His name."

The Comforting Christ.

O the Comforting Christ and the wealth of His Grace!
I marvel His love is so broad!
Nor angel the bound of His bounties can trace,—
'Tis wide as the fulness of God.
I dream of the glory; I ponder the life;
My heart feels the thrill of His "Come!"
Though toss'd in the turbulent tumult and strife,
I know He will shelter me home.

The Comforting Christ hath the light that I need;
Though shadows encompass the way,
I dread not the darkness; His word is my creed;
He never will answer me "Nay!";
His Spirit in me is a lamp to my path—
I walk in the light of His Throne;
I fear not His frown nor the doom of His wrath,
For I am beloved and His own.

The Comforting Christ hath the power for my soul,
Omnipotent, perfect and free,
And strange though it seem, He hath said its control
Is vested (O wonder!) in me.
The discords of sin-confused matter shall cease;
Time's vibrant unharmonies end;
He speaketh, and Lo! at His word there is peace;
This Christ is my brother and friend.

The fruits of the Spirit, untrammell'd by law,
He sendeth, all free, from above;
The virtues I need His Omniscience foresaw—
Faith, purity, goodness and love.
I praise Him for pardon, for cleansing from sin;
His promise, for me, hath suffic'd;
I know I am safe and at last shall go in
To abide with the Comforting Christ.

Spirit Vision.

The Spirit hath windows, and out of these
 My Spirit, within, doth her seeing ;
The tint and the tone of the vision she sees
 Depend on this law of my being.

The ego of me, like the seed in the core,
 The breath of the Lord did begin it—
Hath life, the pure essence immortals adore,
 Abiding, Creator, within it.

God knoweth, I know,—He loveth, I love,—
 He doeth and I do—in measure ;
My kinship to Him by these powers I prove ;
 Through them I see Him, by His pleasure.

The highest I know is the nighest to God ;
 Thence viewing, my spirit discerneth
The light impearl'd lands where but angels have trod :
 For fulness of vision she yearneth.

I see what God doeth by that which I do :
 Sin seareth my vision to dim it,
And fettered to finite conditions below,
 I comprehend but to my limit—

Yet, still, when I love Him for what He hath done,
 He cometh, beside me, a Brother,
And lo ! the white rays of His own Royal Throne
 And Holy of Holies I gather.

The Way is so Delightful.

Sing, my soul ! Sing hallelujah !
Raise in song to God above,
Glad hosannas and adore him
For His wondrous grace and love.
Sing and praise Him ! Hallelujah !
How the light breaks from His word
That makes living so delightful
In the service of the Lord !

CHORUS.

For the way is so delightful !
Yes, the way is so delightful !
Sing, my soul ! 'tis so delightful
In the service of the Lord !

I was once a bitter alien
In the darksome ways of sin,
And I did not know or love Him
Who had died my soul to win,
But the Spirit wooed and won me
Into beautiful accord :
Now 'tis always so delightful
In the service of the Lord.

I am happy each glad morning,
All my being sings His praise ;
Every moment I'm rejoicing
In the favor of His ways.
Now 'tis pleasure to obey Him,
And the joy His gifts afford
Makes each duty so delightful
In the service of the Lord.

Purity.

"Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow."

Blessed be the Lord for His love,
Measureless and boundless and free ;
Coming from His bright throne above ;
In His mercy, dying for me ;
Scarlet were my sins in His sight ;
Bitter was my heart by their woe :
I am ravish'd now with delight
For He maketh whiter than snow.
Whiter than the snow ;
Whiter than the snow ;
Blessed be the blood of the Lamb,
For it washeth whiter than snow.

Freely in His kindness, He gave
Pardon unto me for my sin ;
Not alone He glorieth to save,
But to cleanse and keep pure and clean.
O, the quickening power of His blood !
Pureness, joy and strength from it flow ;
Sinners, to the likeness of God,
Swift He maketh whiter than snow.
Whiter than the snow ;
Whiter than the snow ;
Blessed be the blood of the Lamb,
For it maketh whiter than snow.

So I go from grace unto grace—
Rising by the might of His word ;
Seeing in the light of His face
All the perfect love of my Lord
Higher than the Heavens for my need ;
Far away beyond what I know
Up to holy heights doth He lead—
Whiter, ever whiter than snow.
Whiter than the snow ;
Whiter than the snow ;
Blessed be the blood of the Lamb,
For it washeth whiter than snow.

Love.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," ,

Show thee love ?
Love, was Jesus
Coming from above :
That was love—
Perfect love of love.
For the truly good, a friend
Might even dare to die,
But 'twas sinners, aliens, rebels
Brought Him from the sky.
In His heart was grace,
Glorified,
Craving, yearning, serving, burning
To redeem the human race.

Love, in deed ?
Was the dying Christ
For mortal need.
What of creed !
Love's divinest deed
Which Eternity alone
Shall understand and laud,
Was the cross He bare to win
Humanity to God :
When our Day's-man died,
Crucified,
All the gates of life and being
Were forever opened wide.

Love in bloom ?
Was the Shiloh
Rising from the tomb :
Sharon's rose
In its beauty glows.
Reconciliation
Was provided when he died—
By His resurrection
Are believers justified.
So His saints adore :
O'er and o'er
Ring the heavenly hallelujahs—
Love is crowned evermore.

Praise the Lord from the Earth.

When the fragrance of springtime—
From the valleys ascending—
 Is the anthem of praise
 From the flower-mantled earth,
All the brightness and beauty
And loveliness, blending,
 Add the joy-songs they know
 To the music and mirth;

Then the love-trills of bird-life
With the harmonies measure;
 Then the fir-tassels sing
 To the cones of their grace;
While the woodlands tell truly,
In chorus, their pleasure,
 All the green, waxy willows
 Their runes interlace;

All the fair fountains sparkle;
All the rills join the praises;
 Every wavelet that breaks
 On a sea-way or shore
Is a note in the anthem
Which blithesomely phrases
 Mute Nature's delight
 In the Lord, evermore.

Shall the hymns of the ransomed
Not environ the glory?
 Or the mortal—immortal
 By grace—not rejoice?
Let the dumb tongues by "Tema"
That stifle love's story
 Break forth in the June
 And give gladness a voice!

Guidance.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
By night and day, o'er desert way,
In pillar'd cloud, with heart of flame,
Jehovah's presence did abide
And lead His people safely on,—
'Mid burning sands, past alien lands—
Till sundered Jordan saw the dawn
Whose eve found all on Canaan's side.

Majestic brightness, from within,
Flash'd through the cloud, whose robes did [shroud
Divinity, from eyes, by sin
Unfit to view its light, unveiled.
What kindly Fatherhood and care,
By love concealed, and yet revealed!
Jehovah doth with his mortals share
The gifts, by highest lore unsealed.

What exercise of love-won trust!
Our God knows best, and rise or rest
Doth each proclaim Him wise and just
And watchful for His people's need.
For all His tender mercies move:
They–soon or late–who serve and wait,
Shall reach the "Canaan" of His love—
For all His guidings thither lead.

Conduct us on our desert way!
Each shadowed night be Thou our light!
Enshelter us each weary day,
Until we over Jordan come
And reach the land of corn and wine,
And hail the King–with rapture sing
And praise the Leadership, divine,
Which brought us out of bondage, home.

The Feast of Love.

"Come, for all things are now ready."

From the word a message pealing,
All the wealth of heaven revealing,
And the Father's grace unsealing,
O'er the world hath flown :—
Tell the wideness of salvation,
Till each heart and home and nation,
In divine re-consecration,
Is Jehovah's throne.

CHORUS.

Come! for Jesus claims thee ;
Come! the Spirit names thee ;
Bring for truth
Thy fervent youth,
While holy zeal inflames thee.
Lo, we come! all talents sharing ;
Time, nor gifts, nor service sparing ;
In His name all burdens bearing ;
Every heart His throne.

O, the wonder! mortals waiting,
Doubting, fearing, hesitating ;
All his loving-kindness hating :
Jesus still the same.
Pardon, Peace and Life inviting ;
Gladness, Rest and Joy delighting ;
Mercy, in her life-book, writing
Every sinner's name.

O, the sweetness! pure, unending!
Christ, an enemy befriending!
Every pauper-soul attending,
May His welcome prove ;
May go in where praise resoundeth,
Dwell where harmony surroundeth
And the bliss of God aboundeth,
At the feast of love.

Life-Bound.

"And Abigail said unto David, the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." . . . "And ye are complete in him."

Herald it forth to His praise!
Jesus, my Lord, can it be
I shall be bound
At the end of the days
In a bundle of life with Thee?
Life will be Thine,
Pure life will be mine,
And love, as a girdle, our lives will entwine.

Laud I the infinite grace,
Lifting me up to Thy side!
Granting my soul
In Thy presence a place—
Not a gift or a favor denied;
Life like Thine own—
As white as Thy throne—
And as chaste as eternity ever hath known.

Bound in a bundle with God!
What a translation and gain!
Now I am under,
Thy grace and Thy rod,
In weakness and peril and pain—
Held—the Word saith—
In bondage to death,
And life a lent mystery lock'd in a breath.

Then! Thrill with rapture, my heart!
I—once a sinner—shall be
Like Thee and know Thee
And be where Thou art,
And have life, in its fulness, with Thee.
Death shall have run
His race and be done—
Thy dying such life for my soul shall have won.

The Pearly Gates and Golden.

Do you ask me where our loved ones are
Whom we hid in the tomb's concealing ?
They are safe in a beautiful land, and fair
Beyond our song's revealing :
We are toss'd in strife,
They abide in life ;
Our home is by theirs enfolden ;
Some day we'll pass
To the heavenly place
Through the pearly gates and golden ;
With joy, unite
With the saints, in white,
By the pearly gates and golden.

Do you understand the Father's love
And the fulness that abideth
For every one in the home above
Where our beloved hideth ?
There is freedom, broad
As the mind of God,
And never a gift witholden ;
And life and light,
For the souls made white,
Through the pearly gates and golden;
Some day we'll come
To the heavenly home
By the pearly gates and golden.

Join in the carols the children sing !
Come up to the realms elysian !
In the Pardon-land when the belfries ring
The soul hath a double vision :
Like a land of dreams
All the round world teems
With a glory, grand and olden ;
On ev'ry side
Where the vales divide
There's a pearly gate and golden ;
For heaven is near
And shineth clear
Through the pearly gates and golden.

Easter Bells.

Easter bells ! Glad Easter bells !
 Ring your "Silver Jubilee !"
Earth's redemption-chorus swells
 In your matin melody !
Breaks the light o'er lands afar,
 Long in Error's sodden sway;
Rolls apace the tones which are
 Heralds of millennial day.

Peal with joy for Easter morn !
 Golden glory gilds the sky !
Once, the Son, of Mary born,
 Born,—for human weal to die—
By the Cross and Passion paid
 All the penalties of sin ;
For the full atonement made—
 Rising, brought the Easter in.

Ring, sweet bells ! Ring hope and peace
 Unto all who hear your chime !
Bid the restless surgings cease !
 Quell the turbulence of Time !
Free the Right and fetter Wrong !
 Laud the Truth and on your wings
Bear the Easter triumph-song
 Till the world its homage brings !

Easter bells ! Glad Easter bells !
 Ring in Shiloh's promised day !
All your rhythmic pealing tells
 Of His universal sway.
Ring the risen Easter-King,
 By whose grace the heav'ns are free !
Soon your silver tongues shall sing
 Easter Golden Jubilee !

Dost Thou Go?

"The angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert; and he arose and went."

Go where God tells thee to go!
Angels, His angels, will guide thee
Though thou dost see not nor know
What shall befall or betide thee.
Go, though the desert doth frown!
Go, nor be anxiously grieving!
What though thy going be "down,"—
This crowns the work thou art leaving.

Go! though the way may be long,
Never an ill shall befall thee.
Go! For how canst thou be wrong
Going where angels do call thee?
Go! God is going with thee,—
Going beside and before thee,—
Ready at all times to be
Thine, mid the silences o'er thee.

Go! He will speak by the way,
Unto thy duty will lead thee,
Give thee the words thou shalt say,
Show thee the hearts which do need thee.
Go to the one where He sends,
Though but one lone one be waiting;
God and that one may be friends
While thou art "Jesus" relating.

Some are so easy to guide,—
Ready for any embassage,
Close at His hand, by His side,
'Waiting His touch and His message
Then, when He calls them to go—
Love hath nor limit nor measure—
Quickly they answer, and lo!
Swiftly they run at his pleasure.

Sing Unto the Lord.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song for He hath done marvellous things."

(A dedication hymn written for Wesley Memorial Church, Moncton, N.B., November 15th, 1891.)

Unto the Lord, most high,
Our Maker and our King,
In worship we draw nigh,
And our oblations bring;
Within these templed courts upraise
A new, glad, grateful song of praise.

Thou makest all things new
In earth and sea and sky;
In mind and spirit too
Creations multiply:
Thy mercies, like Thy mornings prove,
Thy pure, unchanging, boundless love.

Let tongues of fire come down!
Let glory fill this place!
With power Thy people crown!
Thy priests with righteousness!
Thy truth and grace to all reveal!
Unite in bonds of holy zeal!

Come and with us abide,
Our Counsellor and Friend;
Whatso' to us betide
Stay with each to the end:
Instruct, inspire, Thy Word fulfil—
May each one wholly do Thy will.

We magnify Thy name!
We worship, praise and laud,
In rapturous acclaim,
The Incarnate Son of God!
By whom, in whom, for whom alone
Are life and love and being known.

Gideon's Shibboleth.

Written for the parade of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, Sunday, October 7th, 1894.

"The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Fast the "Cross" of Gideon flies
Where the homes of Asher rise;
Zebulon, in wild surprise,
Answers to the word:
Fierce Manasseh's warriors run,
Naphthali sends many a son;
Israel's fleece of prayer hath won
Tokens from the Lord.

Freedom's angels throng the air,
Beautiful and strong and fair;
Hope hath vanquished dumb despair;
Liberty appears:
When, 'neath alien hosts, abroad,
Crushed immortals kiss the sod,
Then the unsheathed sword of God
Flashes on the years.

At the "Fount of Trembling," still
Duty measures mortal skill;
Purpose ponders human will;
God doth all things scan:
They who fain would foes subdue,
Wrongs repress or rights renew,
Must be loyal, pure and true
Unto God and man.

Still for Truth in Freedom's fray
Gideon's war-cry rings for aye,
Ringeth o'er the world alway
Till the right hath won.
Now the Son of God doth lead,
Wrongs ensheltered ranks recede,
Crowns await each royal deed,
When the day is done.

The Royal Heir.

(Hebrews, 1st Chapter.)

O Christ ! Thou art the token
Of all the Father's thought;
By Thee His love hath spoken,
Thou hast His pleasure wrought—
His will and purpose taught;
In Thee the world may trace
All the brightness of His glory
And the fulness of His grace.

O Christ ! Thou art anointed
In majesty and love—
The Royal Heir, appointed
By Him who reigns above,
To rule by grace and love,
Till all their homage bring,
And for Cross and pain and Passion
Crown Thee Universal King.

O Christ ! Thou hast forever
The sceptre of the right ;
Thy rule shall all assever,
In Thee, who find the light;
Thou hast the Shiloh might ;
By Thee shall all prevail ;
Thou art Jesus still and changeless,
Thy compassions never fail.

O Christ ! In all the glory
Of Love's exalted throne,
Reveal Redemption's story
Till Thou, Thyself, art known,—
Till hearts are all Thine own,—
Till all Thy freedoms prove,
And the earth be like the heaven
In the pureness of its love.

Waters of Rest.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Waters of rest! Soul of mine hast thou found them,
'Mid tumult and tossing,—in struggle and strife?
The green, shadowed, shelterful valleys surround them,
And guarding their glory stand Gladness and Life.

Waters of rest! O, how kindly He leadeth—
The Shepherd, Divine—to their peaceful repose!
How strangely his love all thy planning exceedeth!
What fulness of favor His foldings disclose!

Waters of rest! When life's chafing and chiding
Bind body and Spirit in fetters of pain,
What freedoms are found in their blissful confiding!
What solace and song in their rhythmal refrain!

Waters of rest! When the desert is gleaming
And red, parched sand-dunes throne doom and despair,
How sweet to the lip, then, is Nature's redeeming!
And so unto thee is His shepherding care.

Waters of rest! Dost thou, soul, know the meaning
Of rest in green pastures, by waters so still,
So long on the far, barren hills thou'st been gleaning
Where Time brought thee only grief's chalice of ill?

Waters of rest! When probation is ended,
Each sanctified soul, with love's leading confest,
Shall boast of the guiding and grace which attended
Till life found its guerdon by waters of rest.

The Lord is Good.

(Nahum 1. 7.)

Tell it out, ye ransomed,
So the world may hear !
Tell it of the Father,
With a soul sincere ;
He is Love : redemption
Is the measure of His mood.
Praise Him in the highest,
For our God is good.

Tell it out of Jesus,
His Beloved Son !
Tell it with the freedom
By His dying won ;
Mention our salvation
By His precious, precious blood ;
Speak of Him with gladness,—
Christ, the Lord, is good.

Tell it of the Spirit !
He who dwells within,—
Showing our impurity,
Deceit and sin,—
Leading us to pardon
And heavenly brotherhood
Righteousness and sanctity :
He is very good.

Carol it at dawning !
Sing it with the sun !
Chant it in the shadows,
When the day is done !
Let His gracious goodness
Be our marvel and our boast !
God is good ! The Father,
Son and Holy Ghost.

Awake, My Soul!

"I will sing of Thy mercy in the morning,"

Awake, my soul, and greet the light!
The Lord hath made the morning bright,—
He crowns with glory all thy days:
Oh, give him all the praise!
He doeth all things well;
No human tongue may tell
What grace His love displays,
Or give Him perfect praise.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Oh, give Him all the praise!

Awake thy voice, my soul, and sing
The majesty of God, thy King;
For wondrous are His works and ways
Oh, give Him all the praise!
He reigns forevermore,—
Whom all His saints adore,—
No sloth His love delays:
Oh, give Him all the praise!

The day-dawn anthems skyward roll;
The light breaks o'er thee, O my soul!
Let songs of adoration raise
And give Him all the praise.
Praise Him for blessings past!
Praise Him for all thou hast!
Trust Him for future days
And give Him all the praise

Hast Thou Done Thy Best?

How the days fast fleeting, fill the short, swift years!
Like a dim dream ending, so each life appears;
All its lights and shadows seem to flash and blend,
As on ray-flecked meadows evening sunbeams end:
And God is calling
From the setting sun,
While dew-damps falling
Tell the brief day done:
"With morning shining,
Thou hadst wondrous zest,
Now the day's declining—
'Hast thou done thy best?'"

There were sore hearts near thee when the day was new;
There were hands upreaching all the journey through;
Didst thou heal and comfort? Didst thou help and heed?
Or did night-shades, falling, find the same sad need?
And still God calleth
By the setting sun;
Still dew-damp falleth
When the day is done;
The cloudway hideth
Still the moon's wan crest;
Still the heart's voice chideth—
"Hast thou done thy best?"

There were tones of mercy which thy lips alone
Could with all their sweetness unto some make known.
Oh! the ones that waited! Did they wait in vain,
With the same dumb sorrow and the same dull pain?
Still sunsets whisper
When the day is done;
Still peals the vesper
From the setting sun;
Still memory clingeth
An abiding guest;
Still the life-bell ringeth—
"Hast thou done thy best?"

Oh! the souls that perish and go down to death,
While our help-hopes vanish like our vapid breath!

Ring a call for service ere the shadows fall
And the White Throne shineth where He measures all !
God calls at even
By the setting sun :
" 'Tis home and heaven
When the work is done";
Each crowned brow weareth
A new name, confest,
When the record beareth—
" Thou hast done thy best."

Strength.

" As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

"As thy days, thy strength shall be,"
What a promise this for thee !
Fear not then what time may bring
Thou art safe beneath His wing.

Do the clouds of boding ill
Overshade the future still ?
When the morrow comes, apace,
Thou shalt have the morrow's grace.

Dost thou dread the pain unborn ?
Fear the cold world's bitter scorn ?
Is it not enough to know
He will needed strength bestow ?

Does the conflict from afar
Make thee faint before the war ?
When the battle-dawn appears
Thou wilt laugh at all thy fears.

See ! the Warder-Angels teem
Where the beaconed watch-towers gleam !
Hear the cry they ring to thee :—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be.'

Confidence.

I count myself an heir of grace
Since Jesus Christ hath died ;
I realize He took my place,
For me was crucified.

REFRAIN.

"For I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I have committed
Unto Him against that day."

I reckon vain all mortal things,—
Their recompense and meed ;
I prize alone reward which springs
From holy word and deed.

I trust His mercy and rely
On Power beyond compare ;
I cannot lose my soul, if I
But leave it in His care.

I know my way hath certain end,—
Love holdeth life in fee :
The Holy Spirit is my friend,
No harm can come to me.

I glory in His fulness, mine
Because I am His own ;
And all His ways, by love divine,
Concentrate at His throne.

Children of the Kingdom.

Ransomed by the blood
Of the blessed Son of God ;
Resting on His mercy
We are ransomed by the blood.
Singing as we go—
For our Jesus loves us so—
Children of the Kingdom
We are singing as we go.

Happy in His name ;
Every heart with hope aflame ;
On our pilgrim journey
We are happy in His name.
Singing as we go
For the care he doth bestow ;
Children of the Kingdom
We are singing as we go.

Praising all the day
For His guidance by the way,
And the grace he giveth ;
We are praising all the day.
Singing as we go
With a full heart's overflow ;
Children of the Kingdom
We are singing as we go.

Going home to God
By the way the saints have trod ;
Sanctified and holy
We are going home to God.
Singing as we go
Joy and confidence to show ;
Children of the Kingdom
We are singing as we go.

Christ Has Come.

Christ has come ! the belfries ring
Jubilations for a King—
Who, in love, so lowly born,
Sanctifies this holy morn ;
Still the radiant heavenly throng
Chant their rapt'rous Advent song :
Join we, too, the sweet refrain :—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christ has come ! exalt the morn !
"Unto you the Lord is born,"
Every weary child of earth
Wins a blessing in this birth ;
Every heart—or weak or strong—
Gains an impulse in this song ;
Every soul a Heaven hath won
By the Virgin's wondrous Son.

Christ has come for human need !
Swift the glad evangel speed !
Tell it o'er the lands afar,—
Where unransomed millions are !
Ring the message glad and free,
Of this birth-dawn jubilee,
Till the world's concordant throng
Join the angel's triumph song !

Christ has come and evermore
Universal hosts adore !
These, by faith, who dwell on earth,
Sing this song-encircled birth ;
Those—where o'er celestial plains,
Glory's diapason reigns,—
Magnify and praise and laud
Christ, th' Incarnate Son of God.

He Forgiveth.

In the rose-mantled dawn of the first Easter morning,
The Angel, who watched with the new-risen Lord,
Sent forth a sweet message of comfort and warning :
"Go bear His disciples and Peter" the word :
"Go ye and tell Peter !
Do not forget Peter,
But tenderly bear him the message, and then
'Twill cheer and relieve him
To know I'll receive him
And grant him a place in my service again."

Though Peter, forgetting allegiance, denied Him
With oaths and with cursings, yet—freely restored—
His Master, in kindness, would win and not chide him,
For "Peter remembered the word of the Lord."

"My lambs must be fed, and there's none who may feed them
Like one who hath suffered, astray on the wold ;
My sheep must be led and no stranger can lead them,
Like him who himself hath been out of the fold."

The bruised heart of Christ is as helpful and tender
As when He sent Simon that token of peace ;
And still for each conscious, repentant offender
He findeth a work in His kingdom's increase.
"Go ye and tell Peter !
Do not forget Peter,
But tenderly bear him the message, and then
'Twill cheer and relieve him
To know I'll receive him,
And grant him a place in my service again."

Thy Task.

The day is done, my beloved,
And the task that was thine to do
Is still undone, and the angel
May never its alms renew:
At thy hand it lay
All the long, long day,
With a crown above it,
But now, for aye,
It hath vanished away.

The task was thine, for the Master
In His love for thy soul had brought
It near, lest thine eye might miss it
And so it remained unwrought:
At thy hand it lay
All the long, long day,
With a crown above it,
But now for aye,
It hath vanished away.

Some day, when life as He plann'd it
Is revealed, for this deed thy name
Erased will be seen, and over,
Another, in gold and flame:
To their hand it lay
At the close of day,—
And the crown above it
Is theirs for aye,
To thy soul's disarray.

Come Home.

Oh sinner, hear Christ thy Redeemer !
He calleth to thee from above !
And still for thy saving He sendeth
A message of mercy and love :

Come home ! Unsaved one, come home !
Come home ! Unsaved one, come home !
Return unto Jesus who calleth thee now,
Come home ! Unsaved one, come home !

'Tis lone upon sin's barren mountains,
For hearts that depart from His ways !
The groves by the heavenly fountains
Are vocal with jubilant praise.

The wonderful promises call thee ,
The bountiful blessings invite ;
Though Satan and evil enthral thee
He hath for thee freedom and light.

The Spirit thy spirit is wooing
To life by the sin cleansing blood ;
Thy purpose and nature renewing
He maketh thee perfect with God.

'Tis death and despair if thou tarry,
For doom and destruction are nigh :
The angels are waiting to carry
The news of thy coming, on high.

Leaning.

I am leaning hard on God—
On the Fatherhood of God :
Leaning, like a child upon its mother ;
Leaning, as if there were no other
Upon whom my soul might lean,
Who had all her needs foreseen ;
So I wait ; soon or late
He will put His arms about me,—
For my Father does not doubt me ;
He will quiet all my fears ;
Kindly kiss away my tears ;
Banish all my spectres, grim ;
Bid my soul lean hard on Him.

I am leaning hard on God—
On the promises of God :
Leaning, like a servant on his lord ;
Leaning, like a vassal on the word
Of his master, strong and brave,
Who can lead and keep and save ;
So I trust mine, so just !
What though venom's winds molest me
On his Word's sure rock I rest me,
Waiting till I hear Him say,—
" Come ! I am the Truth and Way
Still. My word is all for thee.
Child of mine, lean hard on me."

I am leaning hard on God—
On the tender love of God :
Leaning, with no self-sufficient hope ;
Leaning ; He, alone, can lift me up.
I have neither worth nor place,
To commend me to His grace,—
Yet I find Him so kind
And so very gentle to me ;
All His lucent winnings woo me
By the love behind the known,
From confiding in my own,—
By the heart His blessings limn
To lean all my soul on Him.

I Know Him.

"I know whom I have believed."

I know Him ! yes, I know Him !
He is my truest friend ;
I have no friend like Jesus,
On whom I can depend ;
The friends I trust forsake me
With loss of earthly store,
But He comes all the closer,
Because I need Him more.

I know Him ! yes, I know Him
He is my precious Lord ;
My hope ; my joy in sorrow ;
My comforter ; restored
By pardon to His favor,
I dwell in Him, and He
—My blessed, blessed Saviour—
Doth sweetly dwell in me.

I know Him ! yes, I know Him !
He is all of life to me :
His presence makes my Heaven ;
His trust, my liberty ;
His faith gives strength in weakness ;
His grace, makes strength abide ;
His glory is my pleasure ;
His word my certain guide.

I know Him ! yes, I know Him !
My times are in His hand ;
By His sure care and keeping
I, by and by, shall stand
Amid the host who praise Him—
With them my tribute bring,—
Join in the songs they raise Him
And crown Him Lord and King.

Good Things to Come.

"But Christ being come, an High Priest of good things to come,"

"*Good things to come!*" Praise the Lord! This is cheering!
My soul is in joy by the bliss of this word;
'Mid earthly mutations I long had been fearing
That "Eden" would never to earth be restored;

That Sin had dominion with power increasing;
That darkness and doubt and deception had sway;
That Evil's domain o'er the world was unceasing
And mortals would never their Maker obey;

But O the delight! At the last 'twill be better
Than even the best which the human hath known;
That Eden was only the type and the letter
Of glory to come, when the light of His throne

Shall illumine the darkness and banish the error,—
Shall cancel the evil and rectify wrong;
When men shall be free and the pure heaven's mirror
The wealth of their gladness and ring back the song

Of the sanctified millions brought in by His merit—
To more than Edenic conditions restored—
Who all the rich gifts of redemption inherit
By the passion and mercy and grace of the Lord.

In Love's Divine Confiding.

In Thy sweet love abiding,—
Safe sheltered 'neath the wings
Of love's divine confiding—
My soul serenely sings :—

REFRAIN.

Abiding ! Abiding ! My soul serenely sings :—
Abiding ! Abiding ! In love's divine confiding,

In Thy sure rest abiding,—
In Thee, my Lord—so near
From life's contentions hiding,—
No tumult need I fear ;

In holy peace abiding
My pain hath sweet surcease ;
Thy Word and Spirit guiding
Lead on to perfect peace :

In promised life abiding,—
So broad, and full, and free—
My Spirit hath providing
For all eternity.

Perfect Peace.

When I sought the Lord for pardon,
Like the mist before the sun
Vanished all my bitter burden :
Sang my ransomed soul: "'Tis done."

REFRAIN.

Now the peace of God is mine !
All my nature's tumults cease ;
Love doth all my soul refine ;
Love is pureness, light and peace.

But my life had little merit
In His service, glad and free,
Till He sent the Holy Spirit
In His fulness unto me.

O, the sweetness of the resting !
O, the guidance, still more sweet !
O, the joy beyond molesting !
I am now, in Him, complete.

In the Secret Place of God.

" He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

He that dwelleth in the secret place of God, Most High,
When the days of biting bitterness and travail draweth nigh,
With the crimson'd lintel over, and the sheltering solace sure,
Doth abide beneath the shadow of Omnipotence, secure.

Art thou dwelling in this hiding,
Underneath the sprinkled blood ?
Is thy spirit, safe abiding
In the secret place of God ?
There is fulness there and sweetness,
All thy powers find pure employ,
Gladness, comforting, completeness,
Peace and everlasting joy.

God a refuge is, and fortress, unto all who trust;
From the fowler's snare and pestilence He ransomed the just;
His truth is shield and buckler—so the potent promise rings—
And there's rest, delight and safety 'neath the cover of His wings.

He hath said it: "I will answer him who calls on Me;
Will honor and deliver him, from trouble set him free;
Because his love is on Me still, My name to glorify,
I will save and satisfy him, and will give him life on high."

Within Us.

Human hearts enthrall'd by sin
In the darkness ever—
Error reigning thronged within,
Ruling all endeavor,—
Have but Christ, God's helpful Son,
Unto light to win them ;
They, who take Him for their own,
Have a heaven within them.

Though our hearts be passion-tost
Past all comprehending—
Life seem desolate and lost
In the strife, unending,—
He can speak the word of peace,
Unto calmness win us,
Make the sorest sorrow cease,
Bring the joy within us.

Though the bitter burdens press
And our blessings leave us,
Poverty and dire distress
Vex and chafe and grieve us,—
He can, from the lower loss,
Higher helpings win us,—
By the virtue of His cross
Give us gain within us.

Though our love be chang'd to hate
And our trust to scorning,—
Cherished hopes for which we wait,
Perish ere the morning,—
Yet our Christ can purge the doubt,
Love's pure pleasures win us,
Take the bitterness all out,
Put the sweet within us.

Where?

"Where wilt thou that we go and prepare for thee?"

Where wilt Thou, my Master, that I shall make ready?
What home hath a waiting "guest-chamber" for me?
My spirit, oppressed, is so burdened and needy,
She pineth for quiet communion with Thee:
Reveal me the place; bring me in, and beside Thee—
Away from earth's dark and malevolent hate—
O, let me sit down, so my soul may confide Thee
The sorrows and griefs of her lowly estate.

Where wilt Thou that I should make ready for toiling?
What heart, crushed and hopeless, is waiting for Thee?
In the blighting I bear,—in the loss and despoiling
There surely is help for some other through me:
Hearts call from the shadows,—I hear them, I feel them—
Sore hearts that are bruised by the meanness of men—
By the wine in this chalice, O, comfort and heal them;
Let faith, hope and love bloom in brightness again.

Where wilt Thou? O, Master, 'tis Heaven to be near Thee!
And they are in heaven who abide where Thou art!
In poverty's chamber of pain I can hear Thee;
I know Thou dost dwell with the lowly in heart;
O, let me come in where Thou art with the other:
In spirit, we three shall sit down to a feast;
Though scant be my alms and the gifts of my brother,
'Twill be heaven if Thou art provider and guest.

Ye Are Not Your Own.

"Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

"Ye are not your own;"
Let your faith be known
Though you stand alone;
One is your Master—'tis Christ, the Lord.
Have no anxious thought
For your life is bought;
All your love is sought;
Let each waking thought
Be about your duty to Christ, your Lord.

"Ye are not your own;"
Not a penance sown
Can for sin atone;
One is your Master—'tis Christ, the Lord:
Though thy guilt appal
He hath paid it all.
Let His love inthral,
Dost thou hear His call?
Be about your duty to Christ, your Lord.

"Ye are not your own;"
Neither grieve nor moan
Nor the wrong condone,—
One is your Master—'tis Christ, the Lord:
He is pure and true,
And His servant, you
Must be like Him too
In the things you do,
And about your duty to Christ, your Lord.

"Ye are not your own;"
There's a new White Stone
And a Crown and Throne
From Him, your Master—still Christ, the Lord.
When thy race is run
To its goal and won,
And before the sun
God shall say: "Well done,"
Come and dwell forever with Christ, your Lord.

His Peace Keeps Me.

To the great Triune Jehovah—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
Give I praise and adoration,—
Of redemption make my boast ;
Sing unceasing of salvation,
By His favour full and free :
My Redeemer is my Kinsman,
And His peace keeps me.

His peace keeps me !
His peace keeps me !
It passeth understanding
How His peace keeps me.

Ere my soul knew Christ and pardon,
I was struggling after peace,—
Yet my spirit could not win it,
Though in prayer I did not cease ;
But He found me—My Beloved !—
All my soul, in jubilee,
Rose to meet Him. In the conflict,
Now His peace keeps me.

I had once but Jesus only,
For my wayward heart to plead
With the Father for His mercy
In my undeserving need,—
I have now the Holy Spirit
Joined with Him and they agree
In a double intercession,
So His peace keeps me.

And the reconciled Father,
And remission of my sin,—
With my heart His holy Temple
And all glorious within :
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit--
Three in One and One in Three--
Guiding, shielding, sanctifying,
And His peace keeps me.

Rest.

Thou, O Christ, art Rest;
Perfect Rest.
Weary, earth-bound, human, failing,
Hoping for the unavailing;
Reaching for—yet finding never—
Perfect rest from life's endeavor;
Busy mind for knowledge yearning,
Still the unattained discerning,—
For the finite outreaching
Where the finite bounds the teaching;
Tired heart amid the shadows
Longing for the halcyon meadows
Where the light divine, supernal,
Fills the soul with peace eternal,
Hear the Word: The One who speaketh
Is the Son of God, and seeketh
In His likeness to upraise thee;
Let not perfect love amaze thee;
Perfect Rest
Is the measure of His grace
Unto all, before His face,
Who, by faith to Him draw near
And with unveil'd face appear
In His presence, to receive
All the glory He can give:
Perfect rest for every part,—
Muscle, brain, and throbbing heart;
Rest for body, mind and soul,—
Perfect rest for perfect whole;
Chang'd into His image true,
Each unrestful part made new.
"We are changed" that we may show
In this restless world below—
To His likeness thus restored—
All the glory of the Lord.
I am "like Him" as I gaze;
Jubilation, gladness, praise
Fill with glory all the days:
So I come at Love's request
Enter into perfect rest.

The Return of the Ransomed.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The Redeemed of the Lord, in glad freedom returning,
Their pilgrimage journey to God have begun ;
The desert, the darkness, the travail, the mourning,
The bondage and serfdom are over and done ;
Onward to Zion, the city immortal,
Riseth their songs of delight by the road,—
Swelleth afar till they reach its bright portal,—
The Home of the Ransomed, the City of God.

By the "highway" they come and are coming ; and ever
New feet join the music, new lips the refrain ;
The "weak hands" are strengthened by ceaseless endeavor ;
The dumb tongues are loosened and blend in the strain.
Onward to Zion, the city immortal ;
Riseth their songs of delight by the road,—
Swelleth afar till they reach its bright portal,—
The Home of the Ransomed, the City of God.

From the hedgerows and byways, from "sorrow and sighing"—
The wilderness breaking in bloom as they sing—
With joy everlasting, all dangers defying,
In glory they come to abide with the King.
Onward to Zion, the city immortal ;
Riseth their songs of delight by the road,—
Swelleth afar till they reach its bright portal,—
The Home of the Ransomed, the City of God.

Sing of His Mercies.

"I will sing of Thy mercies in the morning."

Thou God of Creation!
Omnipotent King!
With glad adoration
Thy glory we sing!
We sing of salvation,
The gift of Thy grace,—
Thy perfect oblation
For Adam's lost race.

At morning we praise Thee;
To Thee doth belong
The glory we raise Thee
In anthem and song.
The night beareth to us
The strength for the days:
Thy mercies renew us
To walk in Thy ways.

Through love we inherit
The shield of Thy might;
Thy word and Thy spirit
Are guiding and light,—
Our comfort in sorrow,—
Our buckler in strife,—
Our hope for to-morrow,—
And promise of life.

Our souls—in Thy keeping—
Are safe. In Thy hand
—Or waking or sleeping,
On sea or on land—
No harm can betide us.
At last, on Thy breast
He safely shall hide us
In infinite rest.

Moment by Moment.

"I, the Lord, do keep my vineyard; I will water it every moment: I will keep it night and day."—A Song of the Son of Amoz.

I was a sinner away from the Lord,
Scorning His grace and despising His word
Jesus with mercy and pardon came in—
Won me away from the service of sin.

REFRAIN.

Moment by moment He leadeth me on—
Sheltered and safe till my journey is done;
Moment by moment I'm under the blood—
Ransomed and kept by the favor of God.

Walking with Him, I have gladness and rest;
Talking with Him, I repose on His breast:
Rising by Him o'er the ills I endure—
Moment by moment He maketh me pure.

Here, where His own Holy Spirit invites,
Burdens are blessings and duties delights;
Life, in the Vine thus abiding, I prove;
Watered and pruned for the glory of love.

He is my Keeper both here and on high;
Who can molest when His angels are nigh!
Hear ye! My spirit exultantly sings,
Hid for eternity under His wings.

At Easter Time.

Ring, happy Bells of Easter time!
The burdened world awaits your chime;
Across the fields of fleeting snow
The vernal zephyrs gently blow;
Bird, breeze and brooklet blend in rhyme
At Easter time.

Ring, blithsome bells of Easter time!
Hearts hear Love's chorals in your chime:
"The Lord is risen!" Away with fear!
Heaven's day of gladness draweth near;
The world swings swiftly to its prime
At Easter time.

Ring, joyful bells of Easter time!
Our souls respond to peal and chime;
The gates of life stand open wide;
No barrier, dark, the saints divide;
Truth's harmonies are all sublime
At Easter time.

Ring, heavenly bells of Easter time!
Afar, I hear your mystic chime;
I list, and lo! the music swells—
The tones of Life's eternal bells;
They peal the apocalypse of sin;
They ring Messiah's kingdom in;
Love's power attains its perfect prime
At Easter time.

He Has Come.

He has come ! The Holy Spirit !
Blessed Paraclete, Supreme !
And my dear Redeemer's merit
Is the glory of His theme.
Shines the word with wondrous clearness
As I comprehend the past ;
There's a living, precious nearness
In my fellowship at last.

He has come, and O, the sweetness
That enravisheth my heart !
Now the comforter's completeness
Sanctifieth every part.
Once my passions were in riot
Like the billows, wild and free,—
Now my peace is like the quiet
Of the restful under-sea.

He has come and I am loving
Now in every word and deed ;
He is constantly removing
Marring motives that mislead ;
By His presence, I am finding
Every jarring tone within ;
By His courage I am binding
Every baneful, bosom sin.

He has come ! My joy remaineth
In the shadow and the shine,
And His grace, that so sustaineth
Maketh all the graces mine ;
I am gentle, in His guiding—
'Tis so pure and undefiled ;
And abide in His providing
Like a trustful, happy child.

The Kingdom's Coronation.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.

We rejoice to learn the measure
Of our Lord's imperial pleasure ;
We are fortified in conflict
By the fibre of its word ;
Bless we now the bane and sorrow ;
Do our part,—for some glad morrow
He will call us to the crowning
In the Kingdom of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

So we journey to the crowning !
To the saints' eternal crowning
At the Kingdom's coronation
Drawing nigh !
Death or pain shall grieve us never !
'Twill be life and joy forever
When we reach the land of Beulah
By-and-bye.

Though the light of hope may leave us,—
Satan harass and deceive us,—
All the bright world-charms allure us
From our fealty to the word,—
Yet, the Christ we love will guide us,—
Through the strife remain beside us
Till our spirits reach the Home-land
In the Kingdom of the Lord.

Though the way be long and eerie,
And our burdened hearts be weary ;
Though we falter at the chafings,—
Fear the perils and the sword ;
There abideth compensation
At the Royal Coronation ;
There our souls shall find the fulness
Of the Kingdom of the Lord.

Love's Jubilant Prime.

Isaiah ix. 1-7.

In the night-watch of ages a vision breaks o'er me ;
The resonant landscapes are veiled in gloom ;
Yet life thrills the shadows and dimness before me
Though wreathed in the bale and the pall of the tomb ;
The heart-calls, immortal, from mortals arising—
A passionate burden of penance—I hear—
For all the fair freedoms of life agonizing,
Yet still in the fetters of Fear :
Break ! Break ! O beams of the dawning !
Join ye the fray ! Awake and away !
Herald the power and wealth of redemption !
Swing open the gates of the Day !

O'er the driftway of time the wide heavens are trembling ;
Bright Angels of Morning speed swiftly afar ;
Strong Seraphs of Light, on white pinions assembling,
With banners and lances sweep on to the war :
The minions of Night, clad in vestments of Terror,
Rush fast from the field at the flash of their spears ;
While Sin and her cohorts of Evil and Error,
Abandon the strife of the years.
Break ! Break ! O morning of Promise !
Liberty bring ! Let roundelays ring !
Sing of the marvellous fulness awaiting !
Reveal the Redeemer and King !

In the glory and grace of divine adoration,
Pavillioned in splendor surpassing the sun—
Whose presence is light and whose word is salvation,
He cometh, who is, for the world he hath won,
The Wonderful, Counsellor, Father-Eternal,—
The Mighty One, yet the Redeemer and Friend ;
The King, of whose kingdom, supreme and supernal,
Nor bound is, nor measure, nor end.
Break ! Break ! O Day of Eternity !
Marvel sublime ! Completion of Time !
Thy King is the Brother of all, and forever
Thy Life is Love's jubilant prime.

Yet a Little While.

"Thou madest him (for) a little (while) lower than the angels."—Marginal reading.

Yet a little while ! within the book I find it,
Written plainly for my comfort and my joy ;
On my bosom as a shield of trust I bind it
'Gainst the doubts and dark despairings which destroy.
Blessed message ! Time is but the crude beginning
Of the perfectness my Spirit may attain,
And its brief probation endeth wrong and sinning,
Labor, weariness, care, poverty and pain.

Yet a little while, and He shall bear me over
To the uplands where He dwelleth in the light,—
From the lowlands where the clouds and darkness cover
To where angels walk the golden ways in white,—
From the lowest in the earthly, sear'd and sodden
By the carnal beyond remedy or cure,
To the highest in the heavenly places, trodden
Only by the perfect and the pure.

Yet a little while and all the chafing trials
Which I shrank from, so by ease my crown to win,—
(Understanding not, the burr of these denials
Held the kernel of all happiness within)
These shall pass and like a fleeting vision vanish ;
The living real shall rend the veil apart
And righteousness and truth shall evil banish
And redeemed, I then shall have a perfect heart.

Yet a little while ! O promise, pardon freighted !
Only God such gracious covenant could make ;
When He found me, full of hate and passion—weighted,
For my cleansing He rejoiced to undertake ;
So I glory now in life's supreme fruition,—
Bear the chastening rod and burdens He doth send,—
They are moulding me for Love's eternal mission
In the pureness that shall never have an end.

How Can He Love Us So.

O, the kindness of Our Father and the fulness of His love!
Life and being, joy and blessing from Him flow
In advancing wealth and wideness, like infinity, above,—
And our souls cry out: *How can He love us so!*
We despise Him!
We neglect Him!
We forsake Him!
We reject Him!
Still His kindly care and keeping overflow,—
While His grace and gifts, increasing
In a boundless wealth, unceasing
Make us marvel much: *How can He love us so!*

It was love that lit the universe with all its suns, aflame!
Love that launched this world of wonder into space;
It was love outlined an Eden—paradise in truth and name;
Wondrous love that formed us heirs of heavenly grace:
Yet we leave Him
And we grieve Him;
Disbelieve Him
And bereave Him;
Still His royal care and keeping overflow,—
While His grace and gifts, increasing
In a boundless wealth, unceasing
Make us marvel much: *How can He love us so!*

O, His love for us is perfect, for that He is "Perfect Love!"
All things bless us for our Father owns them all;
Never pulsed a vagrant menance that His mercies did not move;
All His freedoms for our ransomed spirits call,
We adore Him
Now, we know Him!
And restore Him!
All we owe Him!
Loving soul-gifts, for His glory overflow:
All we are, by love's deflection
And its life-thrill'd resurrection,
Is an answer to: *"How can He love us so!"*

The Promises.

I magnify the promises of God ;—
All their wise and gracious helpfulness I laud ;
They are broad and full and free.
And my soul keeps jubilee
When I scan the plighted promises of God.
Every morning, in its pureness, is a promise in completeness,—
Every springtime buds and blossoms at the music of his word,
All the summer' wealth of splendor and the autumn's fruitful fleetness
Are responses to a promise of the Lord.

His promises are perfect unto all,
And in tenderness for tranquil trust do call :
God, when heart-potentials fade,
Doth delight to lend us aid,
For His promises are perfect unto all.
Every sinner, poor and lowly, owns a promise of a pardon ;
Every vile one, harsh and hateful, hath a "credit" for His grace;
Never rang a breaking heart-call 'neath a desolating burden,
But above it shone His own benignant face.

His promises are fragrant for the poor ;
Their eternal help and succor are secure :
From the valleys and the hills,
From the rivers and the rills
Pour His answered benedictions for the poor.
Like the dove wings, silvered over, they shall rise in His awaking,
He will lift them up from dung-hills unto everlasting thrones;
All Time's unrequited toilers shall have mansions of His making,
And have treasure—all the gifts the Father owns.

"To him that overcometh," like the stars—
Which no mist from earth arising ever mars—
They shall shine enthroned above,
Kept by perfect care and love,
Who have overcome by Him who lights the stars.
Unto him that overcometh there's a fair home in God's city,
And a white stone and a new name and the manna pure and sweet;
While the Father tells the angels of their Christ-crowned, helpful pity,
Which makes heaven in all its harmonies complete.

I Am the Lord's.

Isaiah xliv, 5.

God's blessed sunlight breaks
Over my soul !
What wondrous joy it wakes !
Now I am whole ;
His love my heart doth win ;
Sweet calmness reigns within ;
My soul is free from sin,—
I am the Lord's.

Jesus hath ransomed me—
Bondage is done ;
I, by His blood, am free;
His love hath won
Pardon and pure delight,—
Scattered sin's weary night ;
Made all my being bright ;
I am the Lord's.

My redeemed spirit sings
Glad songs of praise !
Borne up "on eagle's wings"
Over the days—
Over the doubts and fears—
Out of the toils and tears ;
All darkness disappears ;
I am the Lord's.

Visions like Hermon's come
In from above ;
After life's labors, Home,
Lighted by love.
What needs my soul beside
If Christ with me abide ?
Then Life or death betide,
I am the Lord's.

Being and Doing.

"Good Master, what shall I do?"—Joseph the Scribe.

It is what we are at our being's sources,
And not our doing by word or deed,
That measures the depth of our life's resources
And gauges the breadth of our human creed.

It is what we choose in our chamber choices
Within, where perception conceiveth thought,
That soundeth for aye in the spirit voices
That ring from the deed, by our hands out-wrought.

If the heart be right and the Lord is reigning
Within where the fountain of action springs,
Though never a laurel our brows be gaining
Nor ever a deed emblazoned rings.

Yet the Lord will crown, as of royal merit,
The earnest desire to be and to do,
And spirit, not flesh, will by grace inherit
The perfect reward unto purpose due.

Though the life below hath but brief duration,
Out of its wearisome toils and tears,
And up from the moors of its bare probation
Is garnered the wealth of the infinite years.

The heart that is nearest the Lord, is surest,
Like His, to have purpose to do and to be;
And for others' weal who the cross endurest,
With Christ shall be crown'd eternally.

Mary's Loved Anointing.

John 12, 1 to 8.

Like gem in the darkness, outshining,
Where all else is bleakness and blight,—
Or "Jewel of Ophir" reclining
On bosom as sombre as night,—
I see this sweet pearl of all stories,
Mid setting where sordidness reigns,—
I breathe in its fragrance; its glories
Gleam out by the love it contains.

Her heart was so true and so tender!
She understood Jesus so well!
And He was her loving defender
When censure's sore cynicisms fell.
The best of her gifts and her treasure
Were His, as she hung on His word,—
For none could be over the measure
Her heart would bestow on her Lord.

She knew not the balm she was bearing
To Him, 'mid the darkness and gloom,—
Nor how what she did, was preparing
Her Lord for His rest in the tomb.
No unloving, selfish designer
May grudge what her spirit impels:
The words of her Master entwine her
Forever with Love's immortelles.

No gift, to His vision, may blind it,
Or force Him its grace to approve;
He measures the motive behind it
And gauges the worth by the love:
And Jesus knows many a "Mary"
Whose life, too, is misunderstood,
Of whom, for bestowments, unchary,
He saith: *"She hath done what she could."*

Soul Fervor.

"While I was musing the fire burned."

My Soul! come in, from the world, to-night;
Thou art far too burdened with all its care,—
Thou hast never a moment of sweet delight
Shut in from its din, with thy Lord, in prayer
Come in! thou hast tarried too long abroad;
To thy "Holy of Holies" to-night return,
And hold communion, alone, with God,
And while thou art musing the fire will burn.

Come in, my Soul! Thou art all alone
In the busy mart, with its bustle and blare:
The chamber of prayer is beside the Throne,—
There is strength and healing and solace there.
Come in, and talk with thy risen Lord!
He waits for thy coming, and will not spurn
Thy sterile trust in His princely word—
And while He is speaking the fire will burn.

Thou needest the "Fire" to purge thy dross,
To leaven thy life, and to cast out sin,
The *"Open Sesame"* still is *"The Cross"*
And prayer brings the *"Fire of Pentecost"* in.
Then wait on the Lord, thou spirit of mine!
To repent the past can alone return
Thee into the current of life divine—
There, whilst thou art musing, the fire will burn.

Thy Lord, on Hermon, at eventide,
Transfigured stood on the "Mount of Prayer,"—
And thou in thy life, shalt be glorified
And the beauty of heaven shine clearly there,
If thou wilt bow low before God, my soul!
The world will know thou hast seen His face
And others will yield to His sweet control
By thy prayer-found fire of redeeming grace.

Come to Jesus.

Guilty sinner, Christ is pleading ;
Calling for thee from above ;
With the Father interceding
For His grace and pard'ning love;
Come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus !
At His feet for mercy bow ;
He hath purchased thy salvation;
Take Him for thy Saviour now.

Bring thy burdened heart to Jesus ;
For thy life His life He gave ;
From all sin and guilt He frees us;
He can pardon, cleanse and save.

O, delay not ! While He calleth,
Swiftly hasten, at His word ;
Ere the world thine heart enthralleth,
Learn to love and serve the Lord.

O believer ! He provideth
All things for thy soul's behest,—
Faith and pureness—these abideth—
Holy peace and perfect rest.
Come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus !
At His feet for fulness bow ;
He hath purchased full salvation ;
Take Him for thy Saviour now.

Servants of Jesus.

We blend our hosannas and anthems of praise,
We are servants of Jesus, the King!
For the love that enrcircles our ways and our days,
We are servants of Jesus, the King!
For grace and for guiding,—
For His royal providing,—
For homes and our loved ones–for kindred and friends—
For Truth's exaltation
And the Lord's approbation
Our chorale of gladness ascends.

REFRAIN.

We are the servants of Jesus, the King.

We live mid the freedoms of Time's latter day,
We are servants of Jesus, the King.
Soon Peace o'er the world shall have limitless sway;
We are servants of Jesus, the King.
Sin's ramparts are shaking
In the forces awaking,
And mightiest factor of all is the Word:
We join our endeavor,—
Our allegiance assever,—
We stand by the right, for the Lord.

We see how the gospel doth raise and redeem:
We are servants of Jesus, the King.
We delight in its message, divine and supreme:
We are servants of Jesus, the King.
By the "Law of the Spirit"
We rejoice to inherit
The infinite fulness and glory of love,
While Hope's visions cheer us
And Heaven draweth near us;
The King and the Kingdom above.

Matins.

"I will sing unto the Lord in the morning."

Singing, as the lark sings, in the early morning
Caroling at dawn-time where Love's censor swings,
And the herald angels, clad in Joy's adorning,
Shower her perfumed incense from their wings.

Telling of the Father's tender, loving-kindness—
Higher than the mountains–deeper than the sea,—
Measuring my impotence,–crimsoning my blindness—
Fashioning Omnipotence for me.

Praising my Redeemer : O that I could praise him,
For the life he brought me; or could paraphrase
All redemption's fulness, so my soul might raise him
Jubilant beatitudes of praise !

Calling for the Spirit : Comforter divinest !
Moulder of my purpose ! Mirror of my sin !
Paraclete of pureness ; whom my heart enshrinest !
Keeper of the "Holy Place" within !

All my triune being, by the light he giveth—
Ransomed from the sordid fellowships of birth,—
Lifted from the lowest up toward where he liveth—
Clamb'reth up to heaven from the earth.

Singing, as the lark sings when the morning breaketh ;
Majesty and mercy to the Lord belong.
Each true aspiration with the day awaketh
Unto holier enterprise and song.

Musings.

"Open Thou my lips and my mouth shall praise Thee."

What can I do for my Master to-day ?
Whom can I help to be gentle and kind ?
Some one, grown weary, may need what I say :
Guide and enshadow my spirit and mind.

I am so weak,—but, my Lord, Thou art strong !
I am so foolish,—'tis well Thou art wise !
Give me, Thyself, some sweet message in song :
Then I am certain 'twill win for the skies.

Thou art above in the wonderful light,
Viewless Eternity's glories enwreath—
I, and my fellows, afar in the night,
Walk in the darkness and shadow of death,—

Yet it hath pleased Thee to show us Thy love,—
Pleased Thee, in kindness, Thyself to reveal :
Out of the *seen* the *unseen* we may prove,—
Measure the shadowless life by the real.

Walk I, in spirit, this morning with Thee
Through the low booths by Bethesda again,—
Hear Thy sweet word: *"Go in peace, thou art free" ;*
See one arise and go forth among men,

Glad in the freedom of muscle and limb—
Unto fair manhood's strong vigor restored,—
Happier still in the freedom of Him,
Who, soul and body doth save by His word.

Jesus is Calling.

Jesus, the Master, is calling to-day,—
Tenderly calling to all, by the way,
 Who, waiting to hear Him,
 So long to come near Him,
They pause for His coming
 And chafe at delay.

REFRAIN.

He is calling!
 Oh! Hear Him!
He loves you!
 Come near Him!
Bow low,
 And revere Him!
He is Jesus your King.

Jesus is calling, and sinners may cry
To Him for mercy as He passeth by:
 His love is revealing
 Such help and such healing!
His call still is:—*"Turn ye,*
 For why will ye die?"

Jesus is calling! The weary may come:
Footsore,—afar from His favor, who roam
 Where sin doth distress them,—
 He waiteth to bless them
With ring, robe and crowning,
 And beautiful home.

Jesus is calling, and time speeds away:
Nothing is safe for you now, but to-day.
 This moment, then heed Him,—
 Your soul doth so need Him.
Cry:—"Master, come, pardon
 And save me, I pray!"

Soul Chords.

God's heart is the heart of all hearts that are tender,—
His love is the love of all loves that are true.—
His smile is the light of all beauty and splendor,—
His faithful compassions, each morning, are new.

Though Father may love me, Jehovah loves better,—
Though Mother's love to me be tender and sure,—
Their love is the love of "the flesh" and the letter,
While His love is infinite, perfect and pure.

His life is the life of all life that existeth,
Where footstep of spirit or mortal hath trod ;
All vital conceptions come in as he listeth ;
Within, at the source of all being, is God.

I live : (nay not I) by the grace of His favor,
My life is the Spirit-life breathing within :
Yet, bound by the human, in fruitless endeavor,
I waste it to compass the purpose of sin.

I love, but my love is the faintest returning
Of all the sweet fulness He measures to me ;
I give ; but my gifts are so mean, I am learning
How sordid and selfish a vassal can be.

Of yore, He who lay on a stone pillow, sleeping,
While night-watchers, waiting, revealed the Divine—
At morn, pledged a tithe to the Lord for His keeping,
Though meagre the gift, how much better than mine !

For life, in this era, with all its conditions,—
For all love's bestowments, that yield to my call,—
For labor, with boundless, eternal fruitions.—
I bless the Beneficent Giver of all.

Almost Lost, but Saved.

See yon ship, where angry waters
 Break and surge and foam,—
All her wealth the tempest scatters ;
 Lost, and almost home !
One lone struggling seaman clinging,
 Hath the tumult braved :
Lo, the life boat ! Courage springing !
 Almost lost, but saved !

From long voyage home returning ;
 Garnered store untold ;
Freely fortune's treasures spurning—
 All her gain and gold :
Life hath all the boons in holding,
 By his spirit craved :
Home, in love's supreme enfolding !
 Almost lost, but saved.

Thou, who on time's tossing ocean,
 Mid the surge and din—
Fearest all the wild commotion
 By the shoals of sin,—
Christ, the Life Boat, close beside thee
 Hath thy safety craved :
Get on board and He will guide thee !
 Almost lost, but saved !

Though the black night fall around thee,
 Light and hope be fled,—
Passion's Wrathful blight hath bound thee
 To the dumb and dead,
Jesus loves thee, thou art near Him,
 On His hands engraved
Is thy name. O, listen ! Hear Him !
 Almost lost, but saved.

Souls and Temples.

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that His spirit dwelleth in you."

Souls, like pillared Temples rise,—
Rise from earth and reach the skies:
Deep the wide foundations lie,
Hidden far from human eye;
Purpose infinite and broad;
Hopes eternal laid in God;
Happy He who hath alone
Christ the "Sure Foundation Stone."

Souls like Pillared Temples, rise
By the toil of enterprise;
Crude materials deftly wrought
Into shapely form and thought,—
Gathered from the lands afar,
Fashioned with divinest care,
Finished and completed well,
So that God within may dwell.

Souls like Pillared Temples, rise
On the wings of sacrifice;
They in desert days of old
Brought their willing gifts of gold;
We in later eras bring
Glad bestowments to our King;
Love's oblations thus upraise
Souls and Temples to His praise.

Souls like Pillared Temples, rise:
Whoso buildeth well is wise,—
Mortal bodies fade away;
Cities crumble and decay;
Souls and Temples skyward climb,
Tow'ring o'er the bonds of time,
Rising upward, glad and free,
Part of God's eternity.

Fishers of Men.

"And He saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

"Fishers of men!" 'Tis the voice of the Master
Calling disciples to-day, as of old,—
Calling them up to activities vaster;
Calling them,
Each of them,
Out of the moil of the murk and the mould,—
Away from the stain of the earth-life, so lowly,
Up to a service, eternal and holy.

Fishers of men, from the waves of perdition;
Calling them in unto safety from sin;
Calling them up from its penal fruition;
Calling them,
Each of them,
Unto a life that hath heaven within;
Away from the shame of the earth-life, so lowly,
Up to the new life, exalted and holy.

Fishers of men! The One who commandeth,
Calling His servants by name, is the King,
Calling them up to the life that expandeth;
Calling them,
Each of them,
Tribute of loving soul-service to bring
Away from the night of the earth-life, so lowly,
Up to the light of the Home-life, so holy.

Fishers of men! In their heart-beats men hear Him
Calling with patient, importunate breath;
Calling them up to be like Him and near Him;
Calling them,
Each of them,
Out of the bondage and thraldom of death,—
Away from the doom of the earth-life, so lowly,
Up to the love of the Heaven-life, so holy.

Tell Jesus.

"And His disciples came, and told Jesus."

Tell Jesus, the Master, my brother, just mention
The shadows which fall o'er thy home;
No need for thy knocking to gain His attention,
Or clamor to lure Him to come;
Enough if thou tell Him the wrongs which oppress thee,
Or mention, by message, the griefs that distress thee;
His answer will cover thy need;
He will bless thee
And thou shalt have gladness, indeed.

Tell Jesus, the Master, my brother, His healing
Will promptly come in at thy word,
If it—a full faith in His power, revealing—
Doth rest and rely on thy Lord.
No fear, if thou seek Him, that Jesus will shun thee,
Such marvellous measures of good He hath won thee;
High, high in yon heaven of light
He'll enthrone thee
If thou wilt rely on His might.

Tell Jesus, the Master, my brother, before Him
Go spread out thy plans and their end;
For pardon, peace, pureness and wisdom implore Him,—
Thy Saviour, Redeemer and Friend.
When death, doubt, deception or darkness defeat thee,
He cometh, concealed in their shadow, to meet thee,—
By discipline's chastening ways
To complete thee
For infinite service and praise.

Jesus Is Our King.

Jesus reigns, let all adore Him,—
Hail redemption's cross that bore Him,
Bow with reverent grace before Him,—
Glad thanksgiving bring!
Lo! we come his banners bearing,—
For His work our lives preparing,—
Pride and self and sin forbearing,—
Followers of the King.

Hear the praise we render!
Keep our spirits tender!
Let each voice
In song rejoice,—
Each heart to love surrender!
Help us win the world and save it
Unto Christ, whose blood can lave it—
Every gift we have He gave it,—
Jesus is our King.

In the light and power and glory,
Which the Seers, in song and story
Shadowed forth, ere time was hoary,
Battling 'gainst the wrong;
Helped by all the Spirit's healings,—
Strong in truth's sublime revealings,—
Voicing God's supreme appealings,—
Lo! we raise our song.

Toil we now, all burdens scorning;
Speak in love or hope or warning!
Sing salvation's golden morning!
In our roundelays
Join the rapturous song ascending—
Saints and seraphs voices blending—
Unto Christ, in pure, unending,
Universal praise.

In the Hollow of His Hand.

I am held in the hollow of His hand!
All I am belongs to Him,
He doth ransom and refine,
While He filleth to the brim
With His love, this heart of mine;
Me, He giveth of His fulness
More than mind can understand;
Ladeth me with heavenly pleasures;
Changeth cheerfulness for dullness;
Placeth power at my command;
Oh! He neither stints nor measures
To a soul His royal treasures,
In the holding of the hollow of His hand!

I am kept in the hollow of His hand!
From the evil I am kept;
From the barrenness and bale,—
By the tears which Love hath wept
And the blood-drops, which avail;
Now the bonds of sin are broken,—
Death despoiled of his demand;
I, his bond, no longer, under,
By the word which God hath spoken
All my vagrant doubts disband,
For I know that here and yonder
Souls and sin are wall'd asunder
By the keeping in the hollow of His hand.

There is rest in the hollow of His hand!
Though the billows toss and moan
And the earth be full of strife,
In the safest shelter known
I have found the perfect life;
Here, nor hate, nor ill may enter,
For, by Love supernal plann'd,
They are covered whom He hideth,
Where His shelterings concentre
And the guardian angels stand;
Never false accuser chideth,—
Every soul in peace abideth,
In the resting of the hollow of His hand.

He Knoweth.

"He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
Betimes 'tis a devious way,
And the siren songs awake
Where the mortal loves to stray,
And the lights of gain allure
Where her hope-fires flash and fall,—
But the bands of love keep my soul secure;
Jehovah guides through all.

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
The night and the pain that I dread
And the bitter morns that break
With their cloud-glooms overhead,—
And the fires of lust and sin
That all my vitals burn;
And the foes without and the fears within:
Yet still to Him I turn.

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
For he leads my soul, alone,
And whether I sleep or wake
I am always near His Throne;
With my toiling o'er and done—
As the shadows fall in the west,
Some golden eve, I shall go with the sun
His way, to perfect rest.

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
And all that my heart calls mine;
He, in love, doth undertake
My gold from dross to refine;
My guidings are all from above,—
Their infinite fulness unfold,
And *"when He hath tried me"*—O, Glory of love!
"I shall come forth as gold."

To-Day.

"Say not thou, what is the cause the former days were better than these."

It is joy to be living to-day,
In this day, the proud boast of the free,
When the flowers that bloom—
Though they fade and decay—
Are but heralds of better to be:
When the clouds of the mortal
Around us low borne,
Are the crimson-bound glories
That mirror the morn.

It is peace to be living, to-day,—
Not the quiet of Eden restored,
But peace
When men's turbulent passions obey
The Spirit and Word of the Lord:
For the Advent hosannas
Soothe hamlet and plain
With their "Peace upon earth
And good-will unto men."

It is wealth to be living, to-day:
We are heirs of the labors and pains
Of the years and their toilers,
Though vanished away,—
Their losses are also our gains;
All the garnered achievements
Of centuries known
By the favor of God,
We may reckon our own.

It is heaven to be living, to-day:
The rime of Eternity's bells
From the belfries of God,
Blendeth sparkle and spray
With the anthem of rapture that swells
From the lips of the ransomed
Who dwell in His love:
It is heaven below
Unto heaven above.

The New Song.

Have you heard the song,
The exultant song,
The first new song
The redeemed ones sing
In the courts of light
Where the blood-washed throng
And the hallelujahs ring ?

SONG—

"Unto Him who loveth us
And hath washed us from our sins
In His own blood ;
And hath made us to be kings
And priests unto God
And His Father :
Unto Him be glory
And dominion forever."

Do you know the song ?
You must learn it here
Where sin and wrong
Can the Spirit move
To obtain the pureness
By blood brought near
And the Lord's unfailing love.

'Tis a wondrous song
In its wealth of bliss,—
Nor shadow blendeth,
Nor pain nor strife ;
They are victors, crowned.
And have found their place
In the Holy Land of Life.

O, the bloom that breathes
In the fragrant song,
From amorous hearts
With delights aflame !
All the ransomed join
And His praise prolong—
By whom they overcame.

Life.

Life is a wonderful gift!
The life of a human soul,
By the breath of Omnipotence sent adrift
Where the waves of eternity roll ;
Adrift in a tiny barque,
'Mid the sweep of the billows of sin,
But safe as the one in the venturesome ark,
Whom the Lord Himself shut in.

Life hath beginning in God!
The soul hath a life of its own,
And a being distinct, and sublime, and broad
As Eternity ever hath known.
The soul, in its life, doth grow ;
Its faculties all expand,
Till they compass—not only the finite, below,
But—the infinite fulness beyond.

Life hath its purpose in God!
All other is puerile and vain :
Nor footstep of Angel or Spirit hath trod
On a heighth which it may not obtain.
Love is the source of its power,
And Wisdom and Prudence hath part,
And "Sweetness of Lips" is the crown and the dower
Jehovah gives pureness of heart.

Life hath its ending in God!
Its source was, of yore, in His "Breath."
And mortals are won, by His grace, or His rod,
From the judgment and bondage of Death.
Death is the "wages of sin ;"
But "They that be wise," saith the Word,
"Shall have life and shall shine" (in glory shut in)
"As the Stars," in the crown of the Lord.

Remember the Lord.

"Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord."—Nehemiah.

Courage! Have courage in danger, my brother!
Stand in the van with thy face to the fight!
Cowardly soul-clamors stifle and smother!
Trust in thyself and the Lord, and do right!
These are but phantoms that baffle and beat thee;
Doubt hath but chains—he hath never a sword;
Thou shalt win power from the perils that meet thee,—
Then front them unflinching, "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage in trials, my brother!
Burdens are blessings let down from the skies;
Losses are gains when we lose for another;
Crosses win crowns for the brave and the wise;
Debt is a due-bill to God, for his keeping,—
Paying doth life's purest pleasure afford;
Sorrow transmutes the hot tears of our weeping
To jewels of glory: "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage for duty, my brother!
Take up the task which this moment is thine;
Falter not, fear not, but act, and no other
But thou shalt be heir to its promise divine!
Answer by service thine own supplication,—
Labor is prayer's truest test and reward;
Doing is faith's most reliant oblation;
All deeds are eternal. "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage for living, my brother!
Life may seem futile and frail as a breath,
But the heart-beats of time thrill the pulse of another,
Whose realms overshadow the portals of death;
There, being shall tremble in vibrant expansion,
While Eons eternal scarce measure the Word,
And the Christ-deeds of time fit each spirit a mansion;
I call with the Prophet,—"Remember the Lord."

Jesus, Our Master.

Jesus, our Master, Thy name we adore,
All glory and honor to Thee doth belong ;
We render our praises with gladness once more,
Our sweetest hosannas in music and song.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah to Jesus, we praise and adore Him,
Hallelujah to Jesus in worship before Him,
We blend our glad voices, we mention His favors.
We sing of His mercy, His praises prolong.

Jesus, our Master, our Teacher and Lord,
We come with our anthems of jubilant praise ;
We join and rejoice in Thy wonderful word,
Thy truth is the guide and delight of our days.

Jesus, our Master, Redeemer and King,
We pledge Thee our fealty, Thy grace to obtain :
In purest laudations Thy glory we sing,
We joyfully hail Thy beneficent reign.

Salvation.

The Holy Spirit calleth
By messenger of flame,
From heaven the message falleth
To all who own His name :—
Tell the Redeemer's merit ;
Extol the cleansing blood,
Till every ransomed spirit
Receives the Christ of God.

Go forth, by song and story,
By sacrifice and prayer,
By cross and crown of glory,
By Love, beyond compare—
Thy Master, thy preserver—
Thine heart full to the brim,
Of holy faith and fervor—
To win the world for Him.

At the Fourth Watch.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves ; for the wind was contrary. In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, Walking on the sea."

A bark, at midnight, on rough waves tossing ;
A crew, long toiling 'gainst wind and sea ;
Nor light, nor shadow the ebon crossing,
Where Stygian demons beat jubilee ;
And there, hard down by the bulwarks bending,
The weary oarsmen in silence strain ;
And still the shivering spray, descending,
Benumbs and drenches with wrack and rain ;
Nor star, nor promise belights the main.

But hark ! Seen dimly, where visions falter,
Against the blackness of doom and dread—
Like spirit phantom, by Lampian altar,
Drawn outward from the sepulchral dead—
A human form appeareth, faintly,
And dull eyes flash in a stony stare.
Is't fiend or seraph, in semblance saintly ?
The dazed hearts cry unto God in prayer
From the sinking depths of a dark despair.

Above the din of the breaking billows,
Who hush their tumult to hear the word—
Like mother's whisper by restless pillows,
O'er weary lov'd ones in slumber stirr'd ;
Or like the "songs in the night" which cheereth
The heart, by the heavenly serenade—
A voice calls gently, yet each one heareth :
" 'Tis I, beloved, be not afraid !"
He cometh strangely with help and aid.

That voice ! That form ! They arise to greet Him,—
The waves, a pavement beneath His feet ;
And one goes forth, at His word, to meet Him ;
" 'Tis Christ, the Master !" their lips repeat ;
And, lo ! around Him, in calm, approaching,
The laughing waters in ripples run
And lave His sandals, in love's encroaching,
The storm, the darkness and toil are done ;
The rest, the morning and peace are won.

Come Away!

Come to Jesus Christ to-day!
Swift the moments speed away!
Time, for thee, will soon be past—
Some day's burden be the last.
Come to Jesus! Come with haste!
Do not life's pure treasure waste!
Let it to the world be known,
Thou art His and His alone.
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come away!

Come to Jesus; He who died
All life's gates to open wide,—
Who—beyond the cross and grave—
Lives, omnipotent to save!
What a price was paid for thee!
Yield thy will to Love's decree!
Come! He did for sin atone,
Thou art safe in Him alone.
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come away!

Come to Christ, God's wondrous Son,
Who such wealth for thee has won!
He was God revealed for man:
Who may guage redemption's plan!
Judgment waits within the door;
Mercy pleadeth evermore:
Christ, from love's eternal throne,
Calleth, "Art thou mine alone?"
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus!
Come away!

"Such As I Am."

"And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

Potent picture of earnest living!
Patient purpose in bonds and pain!
Manacled hands, outreached forgiving,
Pleading—though it may be in vain—
Nothing for self or personal gain.

King Agrippa, in condescension,
Deigning to hear him plead his case,
Is, as he listens with rapt attention,
Almost persuaded to embrace
The bondsman's faith for its saving grace.

"Such as I am." 'Twas not unpleasant
To royal ears to hear that word:
Though Festus saw but the much-learned peasant,
King Agrippa, his conscience stirr'd,
Listened with awe to the voice of the Lord.

"Such as I am." What consecration!
Full surrender of self to God!
Spurning the gifts of place or nation;
Treading the paths his Master trod;
Scorning the hate and the lictor's rod.

"Such as I am." The light breaks clearer,
Flash'd from his wrought-out, Christly creed;
His simple life brings religion nearer
Mortal measure and human need,—
And he who willeth, the truth may read.

"Except these bonds." His great soul, faring
O'er heavenly seas, by the King's own chart,
Would not have one ransomed freeman wearing
Fetters on hand or brain or heart;
Freedom is life's pure counterpart.

His Measure.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

"Be perfect," said Jesus—"as He, who above,
In Heaven, is perfect,"—in action and love ;
And this is His measure of living for me ;
'Tis holy as sinless perfection can be.

My spirit, appall'd at the compass of this,
Shrinks back, in amaze, at the awful abyss
Out-reaching, beyond where the mortal hath trod,
Away to the perfect perfection of God.

In me is pollution—I know I am vile,—
But God is all pureness—in Him is no guile :
My life, at its sources, is darkened by sin,—
But God hath all light and all brightness within.

The pulse of my being vibrates to my breath,—
My body is held in the bondage of death :
But God is—Himself—the I AM and I OUGHT,
And life and eternity are but His thought.

So—helpless, undone—in my weakness I cry :—
"I never can reach Thee, most holy and high,"
"In pity and mercy my impotence see,"
"And reach, and reveal Thyself, downward to me !"

He answers ! My Father—so tender and kind !
Himself, in the human, my Brother, I find :
In Christ, all His fulness, on me is bestowed,—
And through Him my soul is made perfect in God.

The Comforter.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

O, troubled heart, pain-swept by Fear,
Why dost thou Grief's dark vestments borrow?
Or, with the Comforter so near,
Why still consortest thou with Sorrow?

God sees the cloud-way overhead;
He knows the bound where visions falter;
He hears the heart-beats, numb with dread,
Nor yet doth any purpose alter.

He will not come to thee too late;
Thy faintest beat of hope He heareth;
Be still; trust on; His pleasure wait;
The heralds of the King appeareth.

Heaven will be large enough for all,
And every Christly spirit gain it;
What though the gnomes of Time appal—
Celestial records will explain it.

He aims to mould and make thee pure,—
From venal, earthly things to win thee;
To gain thee riches which endure,
And thus begin thy heaven within thee.

Rest thou in Him, for He doth rest
Within thy soul, in safe abiding,
A winsome, holy, helpful guest;
Thou art secure in His confiding.

The Father Heart.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth."

Oh, the Father-Heart of God
How it beats with human pain!
Once, on Life's behest, He trod
Lowly human ways, to gain
'Mid their finite forms, the meed
Of the mortal, seen but dim,—
So, forevermore, their need
Might have perfect help in Him.

Oh, the Father-Heart, above,
Hath such grace for human grief!
Every pulse of perfect love
Throbs with passionate relief.
He, so well, doth comprehend
All that sorrow's soreness means
Perfect Love makes perfect friend:
It is thus He intervenes.

Oh, the Father's heart is kind—
Kinder than a mother's heart!
All its vibrant chords, refined,
Have no perfect counterpart.
Never love like His was known—
Infinite in breadth and zeal—
But Eternity, alone,
Can its amplitude reveal.

Yea! the Father-heart is strong
As the Father-mind is wise;
Every life—or short or long—
Hath, by Him, divine emprise;
Though the sombre shadows fall
When lov'd forms and faces flee
It is but His kingdom-call,
As of old: "Come unto Me."

Sunlight in the Soul.

Call hosanna from the shadows,
Soul of mine, rejoice and sing!
Thou art safe within the shelter
Of the everlasting wing.
Though the sin-press'd cry of sorrow
From the human heavenward roll,—
When the Master smiles upon thee
There is sunlight in the soul.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah! Praise and blessing!
By the Blood of cleansing, whole;
Peace and purity possessing,
There is sunlight in the soul.

Though the burdens may be bitter
And unceasing still the strife,
While the toilsome way is weary—
Yet they lure thee unto life.
Not a cloud of doubt or dimness
But shall vanish as a scroll;
At the brightness of His coming
There is sunlight in the soul.

It is gladness in the morning
When His love thy love invites;
It is walking at the noontime
In the valley of delights;
'Tis reposing at the even
With thy pleasures on parole,—
And the darkness falleth, never,
With the sunlight in the soul.

O, the loving Holy Spirit
Doth thy service oversee;
Praise and bless Him for the favor
Of His fellowship with thee!
He indwelleth for thy sweetness—
Every purpose to control,
And His consummate refining
Is the sunlight in the soul.

Look Up! Lift Up!

(Written for First Methodist Young People's Convention of Ontario, Jan. 1892.

Lo! Ten thousand tuneful voices
Blend in consecration song:
Every love-won heart rejoices,—
Zion's Templed courts they throng;
Youths and maidens, pledged and plighted,
Firm to be and strong to do,
In the name of Christ, united,—
To their "Epworth" motto true:—

REFRAIN.

"Look up! Lift up! Lend a helping hand!"
"Look up! Lift up! Lend a helping hand!"
Lead us! Lead us! Lead us into light!
Guide us! Guide us! Battling for the right.

Still, within each Christian nation,
Sordid souls, low sunk in sin,
Wait the message of Salvation
And the peace its light may win,—
Need our loving words to lure them
Upward to the restful skies:
We must for the Lord secure them,—
This is our beloved emprise.

So, the Nations, ransomed by Him,
Shall the Gospel grace obtain;
So, the World shall glorify Him;
Truth and Right and Pureness reign
Over Sin and Wrong victorious;
All shall walk in Wisdom's ways;
Heaven and Earth, in anthem glorious,
Blend in universal praise.

The King's Words.

"One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto Jehovah.—Song of the Son of Amoz.

"*I am the Lord's!*" O, wondrous truth!
What treasure-trove within thee centres!
The spirit birth; immortal youth;
The new life when the God life enters;
The sin cast out; the soul made white;
Redemption's ever blessed story;
The joy; the strength; the pure delight;
The crown of life and endless glory.

"*I am the Lord's.*" What fear I then!
Nothing of earth may charm or win me;
Nor pride, nor hate, nor scorn of men
May find a resting place within me;
My daily need hath daily bread;
The morning sun brings noon-day splendor;
The green sward is my carpet, spread;
And God my own supreme defender.

"*I am the Lord's.*" My soul is safe!
His love a bulwark is about me;
I dare not in His keeping, chafe;
His kingdom's heirs are crown'd without me;
He calleth,—if I heed His word,
Content to follow where He leadeth—
My Spirit life, by grace restored,
The highest human hope exceedeth.

"*I am the Lord's.*" Yet am not bound:
No harsh, despotic virtues sway Him:
Such tender harmonies surround,—
My Spirit, striveth to obey Him,—
And when, in my own simple way,
I pass a kindness to another,
From out the Book I hear Him say:—
"*By this I know thou art my Brother.*"

"I am the Lord's." Nor good, nor ill
Shall my forsworn allegiance sever ;
The mandates of His sovereign will
For me, are wise and good, forever ;
There is no ill for them who love ;
'Tis good, from all things He designs us ;
The burdens, toils and trials prove
To be the fires where He refines us.

"I am the Lord's." He died for me ;
For me He burst Death's bonds asunder
And rose, my Advocate to be,
O, heart, do thou behold and wonder !
For me ! For me ! O love divine !
From earth and evil ransom'd by Him !
I am the Lord's and He is mine :
Join all my powers to glorify Him.

Serving the King.

Thou silent one, waiting, with never a friend,—
Still with conscience debating, probation will end ;
No cry of contrition can folly atone—
Thou shalt stand in the night-fall of judgment, alone.

Couldst thou know all the pity or measure the love
Of the King, in yon City of favor, above,
Thy soul its best treasure with gladness would bring,
Thou would'st find all thy pleasure in serving the King.

All the light and the splendor of Heaven may be thine
If thou wilt surrender to love so divine.
His service constraineth ! Let hosannas ring !
He is risen and He reigneth, Emmanuel, the King.

Mother Earth.

"Mother Earth"—'Tis thus we name her,
While in ignorance profound,
For our mortal ills we blame her
And all evils which abound—
Blame and chide, nor stop to measure
How that all her pulsings move
For her children's weal and pleasure,
By the mystic law of love.

God is love! The whole creation—
Product of His mind and skill,
And in every modulation
Fashioned by His word and will—
Whether matter, mind or spirit,
Doth His royal impress bear—
Doth, by birthright dower, inherit
Power, His attributes to share;

So the earth—from which the mortal
By supreme potentials came,
Beareth through the green-sward-portal—
All her amorous dust aflame—
Food for life, whose wealth unfoldeth—
Robes, the treasure-trove of art—
Balms for healing—for she holdeth
All her children in her heart.

Earth from earth—the birth-bell, soundeth;
Finite forms for narrow needs.
Earth for earth, though life aboundeth,
Sourceward still it all recedes.
Dust to dust—ambition spurning,
Shadows lengthen, night seems best—
To her breast at eve returning,
Earth, our mother, bids us rest:

Tarry Here.

"And Elijah said unto Elisha, tarry here I pray thee."

"Tarry here, while I go down to Bethel,"
Spake that voice whose tones from Tisba thundered doom,—
Spake to him, the saintly son of Shaphat—
Call'd, anointed to be prophet in his room,—
Spake by Gilgal, with the sun, full-orb'd, ascending,—
Spake as one who knew the journey and the road:
For, alone, he fain would reach that journey's ending,—
In the silence meet the messengers of God.

"Tarry here!" The voice is low and tender,—
All its harsh, discordant bitterness seems spent,—
In its tone there breathes a sweet surrender,—
In its words a holy, grateful glad content.
O 'tis well for us when grace, divine, can lead us
From the vengeful trend of famine, fire and sword,
To the lessons which the silent forces read us,
And in them perceive the voices of the Lord,

"Tarry here!" Ah yes! 'Tis well to tarry:—
There are those who wait our teaching and our skill,—
Sorrow's burden seemeth more than some can carry,—
Duty's weary pressure hath its soreness still,
And the message of the prophet still is sounding,
And the needy, dumb, despairing ones await,
And the ignorance and evil are abounding
Just as when these prophets counselled by the gate.

"Tarry here!" Ah! Love is very clinging,—
It would follow onward, downward, through the gloom,—
Till it heard the warning belfries ringing
Danger signals in the shadow of the tomb:
But 'tis only there we glean life's grand evangels
From the world beyond, which hath our being stirred,
For we, sometimes, close by Jordan, see the angels
And the Chariots and the Horsemen of the Lord.

"Tarry here!" Our pulses throb ecstatic
At the wondrous revelations of delight;
Blessedness and freedom are emphatic
In that other life outflashing on our sight.
The vision fades and leaves us to the burden,
So we find our duty's guiding where they trod,
And we know that, by and by, we too, by Jordan,
Shall rejoice to meet the *"Messengers of God."*

"This Same Jesus."

"This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Ye, who doubt love's broad emprise,
Hear the message from the skies,
Borne by brethren, tried and true,
Unto these, a chosen few:—
"This same Jesus," whom ye mourn,—
"This same Jesus," shall return;
All who worship may adore
Jesus still, and evermore.

He, who once was lowly born,
Heir of hate, and scoff and scorn,—
Who did man's contumely bear,—
Who did Mary's sorrow share,—
Who came quickly at the call
Of the beggar by the wall,—
Now—beyond the cross and grave—
Lives, omnipotent to save.

Jesus still and still the same,
Changeless in His grace and name,—
Perfect in His love and power,—
Still for each, in every hour,
Saviour, brother, helper, friend,—
Keeping, guiding to the end.
Heaven is just beyond the tomb,—
Life hath there immortal bloom.

"This same Jesus!" Every word
Full of tenderness, which stirr'd
Throbbing bosoms, as He spake
Benediction, for their sake,
Hath divinest import now,—
Royal cygnet on its brow,—
Hath, in its imperial tone,
Impress of th' Eternal Throne.

With a blessing on His lips,
Voice and presence had eclipse.
Though the heavens may be dumb,
As He went so shall He come:
Gleaning all the years till then,
Gifts of life and grace for men,—
At His coming He will call
Benedictions upon all.

He was such a faithful friend,—
Serving, saving to the end!
As He was, so is He still:
So He doth this word fulfil:
As He is so will He be
Unto all eternity.
Life in Him hath hope and goal:
"This same Jesus!" Thine, my soul!

What He Saith.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—Jesus.

There is restful calm and quiet
In this covenanted word
And my spirit solaced by it,
Sees the kindness of the Lord.
And discerns it must be better,
When he says it, not to know
Than to chafe about the letter
Of the knowledge, here below,

It is better He should lead me
Though I do not see His hand—
In the darkness He may need me
Where I cannot understand—
It must be in Him confiding—
His great promise hath such store
For my permanent providing—
I am safe forevermore.

I am glad He tells me truly
In the plainest kind of speech—
So that I may not unduly
Seek for lore I cannot reach—
That to know is not as needful
As it is to do or be.
(May the Spirit make me heedful
Of His messages to me.)

There are many things unfolding,
Like the grain upon the mere,
Where His eye, alone, beholding,
Sees the full corn in the ear;
There are simple words and actions,
All unnoticed and unknown,
That shall be rich benefactions
When they gain the great White Throne.

Nothing here attains the measure
Of perfection,—so He saith ;
Only there we find our treasure,
In the Home-land, after death ;
Here,—but incomplete beginnings,
Launch'd in poverty and pain ;
There,—accumulated winnings
All His faithfulness explain.

And He, some day, close beside me
In that land of Perfect Life,
Will flash out the light denied me,—
Show me why, in moil and strife,
I was beaten, baffled, broken
By the faithless and the wrong :
So I take His word and token
And I weave them into song.

Talitha Cumi.

"And behold one of the rulers, Jairus by name, fell at His feet and besought Him greatly, saying, my little daughter lieth at the point of death ; come and lay Thy hands on her and she shall live. He took her by the hand and saith unto her : 'Talitha Cumi,' and straightway the damsel arose."

Greet with gladness patient watcher,
Waiting for redemption's morning,
All the day's prophetic signals
Crimsoned in the glowing skies ;
Praise the Father, God, the giver—
Praise the Spirit, light, adorning,
Praise the Son who gave the message :—
"Maiden from thy rest arise."

Learn the lore the word discloses
In this thrice-told gospel story ;
Glean its golden grain of promise
For the hunger in thy breast ;
Love the loving, helpful Master,
Let thy life reveal His glory,
Who will grant thee life eternal
When He calls thee from thy rest.

Be not faithless ; trust Him fully,
Though the joy-lights fade around thee ;
Though the darkness seem the denser
For the noon-tide brightness fled ;
'Twas His tender, loving-kindness
In the bygone days that found thee :
There is life's perennial sunlight
O'er the driftway overhead.

Call for Jesus ; bide His coming,
Though He tarry bearing blessings
To some lone one, sad and weary,
Waiting for Him by the way ;
Still, He feels thy sorer sorrow
And for all thy heart's distressings
Hath a balm of peace and healing
That will compensate delay.

It may be the garnered sunshine
Thou for years hast been receiving,
Makes thy spirit feel the keener
All this sudden, crucial pain ;
Wait, while this one knowing only
Bitter impotence and grieving
Reaches out her weary fingers
For her childhood's life again.

Wait,—His gifts have no misplacings ;
Time's delays are love's surprises ;
None may claim the boon thou needest,
It is thine and thine alone ;
In the secret of His presence
Thou shalt know what love devises ;
When He saith : "Talitha cumi"
Thou shalt stand before the Throne.

Obed-Edom.

"So David brought not the ark home, but carried it aside into the house of Obed-Edom, the Gittite. And the ark of God remained with the family of Obed-Edom, in his house three months, and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-Edom and all that he had."

OBED-EDOM: Son of blessing!
God is infinitely wise;
He, from out our sin's distressing,
Can most wondrous good devise.
Uzza, when the burden shifted,
So the word before us saith,
With unholy hands uplifted,
Touched the Holy to his death.

Then King David questioned—fearing
He had erred in grace or skill;
"How may I, Jehovah hearing,
Be obedient to His will?"
So, with speed, the kine unyoking
Which had stumbled 'neath their load,
In thy care (his terror cloaking)
Left the sacred ark of God.

And in haste to Zion speeding,
In her Book of holy lore
Found he, from the sacred reading,
What he should have known before:
How Jehovah had anointed—
Given priestly robe and mark—
And by grace divine appointed
Aaron's sons to bear the ark.

Then for three long months he tarried—
Training those who sang the best—
When with regal pomp he carried,
To its consecrated rest,
Sacred ark and holy symbols—
'Mid a nation's praise and song,
Blending with the harps and timbrels
All the assembled hosts along.

Meanwhile in thy safe abiding—
Love's bestowments all are free—
God's shechinah presence, hiding,
Wondrous blessings brought to thee :
Wife and children, flocks and meadows,
Felt the bliss of life abroad—
Knew the rest of downy shadows
Underneath the wings of God.

Realized in every function
Love's supreme, divinest thrill—
Felt the Holy Spirit's unction—
With its peace—their beings fill.
Whereso ring the songs of freedom,
Evermore it shall be told,
How the "Lord blessed Obed-Edom
And his house," in days of old.

Bethesda.

John v : 2-15,

Bethesda, fountain by the gate,
In thought, I view thy porched side
And see the helpless ones who wait
The moving of thy placid tide :
The angel's presence at the pool,
With hope his coming may make whole !

How long in weariness and pain,
These fettered ones have waited here,
Bound by disease's galling chain,
With scarce a hope and many a fear—
Waiting the "Moving of the pool,"
That one, perhaps, may be made whole.

What dull conceptions of the grace
And kindly Fatherhood of God !
That strength and life and times have place,
And pain and weakness—in His mood—
Have only pity and no care
But hope, that endeth in despair !

Lo ! as I scan the hopeless throng,
I see a stranger passing near,
Who moves, with quiet grace, along,
And speaks a word of kindly cheer
To one, the weariest one of all:—
"Hast thou a hope to be made whole ?"

I see the eager, upturned eye,
I hear him say : "I have no friend
To put me in." A swift reply
Comes from the Stranger, and the end
Of weary waiting by the pool :
"Rise, take thy bed : thou art made whole."

Oh, human remedies for sin,
How impotent ye are to save !
Ye are as feeble, life to win,
As vain Bethesda's troubled wave ;
Ye seem to help the sin-sick soul,
Yet none but Jesus can make whole.

None but th' almighty Son of God
Can vanquish death or pardon sin,
And saving faith is human need
For all, who—found his courts within—
Hath hope that, somehow, for each soul
God hath the gift that maketh whole.

"A Brand Plucked From the Burning."

"The Lord saith, Because they have forsaken my law, I will scatter them among the heathen, . . . and this whole land shall be a desolation. . . . Then shall ye call upon me. . . . and I will hearken unto you . . . and I will gather you."—Jeremiah.

"Upon Elam will I bring the four winds of heaven, and will scatter them towards those winds . . . but in the latter days I will bring again the captivity of Elam."—Jeremiah.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—Zechariah.

Still sunrise brightens Chebar's vales
As morning breaks in splendour;
And still o'er sheltered Elam's dales
The winds are warm and tender.
Yet barren, bleak, and desolate,
No joy comes with the morning:
They, too, the mystic promise wait:
"A brand plucked from the burning."

Once to these lands—enwreathed in shame—
For sorrow's sore renewing,
God's own rejected people came,
And for their evil doing
By bitter bondage did atone:
They, to their homes returning,
Had learned to serve one God alone;
"A brand plucked from the burning."

And still the silent centuries pass
In Phœnix-like procession;
And still on Shinar's land, alas!
Remains the same repression:
No Gospel-call from ransom'd hearts
For man's salvation yearning,
Its love and joy and grace imparts;
No "brand plucked from the burning."

But God, expectantly, awaits,
While Islam's day is ending;
While through Time's eastern, light-pearl'd gates
The morning breaks, ascending,

With life for all, on shore and sea,
Unto Jehovah turning,
For even Elam yet shall be,
"A brand plucked from the burning."

How self-willed in those olden days,
Did Israel, in her blindness,
Despise the great All-Father's ways,
And scorn His loving kindness,—
Forget the overshadowing flame,—
His royal favor spurning,—
Till crushed and broken she became
"A brand plucked from the burning."

Nor yet did slavery or chains,
A truer spirit teach her;
Nor servile bonds nor burden's pains
For life's redemption reach her;
'Twas only when she saw the Lord
By Chebar's vales sojourning,—
For captive Israel flashed the Word:
"A brand plucked from the burning."

We in these latter days, as well,
Chafe at His gentle chiding—
Refuse within His courts to dwell,
And spurn His kind providing.
We nurture sin and stifle truth—
Still to our idols turning—
And only are, by grace, forsooth,
"A brand plucked from the burning."

Yet God, our Father, loveth each,
And all His deeds, within them,
Have tender love, wherewith to reach
Our wayward hearts, and win them.
"New robes" for ransomed ones hath he;
The "oil of joy" for mourning,
And crowns through all eternity,
For "brands plucked from the burning."

Heavenly Revealings.

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba toward Haran, and he lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep; and he dreamed."

Night, and the white stars shine
 In the pale, empyreal sky;
On the breast of God, in repose divine,
 The nestling heavens lie:
 The sensuous sun
 Hath his journey run;
The day and its menial toil are done.

One who, the long day through,
 Had trudg'd o'er the hill-ways brown,—
Where the crisp grass kisseth the trembling dew,
 Weary, hath lain him down,
 Footsore, alone,
 His pillow a stone;
The singing-birds of his soul all flown.

Out from his mother's side
 And his father's tented home,
Where the downy pinions of Peace are pied
 And the wondering angels come,—
 With pride and scorn
 In his heart, low born
Of sin, unshrived, he had fled at morn.

Rest! What hath rest for him
 Whose heart is at war with Right,
When the day's dark doings—like spectres grim—
 Lash on till morning light?
 But God is kind,
 As if love were blind
When harmful hate doth the human bind.

Oft in the night, by dreams—
So the Son of Aram saith—
In His loving kindness the Lord redeems
The wayward soul from death ;
He hideth pride
And in love doth guide
O'er realms where life and delight abide.

Oft in the dreams of night
Doth the Lord our vision clear,—
When the mortal landscapes recede from sight
Th' immortal lands appear,
Sublime, profound,
Within sight and sound :
Heaven is beside us and all around.

Never to undimm'd eye
As to his on that holy night,
Did the land Elysian in beauty lie
Revealed to carnal sight ;
Or seen below,
In its radiant glow,
Did such angel-watch pass to and fro.

The Omnipresent One,
Beside him—and yet above—
Did the grace of the heavenly care make known
In speech, the pulse of love ;
And, broad and fair,
Show the royal stair
Whence the soul may rise to her vital air.

When hearts, pain-swept, are dumb,
The temporal disappears
And th' fleeting phantoms of earth become
The tinsel of the years ;
While each sore rod
And the "Bochims" trod
Are stones of grace on the mount of God.

The King's Messenger.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make ye ready the way of the Lord."

We have bowed beside His cradle,
Seen the gifts the Wise Men brought Him,
 We have listened to the homage
 Of the shepherds from the plain,
Known the death, in "Rachel's children,"
Herod's hatred would have wrought Him,—
 Viewed the Egypt flight, for safety
 And the coming home again :

All the silent years of childhood,
With their toil, have passed before us,
 When He learned to be obedient,
 Though the world's great Master ; He,
In those years of patient service,
Was, for all the love He bore us,
 "Tried in all points like as we are,"—
 Yet from sin and folly free :

Now, in wild and desert places,
Rings a clarion voice, proclaiming :—
 "Prepare the way before Him,
 Make ye ready for the King ;"
For the spirit of Elijah
In another seer is flaming,
 And we hear his call :—"Repent ye !"
 In its trumpet accents ring.

What a message to the nation,
Long in Roman bonds enfettered !
 With what speed they gather round him,
 From where Hermon's watch-towers gleam
To Beer-sheba by the desert,—
The learned and unlettered,—
 All who wait the wondrous coming
 Of the "Shiloh" to redeem !

How like Sinai's lightning flashes
Came the thesis of his teaching!—
 Not the smooth and honeyed phrases
 The self-righteous loved to hear—
All the pent-up wrath of ages
Thundered in his pregnant preaching:
 His clear vision of "The Kingdom"
 Brought the day of "Judgment" near,—

The sinful see their evil lives
All mirrored in his "Crying,"
 While the vicious and unholy
 Shrink before his word and frown,—
Unto them the "Axe" of justice
By their life tree's root is lying,
 And the fiat of Jehovah
 Has gone forth to cut it down.

What humility of spirit!
What supreme self-abnegation!
 Reaching out beyond the present
 To the future, dim and broad,
Hear him!—as he sees the Master
In His glorious exaltation—
 "He that cometh is before me,
 He is Christ, the Son of God."

True to duty! Well might Jesus
Cite him as a model teacher,
 Echoing over all the ages
 How his stirring warnings ring!
For of prophets, seers and sages
Never greater, grander preacher,
 "Born of woman," bare the message
 Of "The Coming of the King."

Nain.

Thou "City of Nain," by the fountains of waters
Though brightness and beauty be vanished and gone,
Thy name, unto all the world's mothers and daughters,
Is symbol of hope like the burst of a dawn!
Though sad and forsaken, unshorn of thy glory,
Enshrined in all hearts thou wilt ever remain—
Of hope the bright day-star; in song and in story,
The "Beautiful" City of Nain.

In fancy, I see thee, as on that bright morning
The mourners came forth with their gift for the tomb;
Though sunlight Gilboa's fair brow was adorning
The hearts of thy people were shadow'd in gloom;
The desolate heart of a widow was beating
The bars of its prison in passionate pain;
The shadows, the sunlight, the parting, the meeting
Of Christ and the Widow of Nain.

She knew not His coming—no day's-man had sought Him
For succor, or call'd Him to hasten with speed;
'Twas th' pulse of a soul in sore sorrow that brought Him;
'Twas one breaking heart overburdened with need.
He came, and His coming brought life and rejoicing
Where heart-chords by death had been sundered in twain—
The words which He spake, His compassions were voicing
For more than the Widow of Nain!

He came, and uproll'd the dark veil of probation
While one who had passed it came back into time;
Who knows but this token is God's revelation
Of mercy for all, in His purpose sublime?

The words and the deeds of Divine Incarnation
Are symbols and types wherein Christ doth explain
The plannings of God for our human salvation :
What hope in this message from Nain !

He feels all the pangs of our loss and our sorrow ;
His help and His healing hath loving surprise ;
The sunlight of hope crowns the hills of the morrow
Where—darkly—despair overshadow'd the skies.
Though joy-bells be mute, and the heart—veiled in sadness—
Is writing that all life's ambitions are vain—
He waits by the death-gate, with infinite gladness
And life, for each weeper of Nain.

He never is late, though He seemeth to tarry ;
He knows all about us, and measures our need ;
His gifts, for our helping, do never miscarry ;
He sees all the light that goes out with our dead ;
His word still is "Weep not." How tender His caring !
What peace and what resting ! What blessing for bane !
What comfort and love His kind heart is preparing !
'Twas thus for the Widow of Nain.

Just once thou art mentioned, fair, beautiful city !
One touch of the Christ and immortal art thou—
A beacon of loving, compassionate pity !
The time-burnished coronal still on thy brow
Is proof that the dust of the world's silent sleepers—
Who rest from their wearisome labor and pain—
Shall awake, like the one who was mourned by thy weepers :
The Son of the Widow of Nain.

Watching.

Art thou watching in the dawning
Brother, watching for His coming ?
When the morning gilds the mountains
And the birds their matins sing ?
When the work-day world around thee
Toil and labor is resuming,
Art thou diligently watching
For the coming of the King ?

For it may be at the morning,
Thou shalt hear His trumpet calling--
When the dew is on the meadow
And thy praise and prayer unsaid—
When the first bright glimpse of dawning
(All thy purposes appalling)
May enlighten thee to judgment
By the King's strong henchmen led.

Art thou watching in the noontime,
Brother, watching for His coming,
When the busy sons of commerce—
Cumbered with their aims and cares—
All are burdened, brain and body,
Bartered gains and losses summing,—
Never heeding duty's mandates—
Pausing not for alms or prayers ?

Yet it may be at the noontime,
With the throbbing surge of labor,
In the fever of endeavor
To accomplish all its need,

Thou shalt hear the clarion message
Calling thee and not thy neighbor,—
 Thou shalt find forensic measure
 For each thought and word and deed.

Art thou watching in the twilight,
When the workful day is over,
 And from faintly shrouding shadows
 Twinkles out the evening star ?
When the sky-toned cloudland loses
All the tints the sunset wove her,—
 Art thou waiting, wakeful, watching
 For His signals from afar ?

In the twilight, my beloved,
He may send for thee to meet Him,—
 When the sensual syren's carols
 May be wooing thee to rest,
And the day's dark doings, sadly
Seal thy fate for thee to Greet Him :
 Ere the shadows fall forever
 Let His coming be thy quest.

Oh, be watchful, ready, waiting !
Though His coming seem to tarry,
 By and by, His judgment trumpets
 Will o'er hill and valley ring ;
Everyone who bears the burdens
He hath nam'd for Him to carry,
 With a trustful heart, will glorify
 The coming of the King.

A Master Mechanic.

"Bezaleel, the son of Uri," saith the Lord—*"have I anointed,*
Filled with knowledge, and with wisdom, and the Spirit of his God;"
That with breadth of understanding, he may do a task appointed:
Make a Royal *"Tent of Meeting"* for my permanent abode.

I have called and sanctified him, in his *"Master-robes"* array'd him;
"Cutting stones" and *"carving timber"* with a magic skill, inbred:
I have given Aholiab, the *wise-hearted* one, to aid him.
Strange, the *heart,* in heav'n-taught workmen, should be wiser than the *head!*

So with cunning hands and helpers—from the crude materials brought him—
Bezaleel a *"Temple"* fashioned, finished in the highest art,—
All its parts in perfect keeping with the plans and measures taught him,—
For each willing tireless toiler in the work was *wise at heart;*

And when sacrificial odors from its altar-fane ascended,
And the shout of million voices told the work completed well;
In the people's glad hosannas, Heaven and Earth were sweetly blended,
And God came down, in Glory, midst its Cherubim to dwell.

God hath given, for He loves us, skilful brain and cunning fingers
Unto every true mechanic, as He gave to him of yore;
And His spirit waits and watches—near each toil's completion lingers,
That if finished for His glory, He may dwell there evermore.

Bezaleel, the son of Uri! Thou art proof to all the ages
That the handicraft and wisdom of the human is Divine,
And the plainly-written record of Time's intervening pages
But intensifies the teaching of this history of thine.

Brother mortal! in thy toiling, read the lessons God is sending
From the dawn-light and the desert, by His Spirit, through the word,
And let all thy labor praise Him; then—His grace thy toil attending—
Thou shalt have thy place and record in the annals of the Lord.

He Changes Not.

"I am the Lord, I change not."

In the Word there comes to-day,
This sweet message by the way;
Full of restfulness and peace,—
In its hope earth's jarrings cease,
Cease to vex, and are forgot:
God, in Heaven, changes not.

Flowers bloom, and blooming, fade,
Though in fairest hues arrayed;
Forest green, in Summer bowers,
Turns to brown in Autumn hours;
But, though change in these be wrought
God, in nature, changes not.

Summer's warmth to winter's chill,
Laughing brook to ice bound rill,
Clover's bloom to meadows sere
Changes with each changing year;
What revealments in the thought,
God, their maker, changes not.

Change of form, though these assume,--
Bleak and bare from Beauty's bloom,—
This is but His complex smile,
True, though varying all the while;
Nature's forms all say, unsought:—
God, our Keeper, changes not.

By and by, the Summer's sheen,
O'er the meadows will be seen;
And in all fair Nature's bowers,—
Golden green and blooming flowers—
Paradise again restored
By her Changless, Glorious Lord.

What About Christ?

"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"

What about Christ, my fellow mortal?
The great world swings in its orb of years,
At every pulse-thrill the peaceful portal
Where souls pass on to the next, appears.
We are born; we live: the tale is ended;
Life's brief probation is over and done;
Like the shimmering mist with the brightness blended—
Kissed from the shore by the love-lipp'd sun.

What about Christ, who is God revealed?
Christ the Creator and maker of all?
Has the power of the God-man never appealed
Nor soul-ears welcomed His yearning call?
In thy vigor and prime thou mayest ignore Him
And claim thou art lord of thine own domain,
Still He ruleth, the King. O be wise! Restore Him
His Cross-earned place in thy life again.

What about Christ, ye Kings of Commerce,
Ruling the mints of the nation's marts?
This lowly Man is not only the Leader
But infinite owner of minds and hearts.
All the golden gifts of your regal coinage
Are His, by divine and redemptive right;
He measures the self in your shrewd purloinage,
He will each purpose and deed requite.

What about Christ, "The Son of David,"
Ye who are "Seed of the chosen race?"
How long in bigotry's bonds, enslaved,—
Far away from God's light and grace—
Will ye tarry, awaiting your planned appearing
Of Shiloh, promised by one of old?
Through the long, dark ages of fateful fearing,
Nor hope hath vanished nor love grown cold.

Christ of Nazareth ! Could ye know him ;
How He, in all things, fulfils your word,
Your prophet-bards and your seers all show Him,
Most surely your Messianic Lord.
How long will ye halt when Jehovah pointeth ?
How long will ye find but offence, as ye gaze
On the Cross, and on Him whom the Lord anointeth
To gather you home in the latter days !

What about Christ, my bright-faced brother ?
Life is before thee, the world is new ;
There are crowns and kingdoms that never another
May win from its marvellous wealth but you.
Every thought of thine hath eternal bearing,
And every word rings out and away ;
All the years will the dower of thy deeds be sharing ;
And all thy labor its triune pay,—

The pay, in gold, from work-shop coffers,
Is lowest of all thy toil may find ;
To the careful servant wisdom offers
Another wage in form and kind ;
But highest of all, which the Word revealeth—
That one which the Christ for us each hath won,
Is the compensation His love unsealeth—
A crown and kingdom for work well done.

What about Christ ? Oh, what about Him ?
Ye cannot serve Him and slight Him too,
What will ye do in the end without Him,
When all time's deeds are in full review ?
Ye shall then be reaping, in sorrow and weeping,
A blighted harvest, where death is rife ;
It is Christ alone, who has heaven in His keeping,
And holdeth the gifts of eternal life.

Walk With Me.

"It came to pass as they communed together, Jesus himself drew near and went with them and they said, 'did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way.' "

Walk with me, O Christ, to-day,—
Walk with me :
Shadows fall athwart the way,
I am weary in the fray ;
Oh, my Master, say not nay !
Walk with me.

I am in the way alone,—
Walk with me ;
All my singing birds have flown,
Gladness hath a stranger grown,
Cherished plans are overthrown,—
Walk with me.

Pain doth make the journey long,—
Walk with me ;
Where her vassal legions throng,
Help me suffer and be strong;
Give my soul a vesper song ;
Walk with me.

'Neath these gruesome clouds of ill,
Walk with me ;
Teach me how to bide Thy will
In these human things and still
All Thy purposes fulfil :
Walk with me.

Thou didst walk with them, of yore,—
Walk with me ;
When life's burdened way is o'er
And I reach the halcyon shore,
Praising, I shall evermore
Walk with Thee.

What is this I hear Thee say ?
"Walk with me ?
Brother mine ! By night, by day,—
All along thy foot-sore way,
I, as Guide and Friend and Stay,
Walk with thee."

"Break thy truce with unbelief,
Walk with Me.
I am pain for thy relief ;
Learn my love-lore, time is brief ;
For thy solace, I, as Grief,
Walk with thee."

"I am Sorrow by thy side,—
Walk with Me ;
I am near in self denied ;
When sin lures thee I am Pride ;
I, whatso' to thee betide,
Walk with thee."

"All thy burdened hours I share ;
Walk with Me.
Want and Poverty and Care
Are the guiseful forms I wear,—
I, in them, if thou art there,
Walk with thee."

"Know thou, I am ever near :
Walk with Me.
When I speak, if thou wilt hear,
All thy doubts shall disappear ;
I will—for I love thee dear—
Walk with Thee."

Marah.

Who kneel by "Marah," from desert burning,
Foot-sore and weary, at even's gloom,
And find no freshness for parched lips yearning,—
But bitter waters and dark'ning doom,—
May find Jehovah, by quaint revealing,
And even there, by Divine behest,
Find gracious helping and holy healing,—
Find life, and sweetness and peace and rest.

It is not far from the joyous morning
Of song and triumph and golden skies
To where the bleak ways of woe and mourning,—
The barren sand-dunes of "Marah" rise;
And oft the sunbeams that kiss'd us kindly
At rosy dawning, love-crown'd and blest,
Reveal us toiling in doubt and blindly,
Nor joy, nor sweetness nor peace nor rest.

Sore, sore the journey, o'er Etham wending
By rugged hill-ways, with wasting breath,—
But sorer still, at the long day's ending
To find but "Marah," and pain and death;
And yet Jehovah no malice beareth,—
He leadeth on and He knoweth best;
The "Branch" His mercy and love prepareth,
For life, and sweetness and peace and rest:

For "Marah's" waters made sweet, are sweetest—
As hearts are purest, by love made pure—
The soul, complete by His grace, completest,—
Salvation surest, by Christ made sure.
At sheltered "Marah" God speaks to prove us,
And every promise doth power attest;
Still find we there, for our God doth love us,
His life, and sweetness and peace and rest;

And Fast by "Marah," where dew-pearls glisten,
Fair Elim's palm-trees in beauty spread,—
And by her fountains the children listen
To song, and music and joy o'erhead.
The heavenly "Elim" is close beside us
And some day soon, of its wealth possessest—
We, safe in the heavenly calm, shall hide us
In life, and sweetness and peace and rest.

"Thou Shalt Have Joy and Gladness."

Luke 1. 14

There are brighter things before us
Than the brightest we have known,
For our Father will restore us—
By the largess of His throne—
Every silvery sunbeam shaded
In its passage from the sky,
Till we see, by faith unaided,
All His glory passing by.

There are wider visions holden
Than the widest we have seen;
Now the Spirit hath enfolden
Our capacities, I ween;
By and by, the cloud-way hoary
With Time's mist banks, will unroll;
Then will burst the wondrous glory
Of the Kingdom of the Soul.

There are better times awaiting,
Where the Father's mercies teem,
And where life needs no translating,
Like the phantoms of a dream;
Where the Truth shall rule, and Reason
Be her messenger of grace,
Where, in every clime and season,
Virtue hath a virgin place.

There are purer hearts in keeping
For the patient ones, who pray,
Than the purest penance, weeping,
Ever wrought in cumbered clay,—
For the holiness invested
In the soul-redeeming blood,
Hath all pureness manifested
Which the human hath in God.

There's a fairer morning breaking
For this weary world of ours,
Than the fairest morn awaking
O'er a summer-land of flowers;
Soon Emmanuel will banish
Evil, wrong and sin away;
All the vice and crime will vanish
Ere that coming, perfect day.

O, the sweetness of the resting,
When the turbulence is past!
O, the peace beyond molesting,
When His favors hold us fast!
Brighter! Better! Purer! Fairer!
He hath said and it shall be.
Every sinner may be sharer
Unto all eternity.

Life is not in Bread.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."

Life is not in bread!
Famished ones o'er all the earth,—
Sorrow's baneful heirs from birth,—
Ye who struggle day by day—
Bitter burdens, scanty pay—
Serfs of famine's gaunt delay,

Hunger's brood surround the door ;
Can ye reach the master's lore ?
It alone, remains in store,—
Peals its hope for evermore :
Life is not in bread.

Life is not in bread !
Sheltered ones, who wisely toil,
And from workshop, sea and soil,
And the gifts which commerce sends,
Gain fruition's golden ends—
Make, with Mammon's treasure, friends ;
Let this truth have highest heed—
Soul of Nature's forceful creed—
Life hath broader bound and need,
Than the fires the furrows feed :
Life is not in bread.

Life is not in bread !
Thronèd ones, who reign as kings,
O'er the world's material things,—
Heirs of every grace and gain,—
Scorning labor's feudal stain,
Want and weariness and pain ;
'Midst abundance, crowned, at ease ;
Though thine idols charm and please,
They no soul-pang can appease,—
Life remaineth not in these :
Life is not in bread.

Life is not in bread !
Mortals all ! Attend the word,
'Tis the message of the Lord !
Still it rings above the din
O'er the discord and the sin,
Of the years which have come in
Since it rang from Pisgah's slope,
Love's perrenial horoscope,
Flashing time's eternal hope,
Where the sin-bound blindly grope :
Life is not in bread.

Life is But in God.

"The God in whose hand thy breath is."

Every word
That proceedeth from the Lord,
Everywhere,
In the earth and in the air,
Rings this truth :
Pæan of immortal youth.
He who bends a listening ear,
He may hear ;
She who trains a vision free,
She may see ;
All who wisdom's lessons heed,
They may read ;
Who their love on truth bestow,
Each may know :
Life is but in God.
Shining stars in whitest speech,
Nightly teach ;
Central suns in dazzling rout,
Flame it out ;
Circling planets, from their track,
Flash it back ;
All the round earth's rhythmal rune
Blends in tune ;
Every voice in nature's throng
Joins the song ;
Gusty gales in sibilant sweep
O'er the deep ;
Billows breaking on the shore,
Evermore ;
Balmy breezes to each breast
Breathing rest ;
Gentle zephyrs whispering low
As they go ;
Each, of all the rippling rills,
In its trills ;
Waving woodlands, ferny fells,
Dreamy dells ;
Moon-kissed meadows, verdant vales,
Daisy'd dales.
Fragrant flowers in their bloom
And perfume,—

In their mystic native tongue
All have sung,—
In their holy, God-known speech,
Each doth teach :—
"Not in earth, where death is rife,
Dwelleth life ;
She hath source above the sod,
Hid in God ;
Life is but in God."

Life is but in God !
Clearer still
Than the tuneful song-bird's trill
Or the music of the rill,
Or the voice
In which wold and fen rejoice,
Crooning nature's cheerful choice,
Is the lore
From the garnered treasure store
Of the Book, which, o'er and o'er,
Tells of life for evermore ;
Every promise points above,
Every warning limneth love ;
Every lesson leads to light,
Every statute to the right ;
All its precepts, through the days,
Quicken souls in wisdom's ways ;
All its testimonies shine
With a recompense, divine ;
All its laws, though stern and broad,
Bring to Christ, the Son of God.

Its commandments keep and hide,
While its fulness hath supplied
Every good, by earth denied ;
All its righteous judgments lead
To the Judge of quick and dead ;
All its sweet allurements bring
To the city of the King,
Pictured in Apocalypse ;
(Death and hell hath there eclipse)
Where the white-robed ransomed call
From the glory, unto all :
"Leave the sombre earth-life dim—
Seek Eternal life through Him,
Christ, the God-revealed, who died
Whom the heavens hath glorified.

Whosoever will may come,
Dwell in an immortal home,
Have the life He hath, above ;
Love is life, and God is love,
Life is but in God !

Jacob's Well-Side.

John iv. 4-42.

High noon by Jacob's well-side, and the sun's red gleamings glisten
From Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, rising shadowless and bare—
While within the sultry Sychar on the plain, the children listen
To the locust's drowsy drumming in the air ;
All the morning joys are waning,
All the dusky slaves complaining,
The listless air is vapid in the mid-day's languid spell ;
Slowly o'er the barren common
From the gateway, wends a woman—
A swarthy Eastern woman—with her pitcher to the well.

Alone, beside the well-curb, 'neath the tense ray's breathless beating,
Sat a Stranger, silent, Jewish, yet she—somehow—did not shrink
Nor refuse the "God be with you" of his rev'rent, kindly greeting,
Though she wondered at him asking for a drink.
In our carnal, human blindness,
How we check the pulse of kindness !
The sordid way our fathers went we indolently choose ;
By the perfect law of living,
Self hath gain alone in giving,—
But sin makes neighbours partisans—"Samaritans and Jews."

Sore thirst by Jacob's well-side—fervid, air-kiss'd lips are burning;
Though the Earth—a royal mother—bears within her freighted breast
Cooling, rock-brewed, crystal nectar for each fevered palate's yearning,
Yet it satisfies but transiently at best,—
For this water, whoso drinketh
Will be thirsty ere he thinketh;
When she saw the Living Water which He pictured—pure and cool—
All her nature's parched volition
Trembled in her lips' petition;
All the while the Stranger thirsted for the solace of her soul.

Strange words beside that well-curb,—though but one had cord to draw with,
Yet that one became a suppliant for the gift her lips denied,—
While along the light's unsealing, to the bondaged eye she saw with,
Came a vision of the good he glorified;
Then she questioned: "Art thou greater
Than our Father, the Creator
Of this fountain?" For she doubted if a better could be had:
Down through all the arid ages,
Serfs and cattle, sons and sages,
By its sweet, refreshing waters had been sated and made glad.

Hope dawns by Jacob's well-side. Once that dying seer had spoken
Of a Shiloh, who who would come to teach the truth and make it plain;
But the centuries, rolling onward, each had left nor trace nor token
Of His coming or the pureness of His reign;

All the early hopes had vanished ;
Mailed Might the Right had banished ;
But this Stranger is a prophet, for he knows her life within,—
So with eager soul she questions,
Quivering under thought's suggestions—
She would learn the place to worship,—find the God who pardons sin.

Light breaks beside that well-curb—not the baleful lust-light gleaming
Where the sensual priests of Baalim or of Moloch bow and nod,
But the wondrous, bright out-flashing of celestial wisdom streaming :
In the Spirit all, in truth, may worship God.
Brightly break the beams of morning
O'er the fettered lands, adorning
All the earth-lands in the glory of the radiance drawing near :
She beholds life's Hope new-rising
And with faith supreme, surprising,
Cries : "I know Messias cometh, He who maketh all things clear."

High noon by Jacob's well-side, but the sunlight gleams with glory ;
And Ebal's bald brow blesseth while Gerizim seals the word ;
That well-curb to the ages has become an oratory ;
The "Common" blooms with harvest for the Lord :
For the weary one who waited—
Sore with thirst, her coming sated—
In his tenderness and mercy did all her doubts dispel,—
And she found the Christ she sought not
All so strangely, for she wot not
It was Jesus till he told her by the curb at Jacob's well.

Jesus Christ For Me.

"For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head, bodily, and ye are complete in Him."

JESUS CHRIST for me—
Since His precious blood
Is all my plea
At the throne of God—
Takes away the night and the bitter pain,
Brings the heavenly light to my soul again.

Jesus Christ for me—
Though enthroned above—
Yet holds the key
To my heart's best love:
He hath washed my soul in the crimson blood
And hath made me whole and an heir of God.

Jesus Christ for me—
By His grace shut in
So safe, and free
From the guilt of sin—
Is a faithful friend, who with watchful care
Doth—in love—attend to each whispered prayer.

Jesus Christ for me
Hath such power to bless—
My soul doth flee
In her sore distress
To His loving breast, where the heart-aches cease:
When he giveth rest it is perfect peace.

Jesus Christ for me
Hath the sweetest name
In speech can be,
Or that tongue can frame:
'Tis the sun of light, we in rapture laud
Tis the soul of Right and the Love of God.

Jesus Christ for me
Is the King of kings!
"Eternity,"
My spirit sings,
"Will be far too brief, in the realms above,
To recount His worth or to tell His love."

Rachel's Children.

A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping ; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted, because they were not.

There is weeping in Ramah, the Mother of nations
Bewailing her children, that all the day long,
In their innocent joy and their glad jubilations,
Had charmed all the land with their laughter and song.

There is mourning in Ramah ; the sword of the Roman,
Unsheathed at the call of a dissolute King,
Hath drunk (not the blood of a brave, armoured foeman)
The life nectar pulsing where love's linnets sing.

There is dying in Ramah : the children are dying,—
Are dying for Him, the bright Babe of the stall,
Their lives were His ransom, the crimson tide crying
Proclaims them first martyrs ; he saveth them all.

There is darkness in Ramah : where joy reigned at morning
Despair spread at even her garment of gloom ;
Then fig-trees in blossom the hills were adorning,
Now shadow and cypress, and death and the tomb.

There is resting in Ramah ; the conflict is over,—
For tyrant and Roman and wrong have an end ;
In the freedoms by blood do the ages discover
The falseness of foe and the fealty of friend.

There is gladness in Ramah : for ever and ever
God saveth the children o'er all the world wide :
It may be His love-gift no sin can dissever,
In honor of them who for Jesus once died.

'Twill be glory in Ramah when Jesus, returning,
The mother and babes to His kingdom shall call ;
Then beauty for ashes and praises for mourning ;
Then life everlasting and glory for all.

The Shining Way.

Said a dying one : "There is no valley or shadow, it is a shining way."

The day is closing ;
The journey endeth ;
The splendor flameth,
On spire and spray ;
In Love's reposing,
My soul ascendeth,
Toward Heavenly Mansions,
A shining way.

REFRAIN.

My dear Redeemer,
Thy favors fold me !
Around me gently
Life's zephyrs play.
There is no valley ;
There is no shadow ;
I'm going homeward,
A shining way.

My Darlings, mourn not,
Or I shall hear you !
I rest not under
The churchyard clay.
Though I return not,
I will be near you,—
For Heaven is yonder—
Not far away.

How brief my years were !
Yet, Jesus found me.
This all my story
Is : Christ is mine.
How few my fears were !
Close, all around me,
He kept the glory
Of love divine.

Palm Sunday.

To-day, within Jerusalem,
The Paschal morning glancing,
I tread the sinuous streets with them—
To Zion's courts advancing—
Who come from where Tiberias rolls,
To Besor's valleys, vernal,
To keep the feast and shrive their souls
And serve the King, Eternal.

Where Olivet, by sunlight crowned,
Her centuries' watch is keeping,
O'er hallowed way and storied ground
And royal dust, low sleeping,
I see the palms wave, and the throngs
Toward Kedron's vale descending,—
I hear the people's happy songs,
With children's praises blending.

"Hosanna to the King!" they cry;
"Hosanna in the highest!"
"The Son of David draweth nigh!"
"Whom Jahveh sanctifiest!"
And still the Shiloh songs ascend
Into the blue, o'erarching;
While shadowed, heavenly hosts impend
Above them in their marching.

Amid the throng, on lowly ass,
One rides, His friends adore Him,
And cast their garments, as they pass,
Low in the way before Him;
Brown Olivet, all grey with palms,—
Like Ephraim's harvest waving,—
Is rendolent with holy psalms,
Wild heart-calls in their craving.

Long, long had Israel, in hope,
The promised dawn awaited,
When Love's prophetic horoscope,
Divinely vindicated,

Should show to earth the "woman's seed,"
For liberty anointed,
From whose appearing should proceed
Life's freedoms, God appointed.

And hath he come, their Lord and King,
Almighty to deliver ?
This Prophet whom they praise, and sing
While tensioned heart-chords quiver,
Hath he appeared to bring for all
Fair Virtue's vindication ?
Alas, that Sin should light enthral
And thwart bright expectation !

He came, by seers and bards foreshown,
With gracious gifts unnumbered,—
A Saviour to redeem His own,
By bonds of death encumbered,
He came : one glance that Paschal morn
They caught, of all He brought them,—
Then from their lips, Hope's chalice, torn
Unending ruin wrought them.

Malignant Hate and lustful Pride—
By Malice vile directed—
Did every throbbing heart misguide,
Till they who sang, elected
And put Him to a death of shame,—
Refusing all He gave them—
The glory of the Christ, who came
To succour and to save them.

Yet, still, His people, evermore,
For His pure presence yearning,
Do celebrate with wondrous store
This day, at each returning :
For every gracious gift perceived
Hath light, nor time can sever,
That shineth on, whereso believed
Increasingly forever.

Simon at Saron.

"Peter came down to the saints which dwelt at Lydda, and there he found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and he said unto him: Eneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee. And he arose immediately, and all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him and turned to the Lord."

"Jesus Christ healeth thee!"
Message of blessedness!
Tenderly spoken
By Simon of old,—
Spoken to one in the bonds of oppressedness,
Over whose lone life pain's requiems had roll'd.

"Jesus Christ healeth thee!"
Message most magical!
Life seem'd to pulsate
And bloom in its breath;
Cold, ashen lips felt its faith forces, logical,—
Blushed into crimson while smiling at Death.

"Jesus Christ healeth thee!"
What a surprise to him—
Pain-bound and weary
Awaiting life's end—
Flashed in the phrase with its human disguise, to him!
Jesus! And is He a God and a friend?

Strange were the tales
Through the years he had heard of Him,—
Healing the helpless
And righting the wrong;
Many a one to his couch had brought word of Him
From the fair City of story and song.

Oft had he planned
In the day-dreams which came to him,
Words to repeat
If the Prophet drew nigh ;
Light had come in as they mentioned His name to him,
Like the rich glow of the clear morning sky.

Then came a day
When his visions of cheeriness
Utterly vanished
In darkness and dread,—
He, whose pure touch thrilled the hope of his weariness,
Jesus, the Nazareth Prophet, was dead.

Dead by their hate
And malignant ingratitude,
Whom in His kindness,
He came to redeem :
Strange, unto him, seemed the act, and their attitude :
Faded, forever, the noon of his dream.

Then came this stranger,
And swift, as he spoke, in him
Sin and disease
Bow'd adieu in disdain ;
All the dumb forces of being awoke in him,
Vibrant with joy, as in childhood again.

Loud rang his praises,
And neighbors, repeating them,
Echoed his gladness
With festal accord ;
Lydda rejoiced at the grace in His greeting them :
Saron all saw him, and turned to the Lord.

Zaccheus.

"Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

"Zaccheus, come down," rang a call by the gateway,
Just outside the fountain-cleansed "City of Palms";
"Make haste!" said the Christ, and the called one came straightway—
Like one at the other gate, him who sought alms.
The Master could see (and was glad, and no wonder!)
One heart where the Spirit might find a true home:
He knew how disciples around Him did hinder
The light-seeking, toil-weary sinners to come.

"He sought to see Jesus." The world called him sordid,
And never conceived that his spirit might pine,
'Mid the gold and the gleanings which husbandry hoarded,
For favour and fellowship with the Divine.
"He *sought* to see Jesus": how strangely he found him!
How sweetly he proved He had heart like his own,
But so tender and kind, all the sad ones around him
Forgot all the sorrow and sin they had known.

"Zaccheus, come down." What sublime condescension:
How gentle His calling! His purpose so clear!
How simply He seeks to secure his attention!
How easy He makes it for him to come near!
Afar as the heavens, the Lord seemed above him,
When lo, He appeals to *"come down"* to His side,—
How could he forbear in that moment to love Him,
When love did come in where He came to abide!

"For I must abide at thy house!" (such petition!)
Each House is a type of the Holy, above,—
For love is of God, and the home its fruition;
And Jesus abides at the sources of love,—
But, houseless and homeless, He lived (He the Holy,
The houseful and homeful one) waiting to come
To Zaccheus or Mary,—to high-born or lowly—
The perfect completion of heart and of home.

"*Salvation is come to this house.*" Then no wonder
He scorns the low treasures which pleasures devise ;
One call from the Master had severed asunder
The earth-bonds and anchored his hopes in the skies,
It was joy to his soul,—this delightful salvation !
Such gladsome and wonderful greeting he gave !
He was "Abraham's Son" and an heir of this nation,
And Christ was his brother, and mighty to save.

Show Me Heaven.

(John iii. 1-21.)

"Show me heaven !" Nicodemus,
Pharisaic Scribe and teacher,
Moved by strange, imperious impulse
In his quest for truth and light,
Through the quiet evening shadows
Sought the Galilean Preacher,
Whose bold words and bolder actions
Were out-flashing for the right,—

Sought the Christ, alone, with kindly,
Trustful, self-assertive greeting,
And the "Rabbi" read the question
Quivering in his trembling word,
And divined th' unmentioned motive
In this quaintly, casual meeting ;
Heard the spirit-cry within him
For the kingdom of the Lord,

"Show thee heaven ?" "It may never
By the liturgies of learning
Be revealed to mortal vision
Or by man be understood ;
They, alone, can see the kingdom
Who are born anew, discerning
All its fulness,—born of water
And the Spirit by the blood."

"Not the earth-born, carnal craving
Points the spirit to the gateway
 Of the kingdom, at whose portals
 Sordid aspirations cease:
To receive the truth and know it
Is regeneration straightway;
 'Tis the fixing upon Jesus
 Of our love, that bringeth peace."

"Show thee heaven?" "Alas the earthly
Is by thee uncomprehended,—
 Evening zephyrs fan the olives,
 Whispering gently as they go;
Canst thou follow? Would they lead
 thee
Into heaven all unattended?
 Thou hast neither sail nor sounding
 For the seas immortal know."

"Never mortal eye hath seen it,
In its boundless wealth of glory;
 Never human ear hath listened
 To its symphonies sublime;
But the Son of man, and only
He may tell its wondrous story,
 For He dwells both here and yonder—
 In eternity and time."

"Show thee heaven?" "Just as Moses
Lifted high, for Faith's exemption,
 Brazen serpent in the desert,
 So the Father, God, for sin
Will lift up the Son he loveth
And proclaim a free redemption:
 Every dying one may see Him,
 And, believing, enter in."

There is everlasting fulness
And infinity of meaning
 In this double declaration
 Of His purpose and His love

With its ringing "Whosoever,"
Every soul upon it leaning
Finds the kingdom in the human
And eternal life above.

It is heaven, Nicodemus,
Just to know the Man beside thee :
Life and light and truth and being
Have their mystic source in Him;
Out of doubt's bewildering mazes
And deceptions He can guide thee
Into love's illuminations
Where the hope-lights never dim !

Soul of mine ! Be still and listen !
Love's divinest, deepest message,
Broad and wonderful, is ringing
From the great, Eternal Throne :
"God so loved the world"—O hear it !
Join its sanctified embassage,
Heralding its grace, outreaching,
Till its perfectness is known.

His Name.

"For that Thy name is near, Thy wondrous works declare."

Thy name is near
At each mortal birth,—
We come not here
By our natal worth :
For each white soul into being brought,—
From out the æons of Silence caught—
Is part of Redemption's wonderful song,—
A tremulous touch in a tone of flame,
Thrilling a symphony, tender and strong,
That soundeth forever Jehovah's name.

Thy Name is near
When the sun is high
And crowns the sphere
Of the tented sky ;
When shore and sea, in their mystic needs,
Throb with humanity's forceful deeds ;
Every action, and every word,
With grace inherent to praise or to blame,
Assembleth a note, are themselves a chord
That spelleth their part of the Maker's name.

Thy Name is near
In the silent night,
When stars appear
In the heavenly height
And calm and pure on His Royal breast
In life communion serenely rest.
Oh, the holy night, is His very own
And every blessing its virtues claim,
The rest, the quiet and strength, unknown,
Telleth each heart of the Father's Name.

Thy Name is near
When the earth-things fade,
To charm and cheer
Through the valley's shade :
The garner'd speech in "The Book" writ down,—
The lowly plan which he deigns to crown,—
The royal reward from the meaner things,—
The "ashes" safe-kept 'neath the sea and sod,—
The angel of Death with his covering wings,—
Are all replete with the Name of God.

I am His and He is Mine.

(23rd Psalm.)

As one who by some way-side well
Or rock-pearl'd crystal fountain,
Where pure waters swell
From Alpine—wine-press—mountain,—
All baffled in life's weary way—
Crushed, desolate, forsaken,
Kneels by the brink at close of day
His fervid thirst to slacken,—

So bow I where these waters wake—
Their changeless cheer discerning—
And by their fragrant freshness slake
My famished spirit's yearning.
The Lord a shepherd is to me,—
His love and grace renew me ;
His gentle keeping is the key
Which opens Beulah to me.

In desert ways where dangers fall
And fear frowns from the morrow,
My Spirit withered in the thrall
Of Doubt, Despair, and Sorrow :
Across the wold I heard His voice,
(Its tones had such upholding !)
And my Good Shepherd did rejoice
When I came to His folding.

I saw Him smile, and O, the bliss
Which did His face illumine !
There never was a heart like His—
So brotherly and human.

I heard Him speak, and every word
 Like wondrous perfume moulded
My soul to love's complete accord :—
 "A lost lamb safely folded."

What fear I here ? His care is sure,—
 His keeping true and tender !
In pastures green I rest secure—
 The Lord is my defender.
My Heavenly Shepherd, kind and wise,
 Gives peace, and grace, and guiding,
And all the powers these improvise
 Are mine by His providing.

Though shadows fall or night glooms down,
 Yet, still, His eye, above me--
Sees where the valley's phantoms frown
 And shields because He love's me.
His goodness and His truth combine,
 My safety to assever,
For I am His and He is mine
 Forever and forever.

Gleanings.

John. vi, 5-21.

Break thou the bread of life, O Christ,
 In love, for me,
As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
 So let my soul be fed—
 Speak Thou the word—
 Thou hast the living bread,
 O Christ, my Lord.

Teach Thou a perfect trust, O Christ,
In love, to me,
As thou didst teach of yore, beyond the sea;
Though shadowed desert reigns,
If Thou dost call,
A scanty scrip contains
Enough for all.

Bless Thou each gift of grace, O Christ,
In love, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Thy blessing multiplies
Thy gifts Divine;
My soul, in love's surprise,
Counts all things Thine.

Give Thou a willing mind, O Christ,
In love, to me,
As thou didst give to them, who on the sea
And at Thy word and will
Did launch away,—
That I, in trust, may still
Thy word obey.

Come Thou when dangers press, O Christ,
In love, to me,
As Thou didst come to them, who on the sea
Toiled all the sable night
To reach the strand;
Thy coming brings the light,—
It brought the land.

Watch Thou from hills of prayer, O Christ,
In love, for me,
As Thou didst watch o'er wind-swept Galilee.
Night curtains cannot hide,
Nor storms destroy;
Whatso' to me betide
Shall bear me joy.

Forward.

"The Lord spake unto Moses, speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward."

O'er all the centuries still it soundeth
From Baal-Zephon by the sea :
Soundeth !
Soundeth !
Soundeth !
Soundeth !
Where the wilderness surroundeth,
Still the care of God aboundeth
As in days that are to me
Types of all the days and doings
In humanity's pursuings.

From within the shadows, calleth
Still Omnipotence, on guard :
Calleth !
Calleth !
Calleth !
Calleth !
When the alien host enthralleth
And the doom or darkness falleth,
Standeth He at watch and ward,
Ever, for His people's guiding,
Consolation and providing.

What though Pi-ha-hi-roth rise
'Til his turrets cleave the skies,—
Though the tossing waters beat
All the shore-way at their feet,—
While the curtains of the night
Hide fair Etham from their sight,—
And the trumpet, sounding clear

Nigh the unprotected rear,
Telleth Egypt's chariots near,
Yet the word is :
"Forward !"
Still :

So He worketh out His will ;
Mountain, shore-way, night and sea
Hold His matchless powers in fee ;
With His planning they accord,
Waiting not His sovereign word ;
As He thinketh, so they do—
To His holy purpose true ;
For His children's weal they move
By the law of perfect love ;
Every one in mercy given,
An allurement into Heaven.

O'er the centuries still it soundeth
From Baal-Zephon by the Sea.
Forward !
Let the watchword be !

What though foeman follow fast—
God their way hath overcast ;
Though swift falls the sable night—
His beloved walk in light ;
When the rampart riseth steep
He hath pathways in the deep ;
Nothing is too hard for him,
Who doth every soul redeem,
Lead through wilderness and flood
To the promised land of God.

The King Cometh.

"Rejoice greatly, daughter of Zion ; Shout, O Daughter of Jerusalem ; behold thy King cometh unto thee ; He is just and hath salvation."—Zech. ix, 6.

"And when He was come, all the City was moved, saying : Who is this ? And the multitude said, this is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth. When the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children praising Him in the Temple, they were sore displeased."

Tell ye the daughter of Zion, to-day:
Fear not, though weary, unfriended, alone,—
He, who hath tarried so long on the way,
Jesus thy King—cometh home to His own ;

He cometh !
He cometh !
No banners before Him
Proclaim Him,
Or name Him,
The Saviour of men.
But every true heart shall with rapture adore Him,
Who welcomes Him into its palace again.

Tell ye the Fathers in Zion, to-day :
Join in the plaudits of welcome that ring, —
Put all your hatred and envy away :
Jesus, the Nazareth Prophet, is King.

Go, meet Him,
And greet Him
With glad adoration!
Like morning
Adorning
Each hill-side and glen,
He cometh, and with Him the nation's salvation :
He cometh, the "Lord to His Temple" again.

Tell ye the People in Zion, to-day :
Joy-bells of freedom ring out their refrain ;
Crime and oppression must cease to hold sway ;
Jesus is King, and He cometh to reign.

O heed Him !
You need Him ;
Come join the glad voices
Ascending,
That blending
O'er moorland and fen—
Proclaimeth each heart in His coming rejoices,
That welcomes the King to His Kingdom again.

Tell ye the Children in Zion, to-day :
Ring out your gladness in beautiful song !
Jesus is pleased with the homage ye pay ;
Ye are His hope in the conflict with Wrong.

O praise Him !
Go raise Him
In gleesome thanksgiving,
Your sweetest
Hosannas ;
His glory maintain ;
O yield Him your homage in truest thanks-living,
And Jesus, the King of all Nations, shall reign !

The Law of Christ.

" Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."
" A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one anotner."

This is surely all the fulness
Of the spirit of " I ought!"
That pure law which in our dullness
And our selfishness we thought
Fashioned only for our getting
And receiving, in our pride
Thinking, for our soul's besetting,
Jesus did its help provide.

But, we listen to His teaching,
Illustrated by His deeds,
And discern His love outreaching
Toward our feeble human needs,
Then it comes to us most clearly,
As we try to comprehend,
That to love is more than merely
Being kindly to a friend.

God is rich: yet all His treasure
Is for them who lack it most;
There is neither stint nor measure
And He never counts the cost,
Aiding, blessing, helping, guiding,
Though no upturned faces plead,
Still His infinite providing
Throbs to every pulsing need.

God is wise; yet whoso calleth
From this shadow-land of doubt,
Where the bonds of error galleth
And the truth is from without,
Unto him, He surely aideth
With His wisdom (and its might),
For He giveth, nor upbraideth,
Though we constant cry for light.

God is great; sublime resources
Wait His mandates to fulfil;
All omnipotential forces
Are obedient to His will,—
Yet, the deed in time's compiling,
Which the universe shall laud,
Is His gift, when reconciling
Sinners unto heaven and God.

God is love: but love is giving:
So he teacheth in the word;
Holy, helpful, earnest living;
To His image thus restored
And the lost Edenic measure
Sin and selfishness doth end,
We may walk and talk at pleasure
With our God as with a friend.

So my sister and my brother
When we give ourselves away
For the well-being of another
Then do we love's law obey,—
And dry-shod across our Jordans
We shall find and fully prove,
When we bear another's burdens
God's supernal realms of love.

"I will Call for the Corn and will Increase It."

(Ezekiel xxxvi, 29.)

Have ye heard Jehovah calling
In the springtime to the flowers?
 In the June days have ye heard him
 Whisp'ring gently to the corn?
Every rain-pearl is a message
To the green-sward and bowers:
 Every sparkling, prismal dew-drop
 Is a missive to the morn.

In the blood-warm breath of April
All the dainty "Pussy Willows"—
 First to indicate they hear him—
 Don their downy robes of white,—
Then the daisies deck the pasture
In bright, wind-roll'd, golden billows,
 While the sun-beams kiss the cowslips
 Till they open to the light.

O'er the up-turned feath'ry furrows,
Far and wide the sowers scatter:
 Each one hearing harvest heralds
 Ringing in the love-ton'd seed,—
Each one seeing new creation
Out of dumb, putrescent matter:
 Though the sin-warp'd deny it,
 Hearts by hands rehearse their creed.

Grass and flower and bud and blossom
Flash their beauty for inspection;
 Teeming life-throbs thrill the pulses
 Of each clay-cold, torpid clod;
Winter's breath was Death's entrancing,
This is Nature's " Resurrection".
 Free, unfettered, full redemption
 By the Voice and grace of God.

Then the Life-germs lie and listen,
With the warm earth-robes enfolding,—
Safe within the chancell'd chambers
Wrought for them, divinely fair,—
Till their Lord and Maker bids them
Fructify, no gift withholding:
Lo! they answer, breathing perfume
On the lambent, moring air.

Fragrant light-beams woo and win them
Unto beauty and perfection;
Zephyr song-beams charm and cheer
them,—
Messengers on swiftest wings;
Silv'ry moon-beams shroud and shield them
In their restful introspection:
By His Voice, in these, He calls them
Till the bending harvest sings.

His Answer.

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

I ponder the message He sendeth
For me, on the wings of this word,
To learn if my Father intendeth
Each impotent act to record;
The trivial, the paltry, the common,—
Are all of them entered above?
What measure of grace for the human?
What tone in their spirit of love?

He speaketh: "The time, when thou teachest,
Great doctrines may seem to demand,
But many there be whom thou reachest
Who may not their lore understand;
So bring thou my truth that the humble
Shall find what they need in the word,—
That none, as they follow, may stumble,
But each may rejoice in the Lord."

"Thy words to thy brother may bear him
His thoughts, like mountains, sublime,—
I know thou art willing to share him
The wealth thou art gleaning of time;
But many, so many, unstable
In purpose, perception and plan,
And link'd to the earth, are unable
To see what thy vision may scan:"

"Then speak thou the simple and lowly;
Rehearse but the primal and plain;
Let speech be the light of the Holy,
Revealing where love may attain;
My grace hath benignly appointed,—
A pauper a palace may win;
The narrow by motive anointed
Have infinite wideness within."

"Thy deeds may be broad—as thou longest
Thy bountiful service to be;
But listen, beloved! Thou wrongest
Some souls who are nighest to me;
Who wait—not the splendid achievements
For glory's aggrandizement done,
While Sorrow's sore spirit bereavements
Go on, and unceasingly on."

"But wait for a touch that is tender,
A fellowship gentle and kind,
A heart that delighteth to render
The treasures, by virtue enshrined:
A hand-clasp that hath in its pressing
The thrill of a bosom divine;
A cup of cold water, in blessing,
And given because thou art mine."

The God that Did the Sending

"Go!" Saith God, "The Nations perish :
Will ye not my children cherish
Who are dying in the bondage
And the sordidness of sin ?
I gave up my Son to save them :
All my wealth of love He gave them :
Bear the message of salvation
Unto them and bring them in."

REFRAIN.

And the God who did the sending
All thy toilsome way attending
Will be nigh ;
Not a moment will He leave thee ;
At thy coming He'll receive thee
For the crowning at the ending,
By and bye.

"Go ye, swiftly, nor delaying!
Sowing, serving, pleading, praying ;
Winning human hearts for service
And the glory of My name.
White are all my fields for reaping ;
Millions die unwept, unweeping :
All my power is in your keeping ;
Still abideth tongues of flame."

Like a scroll, the day unrolling
Into Heaven at eve is knolling:–
Come to Jesus ! Come ye ransomed!
Come and serve Him evermore.
Let thy love-inwrought evangels—
Perfect as the praise of angels—
Show Salvation's wondrous message
Unto every sea and shore.

Jesus Calleth.

Jesus calls ; yea, calleth, pleadeth ;
For thy heart He intercedeth ;
All thy hope toward heaven He leadeth;
For thy ransomed spirit
Jesus calls.

REFRAIN.

Lo ! I hear Him,—I will follow ;
Where He leads me I will follow ;
All His leading I will follow ;
I'll go with Him, with Him
All the way.

" Come to me ! let Love refine thee ;
Unto holiness incline thee ;
For my service I design thee ;
So I call thee, call thee,
Come to me."

" Thou art mine ! I died to save thee ;
All thou hast, in grace, I gave thee ;
For salvation's work I crave thee ;
I am calling, calling,
Thou art mine."

" Fear thou not, for I am near thee ;
By the Holy Spirit cheer thee ;
When thou callest I will hear thee ;
I am near thee, near thee,
Fear thou not."

" All the way I walk beside thee ;
Life and light and power provide thee ;
Safely home mine Eye will guide thee ;
I will hide thee, hide thee
All the way."

He Loves Me So.

O, precious truth! Thy light divine,
Reveals the Father's grace.
O, Saviour dear! This word of thine
Unveils His tenderness.

REFRAIN.

He gave His Son to die for me,
That I His heart of love might know
And His imperial purpose see,
Because He lov'd me so.

O, dark the dungeon keep of sin
That opens wide beneath,—
But darker still the doom within,
Of never-ending death.

O, Heaven is fair, surpassing fair,
Yet every one may come
And in its calm, beyond compare,
Find an eternal home.

There is no sorrow, pain or night
In Heaven, the saints' abode,—
Where souls by Jesus blood made white,
Live in the light of God.

My spirit, from my body free—
And cleans'd from every stain—
Shall rise forevermore to be
Where Christ, my King, doth reign.

Homeless.

"And Jesus saith unto them, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

"The birds of the heaven have nests;"
So said the dear Saviour of yore,—
A place where each sheltered one rests
Securely, on meadow or shore;

But He, who gave strength to the wing
That bears them, the low earth above,
Who taught them to soar, and to sing,
In gladness, of beauty and love,—

Whose light gives the day-dawn a voice,
Whose life weaves the wealth of the wold,
Whose love maketh all things rejoice,
Whose garners are gleaming with gold,

The Lord of them all, by whose grace
Those bounties so freely are spread,—
He hath not (O, hear Him!) a place
To rest or enshelter His head.

He left the pure Home in the sky,
The throne and the glory above,
For sinners to suffer and die,
Redemption to bring, and in love,

The meanest and lowest of all
Have more of the earth-life than He,—
A place, when the night shadows fall,
For refuge and resting to flee.

No home, but the canopied sky,—
No couch, save the rock and the sward,
For Him, who came down from on high,—
For earth had no room for the Lord,—

But out of the want and the pain
He learned how to succour the tried,—
For every loss is a gain,
With the self in the loser denied.

His life was a triumph complete,—
A loss for an infinite prize,—
A perfect denial, concrete
With a love having glory in guise.

All life by His grace and His care
Is kept, not a sparrow doth fall,
And He, who was shelterless here
Won a refuge and shelter for all.

"Ye Did It Not."

"Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done."

The tones of sad upbraiding
Which fell on Jewish ears
In plaintive, patient pleading,
Still sound adown the years ;
The words that paint the morrow
Where life's probations part,
Still breathe the tender sorrow
Of Jesus' loving heart.

Of yore, each favoured city,
Close-nestled by the sea—
Gain'd gifts of grace and pity
From Christ of Galilee :
And still to life's distressings
He bringeth sweet surcease,—
To all the same bright blessings,
To each the alms of peace.

The nations, daily reaping
The harvest of His love,
Scarce realize the keeping
That cometh from above,
And heedless of His kindness,
Hear not the truths He saith,—
And see not, in their blindness,
The end thereof is death.

The record of the ages
No mention make, when sought,—
Nor history's storied pages,
Reveal the works He wrought
Chorazin's maimed and smitten—
They have nor place nor room,—
So million boons, unwritten,
God kept, shall measure doom.

They waited, in the morning
Of Time's brief latter-day,
With certitude of warning,
Of judgment in array,—
And though His coming tarry,
While Mercy bides abroad,
'Tis but that He may carry
Each sinner home to God.

We, with procrastination,
Forgetful of His word,
Oh, strange infatuation!
Deny our blessed Lord,—
By doubtings disbelieve Him,
Unheeding each request,—
Harass, oppose and grieve Him,
Who loveth us the best.

This too, is Vanity.

"For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?"

Though we win the end we strive for, if this end be out of God,
And our active means to compass it be wrong,
There can never, from our conquest, ring a victory-bell abroad,
Nor the sanctified oblation of a song.

What a glamor covers evil when our souls are out of tune
With the harmonies of nature and of grace!
When the sunlight bathes and brightens all the flower-deck'd hills of June,
There is neither ray nor beauty out of place.

It is pureness at the sources which creates the virgin stream,
Kiss'd by sunlight how it sparkles with delight!—
While with fragrant balm and blessing—like a saint's seraphic dream—
It goes onward, singing praises in the night.

Everything God makes is holy, and by nature must be true,—
Soul and spirit, mind and matter, all at one;
So the spirit of our purpose vitalizes what we do,
And leaves either bane or blessing when 'tis done.

Not a good and not a glory, nor a crown of peace or joy
Is for him, who wears the livery of light,
But whose soul hath kith and kinship with the forces that destroy,
And is fettered to the fellowships of night.

When our naked spirits, severed from probationary clay,
Reach that truer life where living doth begin,
'Twill avail us very little if our gains from day to day
Were the profit or the progeny of sin.

Nay! 'Twill be but loss and darkness,—from these much-prized, boasted gains;
Vital hope will vanish outward with the breath;
Living, bring posthumous sorrow; dying, mortuary pains;
When He takes away the soul it will be death.

What God Hath Wrought.

(A Greeting to the National Educational Association, Toronto, 1891.)

Lone Tisba's Seer on Horeb bow'd,
 Midst Nature's elemental war :
Flash'd o'er the quivering, sable cloud,
 The lurid lightning's fiery scar ;
Within the terror-mantled gloom
 The pulsing, granite ramparts nod,
Yet, though these spake prophetic doom
 He heard not then the Voice of God.

He, from the sensual, sordid rage
 Of Error, Ignorance and Sin,
In that far, feudal, sodden age,
 Would man; to righteous service win ;
Yet all in vain his call had rung,—
 No conscience—startled from the clod—
Its carnal creeds aside had flung,—
 Or heard, in his, the Voice of God.

Despairing ; doubting ; slow to learn ;
 From Carmel's fire-mantled crest—
Where, by a method strange and stern,
 He brought belief to wondrous test
And Truth's first object lesson taught—
 O'er parchèd, desert sands, untrod,
The Sacred Mount, afar, he sought,
 To hear, himself, the Voice of God.

On that Immortal Mount—where Law
 First, in the finite, found a Word
To voice its infinite—he saw
 Material majesty, and heard
(Not in the desolating blare,
 When Ruin rode the realms, unshod)
Low, in the voiceless silence there,
 The tender, teaching Voice of God.

We glance adown the centuries roll;
See Learning's sanctified emprise
Revealing matter, mind and soul:
Lo, what a vision greets our eyes!
The "Prophet Schools" have multiplied,
They girdle all the lands, abroad;
Within them million *teachers* guide
In that which is the Voice of God.

All knowledge hath a hidden source
Of power, to normal man unknown;
The vital elements of force
Are found by Wisdom's light alone;
The wise in heart see truth afar;
The pure, its perfect purpose laud;
The silent, unseen forces are
The uncreated Voice of God.

Slowly, but surely, to the minds
In love with truth, hath she unsealed
And thrown aside each husk that binds
Her kernel'd jewels, and revealed
To loyal gaze her alchemy,
Wherein, by touch of "Aaron's Rod,"
The mysteries of life they see,
Who, listening, hear the Voice of God.

Above, beneath, without, within
Truth's universal treasures wait—
Each royal soul may enter in—
Nor loiter by Time's outer gate;
May enter in like Tisba's Seer,
While sheltering heavens (and earth) applaud,
And win her wealth, with rev'rent fear,
And hear and *know* the Voice of God.

Ye, who by birthright dower are heirs
 Of all the Centuries' garnered gain—
Robed in the vestments Virtue wears
 Truth's regal equities maintain !
No human standards mark her scope
 In mind or spirit, sky or sod :
Each teacher's forceful word—(in hope)—
 Is to the *taught* the Voice of God.

Not over desert-dunes ye come,
 To bide where rock-roof'd gloom infests—
But unto Learning's Templed Home,
 By royal way, as honored guests,
And we, in love, who greet you now
 To charm you on to realms untrod—
See Crown for each *true* teacher's brow,
 Through Christ, revealed, the Voice of God.

It May Be at the Midnight.

LUCIE WILLIAMS.

"In the silent midnight watches,"
With the starry eye-beams gleaming
 And the Moon's soft, holy radiance
 Robing all the world at rest,—
Past the waiting angel guardians
Who are set in man's redeeming,
 Came a Messenger of Mercy
 Forth from Heaven on love's behest,—

Came for one in stress and tension,
Battling bravely for dominion
 O'er the ills that chafe the body
 And that enervate the mind :
Baffled, impotent and grieving,
Like a dove with wounded pinion,
 Kept far down within the shadows
 Where the earthly forces bind ;

Fear had fill'd with sad forebodings
Many an hour of pain and sorrow,
 Check'd and hindered aspirations
 For the good that might be won ;
Hope—in sunlight-promised brightness,
Sang of better things to-morrow :
 So, alternate gloom and gladness
 Kept her life in shade or sun.

Still the crucial conflict, raging,
Vex'd the burdened, harassed Spirit
 —Scarcely knowing in the darkness
 What environments infest—
While each chafing day was followed
By a night whose only merit
 Was the shelter of its silence,
 Not the vigor of its rest.

Gentler, tenderer, purer, holier
Than a father's kiss caressing,
 Came a whisper in the stillness,
 And the pain-swept, throbbing breast
Felt a low, sweet : *" Come, my darling !"*
Like a mother's touch, in blessing,
 And her heart said : *" Jesus, Master,*
 I am coming to Thy rest."

'Twas so kind of Him to call her :
How He long'd to save and shield her
 In the shelter of His home-land !
 Lo ! She now with Him above
Hath obtained the spirit-freedom
Which the mortal could not yield her ;
 She hath found the faultless morning
 And the perfect life of love.

God Knows Best.

(Mrs. M. L. Wilson.)

Hush my sister, God knows best!
Stay thy tears and dry thy weeping!
He, who lies so still at rest,
Jesus says is only sleeping.
By and by the light will break;
Thou wilt see His hand upon thee,—
Know, that for His own dear sake,
He did lay this burden on thee.

Once–of old– He spake this word:—
—Wounded hearts of pain relieving—
"He shall rise again restored
By my grace, who dies believing".
So he speaks to thee, to day,—
Takes His place, in love, beside thee,—
Marks where rests the pulseless clay,—
Feels the heart–desires denied thee.

Jesus wept, when Mary wept,
Where her loved in death lay sleeping:
Sacred mortal dust is kept
Sanctified by weary weeping.
So he weeps, beside this tomb:
In due time, before its portal,
His sweet voice will thrill the gloom,
And the sleeper rise immortal.

God's angelic hosts above,
(He for human need anoints them),
Serve Him with the purest love,—
Watch and ward where He appoints them,
Bear the blessings, that He saith,
Mortals need when pain hath wrung them:
But the sombre angel, Death,
Is the truest friend among them.

Promoted.

(Frances E. Willard.)

Belovèd of earth! Thou art risen to the glory
Awaiting thee, high in the Heaven of His love.
The Heralds of God are repeating the story—
Thy story of trial and triumph—above.
The homage of hearts, like an incense, ariseth
Around thee, ascending, encircled in light;
The spirit Divine thy pure spirit baptizeth
With infinite beauty and marvellous might—
By the Blood of Atonement made spotless and white.

Belovèd of Heaven! Great honors await thee—
Nor mind of a mortal their measure may know;
The ransomed extol Him whose love did create thee,
(A proof of His promise) He loveth us so.
The Saints, in the land of Immortals and Angels—
While lauding thy tender, beneficent grace—
Make boast of the scope of thy human evangels
And plans of redemption to save a lost race
And win them to holiness, pureness and peace.

Belovèd of God! How the Father rejoiceth—
Thy coming such garlands of gleanings doth bring!
The trophies thou bearest, thine adventures voiceth;
Thy treasure-trove greatly enhanceth the King.
Thy spirit, in youth, caught a glimpse of God's brightness
Unveiled but to visions that steadfastly gaze
On His face, and thy soul, in the sanctified whiteness
Aflame, so translated His purpose and ways
As to render them ever a desire and a praise.

We mourn not, Belovèd! Nay! How should we mourn thee
Advanced to a Throne, though our eyes may not see!
We love thee! Yet never to earth would return thee,
When, safe in the Heavens, thou art sceptered and free.
We crown thee "Our Leader" forever, anointed
By queenliest service our lives to enthrall;
Heaven sealeth the scroll by which thou art appointed:
We follow and serve at thy word and thy call,
Till freedom and chastity cometh to all.

A Prince of God.

(Rev. A. M. Phillips, B. D.)

A Prince of the Lord hath fallen in his place
In the active ranks of men;
The pulse hath vanished from a heart of grace,
To throb not there again.

We stoop where he fell—neither sight nor sound
Nor answer do we win;
But the empty armor, alone, is found;
The King hath call'd him in.

Never truer knight for the Cross rode fast
To gain the strife's surcease,
Than he whom we sing: now the goal is past,—
The warrior hath release.

Too brief were the days for the deeds he plann'd;
The nights and days too brief:
He seemed to touch every soul o'er the land,
In Sin's dark bonds and grief.

He heard from the hovels accursed by rum
The famished children call,—
And his sword, unsheathed was a brand of flame
To save and rescue all.

He saw, in the drift of human things,
The weak crush'd by the strong,
And his ringing words, with their press-lent wings,
Sprang out against the wrong.

He knew, if the Church of the Lord would rise,
By grace, in holy might,
United in love, by the Truth made wise,
The world would find the light,—

And so, with his heart and his brain afire
With strong, consuming zeal,
He strove for the meed of his soul's desire
And man's immortal weal.

To many a sorrowing home he came—
An angel at the door,
As eyes to the blind and feet to the lame
And father to the poor.

Safe, safe in the realm of supremest power
He hath won the life he sought,
But his works remain, as a priceless dower,
For our advantage wrought,

For old and for young in the trend of years
His sterling worth will show
More divine and full than it now appears
In shadow here below.

From the tents of toil he hath cross'd the way
To where the victors throng ;
On his silent bier in our love we lay
This laurel wreath of song.

The Old and the New.

(An ode read April 4, 1895, at a re-union of the former members of the old Richmond Street Methodist Church, held in the "New Richmond," Toronto.)

When Cyrus, the King, from the "House of Borsippo"
Gave Ezra the "Chargers of silver and gold"—
At the word of the Lord, who had given him a kingdom,
Majestic and mighty, to have and to hold—
And far o'er the "Desert of Haran" had sent him,
With freedoms, and favors, and treasures abroad—
Nor foemen might hinder, nor aliens prevent him—
To rear on Mount Zion the Temple of God.

And when, by the grace of his kinsmen and neighbors,—
True service hath source in the spirits of men—
By free-will oblations and heart-loving labors
Moriah was crowned with its splendor again;
Then sanctified songs of rejoicing ascended
From sons and from sires, for mercies bestowed;
With altar upreared and with servitude ended
They worshipped, with praise in the Temple of God.

Hearts, buoyant and joyful, sang thank-adorations;
New impulse, begotten of Hope, was in bloom
And Zion resounded with loud jubilations;
The heavens had recalled the dark angels of doom.
But ah! There were some, who with love's introspection,
Remembered the "House" where their life had begun,
Who wept as they thought on its vanished perfection,
And mourned for the days and delights that were done.

Oh ! Still for the old ways, old times and old places
Our hearts, at life's even, revisit the past;
There was beauty, divine, in the light of the faces
That smiled on us then,—too angelic to last ;
There never were sun-rays that thrill'd as they then did ;
Nor flowers in the springtime so fragrant and pure ;
Then day-dawns were golden, and sunsets were splendid ;
Our friends were delightful and friendships were sure.

The world now seems sordid, as if she had sold her
Redeemer and Maker for gold and for gain :
And years, rushing by, leave us frailer and older,
And bring us and leave us not blessing but bane.
'Tis wise and 'tis well to let Memory's finger
Allure us,—revealing the brightness of youth :
For all the enchantments that reach us and linger,
Have kinship with virtue, religion and truth.

Yet ye, whom we love—while this welcome we wave you—
Though rich by your gifts and your deeds through the years;
Who boast, in the Lord, of the trophies he gave you
And mention the scenes where his triumph appears.
Though ye, like the Elders of yore, might be weeping,
Lamenting our indigent worship and praise ;
In sackcloth this "Passover service" be keeping—
A prey to these later, degenerate days ;

Ye mourn not--above us Jehovah still hideth--
Nor grieve for the "Holy of Holies" untrod:
The face of the Lord in Shechinah abideth;
The "Temple" is bright with the presence of God;
The altar of prayer hath its incense arising;
The light of the Spirit illumines our creeds;
And mortals--no longer their fellows despising—
Mould answers to faith by the alms of their deeds.

We reach not our tread where ye hoped to have found us;
The heights of your purpose were hard to attain;
The world and the flesh have their cordons around us
And bind and still hold us afar on the plain;
The high-lands allure us,—they have life in pre-emption;
Our faces are sunward; our hopes in the "Blood;"
We stand at the "Cross;" we rejoice in redemption;
We signal our Home by the mercy of God.

The Fathers are calling; they hasten to meet us;
Ye first may go over; your rest hath been won;
Ye have earned your "Crowns;" when we come ye can greet us;
We stay in the work till our service is done;
We teach, and we train, and we toil for his glory;
By faith and by prayer ye can help us be true;
All heaven, when we meet, will ring out with the story:—
The trust and the love of "The old and the new."

The Truth and Its Teacher.

"That all the people of the earth may know."
"When your children shall ask."
"Ye shall let your children know."

The Truth, in its plan, in its aim, and formation,—
Like unto Creation—is boundless and broad ;
Its life, like its source, hath eternal duration ;
'Tis wide, in its scope, as the purpose of God.

'Tis strong as the union of Universe forces;
Its touch is as light as the kiss of the dawn ;
And He, who upholdeth the Stars in their courses,
Hath said, it shall live when the heavens are gone.

The one, who would teach it, must love it and know it,
And measure its potency in the Divine ;
In action, expression, and character show it,—
Their life, by the grace of its virtue, must shine.

Each seed, sown in faith, shall increase in the ages
Like Abraham's seed to the "Sands by the shore";
The words of the Prophets, the Bards and the Sages
Have vital accretion, by grace, evermore.

And every true teacher, or high-born or lowly,
Hath promise when toiling and teaching are past,
If these, before God, have been humble and holy,
Of share in Eternity's crowning, at last.

The Land of Immortals.

By the rose-trellis'd cottage, where beauty abides—
 Where joy loves to linger and sing,
Or sorrow her secret evangel confides,
 And circling the towers of the king,
There closely impinges a land of delights,
 Where glories immortal are spread
And sanctified pureness forever invites :
 'Tis the beautiful home of the dead.

The people who dwell in that wonderful land—
 'Mid its music and sunlight and bliss
Are the ones who in pureness of being expand
 From the holy formations of this :
They are free from the slavish dominion of sin—
 From the bondage and body of death—
And each into fulness of life hath come in,
 From existence enthroned on a breath.

In vision, the rapt "Son of Iddo," the Seer,
 Saw the streets of the "City of Truth,"
And all the broad pavements to him did appear
 As the play-ground of beautiful youth :
The children are there with their rapture and song,—
 Not a charm that enrobed them with love
Is vanished, but purer and fairer they throng
 In the Land of Immortals above.

Enwreathed in the out-flashing glory and rime
 Of that country celestial, so near,—
Limn'd out in its flush, on the hill-tops of time,
 Our loved ones, departing, appear,—
They fade from our sight, passing over the brow,—
 The night falls o'er city and sward :
We dream of the light that encircles them now
 In the glorified land of the Lord.

For all, as they pass into pureness and love,
Leaving sordid conditions behind,
At the merciful mandates of Providence move
With tenderest spirit and mind;
They join in Redemption's beneficent plan,—
The "Law of the Spirit" they laud,—
They see, in a perfect salvation for men,
The infinite purpose of God.

Every pulse-throb of thine there's a heart beating less;
Life's covenant angel has come
And out of the earth-bonds, which chafe and oppress,
Hath kiss'd an immortal one home
To the fulness and glory, which eye hath not seen
Nor mortal conception hath trod—
Where being is perfect communion between
The Christ-ransomed spirit and God.

When I Meet Thee.

"That disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him and did cast himself into the sea."

(I wonder what Peter told Jesus in that quiet moment, alone, before the other disciples who were following in the boat, reached the shore? Only Jesus knew and Jesus never told. Our weaknesses are His secrets. Our soul-cries win us His power. Peter said:—"Thou knowest, I love thee.")

Jesus! Master! When I meet thee
With time's toilsome travail past,
And my spirit, fain to greet thee,
Stands before Thee at the last,—
Let me, like Thy wayward servant;
Reach Thee on the silent shore
Waiting for me, then most fervent
I my follies will deplore.

I will tell Thee all my sorrow
For each foolish word of mine,
That was like a barbèd arrow
In that gentle heart of thine ;
I will tell Thee how unkindly
And how selfish were my deeds,
As I blundered onward, blindly,
Careless of my brother's needs ;

I will tell Thee of the warnings
Which were given me from above,
Of my bitter, heartless scornings
Of Thy guiding care and love,
Of my soul-impassioned pleadings
For the good which I could see,
Quite unmindful that Thy leadings
Meant eternal things for me ;

And it may be, I shall hear Thee—
Really hear Thee—speak and say :
"I will evermore be near thee,
Thou shalt never go astray,
I will shelter, for I love thee ;
I have saved thee ; thou art free ;
Let my full salvation move thee
Unto loyal ministry."

Then, perhaps, my Soul, uprising
From the mortal and its strife,
Into all the pure, surprising
Vistas of a perfect life
May be able to obey Thee
Perfectly ; in some degree
By a finite love repay Thee
For an Infinite to me.

Forward.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

"Forward!"
God, the King, commandeth
At Baal Zephon by the sea;
Jacob's vassal'd heirs commandeth
From the life-throne, where He standeth
Sovereign Ruler. All who bandeth
There do move obediently.
"Forward!"
This is law in action,—
Freedom's ultimate exaction,—
God, the watchful Father, pointing,—
By this call of power anointing
All His people for the toiling—
Dark despair and doubt despoiling,
Over desert-dunes and dangers—
Alien and dependent strangers—
To the "Land beyond the Jordan,"
Each true Israelite's high guerdon,
Land with "milk and honey" flowing,
Happy home-land, faith's bestowing,
Land of verdant vales and meadows,
Type of one beyond the shadows,
Where, with pilgrim journey past
Each true son shall rest at last,
Each fair daughter find release
From her servile bonds;
Where Peace
Like a white-wing'd, holy dove—
Brooding evermore above—
Hovers o'er a land of love;
Where the children sing and play
All the perfect summer day;
Where the bird-songs bless the bowers
All the bright, glad, golden hours.
So He pleads
And so they see,
So each heart keeps jubilee,
Grasps the glory yet to be,

Hears the call and falls in line,
Counts the message all divine.
What though
"Pi-ha-hi-roth" rise
Till his turrets cleave the skies,
Though his crowding ramparts face
Till the sea-waves wash their base;
Though the wide sea sweeps the shore
And its billows toss and roar,
Making din forevermore;
Though the dun clouds drape the sky
And the day's fair angels fly
With the light-beams as they die;
Though night's quivering curtain falls,
Even while the trumpet calls,
Shadowing all the mountain walls:
It is death
To tarry here;
Egypt's marshall'd hosts are near,
Through the gloom their crests appear.
"Forward!"
"Fear not!"
"Thou shalt see
"My salvation, full and free!"
"I will fight this day for thee!"
Lo!
The Leader's lifted rod,
Stretching o'er the seas abroad,
By th' omnipotence of God,
Stills the tumult.
Tossing waves—
Late the south-wind's saucy slaves—
Shrink into their opal graves;
Fitful breezes sob and sweep
O'er the undulating deep,
Where the beaten billows weep,
Till they gently fall asleep;
Every jewel'd water-wight
In his pearl-home, clear and bright,
Flashes in the fading light,
To his fellow, love's "Good-night!"
Shimmering into peace and rest.
Lo!
Like trump-call to each breast
Duty's belfry peals a test,
Life's beneficent request,

Every pearl-bower hears the chime
Ring,
As once in olden time
Rang the mandament sublime:—
"Let dry land appear," and swift
Angels saw the waters shift,
Continents and islands lift
Heaving bosoms through the drift;
Saw the vernal brilliance rise
Blooming, while the new-born skies
Mirrored all the tints and dyes
In glad nature's chaste surprise;
While the stars of morning sang,
Sang, nor knew an envious pang,
Rapturous hallelujahs rang
As man's mortal Mother sprang
Throbbing into light and space,
Robed in Spring's refulgent grace,
Every salient power in place
For a heavenly human race.
Clear,
As fell the sentient thought,
With omnipotence inwrought,
For man's benediction fraught,
Every wave, obedient, caught
All the import of its will
With submissive trust and skill,
Felt each atom, vibrant, thrill,
All its purpose to fulfil.
As the dreamy robes, which rest
On a virgin mother's breast,
Parting at the gentle quest
Of a tiny hand, attest
They but shelter and conceal
Still for love's supreme appeal,
All the gifts that help and heal,
Kept alone for nature's weal;
So the unfurling waters tell,
As with rippling surge and swell,
Where the runes of God impel,
Heeding Life's monitions well,
Every crystal tongue declares
How the earth her bosom bares
For her children's needs and cares,
While her heart their sorrow shares.

"Forward!"
Limpid hedges stand,
Angel-held, on either hand,
While between, the siltering sand
Broadens far, a virgin strand;
Israel's hosts,
In motley sheen,
Where the watery ramparts lean,
By the light of God are seen
Passing o'er the way between;
Safe,
For He hath called them on,—
Free,
The Egypt-bondage done,
Freedom's life by faith begun
And her land of promise won;
Myriad ranks unseen, attend,
For as Night's dun robes descend,
Heavenly guides by grace impend,
Leading to the journey's end.
Breaks the morn!
The shadows fly!
Day, in splendour, draweth nigh!
Beauty's pinions flash on high!
Light's white-seraphs flame the sky!
Lo!
As breaks the beaming sun,
"Edom's" laughing ripples run.
Turmoil, toil and travail done,
Khetam's hills of vantage won;
Israel's God-kept, ransomed throngs
Lift to heaven their triumph-songs,
Shore and sea the strain prolongs:
"Jahveh fighteth for His own!
Egypt's chosen, like a stone
Sinketh in the sea unknown,
Horse and rider overthrown.
In our impotent distress
He hath come for our redress,
Glorious in holiness
All His righteousness we bless!
By dry land hath brought us o'er,
Doth His mercy on us pour
And our shattered hopes restore:
So we worship and adore
Him, who reigneth, evermore."

One Old Song.

(To my dear sister, Mrs. George Hill. Xmas, 1887.)

"It came upon a morning clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing."

This sweet song we used to sing
In the home-days, long ago;
Still adown the years doth ring,
And its music haunts me so:
As the Christmas time comes in
With its joy and festal cheer,
I can hear, above life's din,
Its sweet message, strong and clear.

With the cadence of the song,
Borne to me each Christmas tide,
Childhood's voices float along,
That were once my joy and pride:
I can hear their youthful ring
Not, perhaps, in truest chord,
Yet with earnest zest they sing
Glad hosannas to the Lord.

By and bye, before His face,
We shall lay our burdens down;
For the trust we gave His grace,
From His hand receive a crown,
May we have done well our part,
So, in love, our praise to bring,
With our childhood's happy heart
Up to *where the Angels sing.*

Nearer My God to Thee.

'Twas in a railway waiting room
With twilight shadows falling—
A score of us were neighbors
By the grace of common need,—
The dreary day was ending
And our cheerful homes were calling
So the passing ones around us
Had from each but little heed.

"Please, a penny!" There beside me,
Till that moment quite unnoted,
Stood a fair-faced little maiden
With extended, nut-brown hand,
While the other one, up-reaching
Was in tenderness devoted
To a frail, wan, sightless father,—
Whom she led by love's demand.

All were not unkind and selfish
—If our souls shone in our faces—
But the pennies did come slowly,—
The dear child got scarce a one;
While the trembling lips and lashes
Were the quivering, tensioned traces
Of the sore, hurt heart within her
When the fruitless quest was done.

Then, into a quiet corner
By some guardian angel guided—
Slowly went the twain together,
Courting Solitude's release.
O, I wonder if the shadows
Are not by the Lord provided
For His lonely, burdened children
As a hiding place of peace?

When the light fades at the even'
Heaven's kingdoms shine out clearer,
 Then, alone, our vision broadens
 From the creature and the clod ;
Somehow, in the sheltered silence
Of the darkness, hearts come nearer
 To the loving, sympathetic
 Throbbing Fatherhood of God.

Hush ! In quaint, sweet, childish treble,
Plaintive in its soulful pleading,
 Like the breathing of a crushed heart,
 Fettered, calling from the night,
Yet, that from the bonds and darkness
Reaching upward, interceding,
 Finds the Father's benediction
 Circling downward from the light,

Came that old, old song, whose fragrance
Maketh melody immortal,
 Winning weary spirits skyward
 From the grieving and the strife ;
They, who feel its forceful faith-chords
Find within Life s jeweled portal
 In the present and the human,
 Joy and peace and perfect life.

Then in softened tremulous basso
Joining softly in the chorus--
 With His sightless eyeballs lifted
 Toward the Throne-light in the song,
And his pallid face, reflecting
Glimpses of the glory o'er us,
 Did the poor, blind, feeble father,
 All the prayerful praise prolong.

Surely love—the love of Jesus—
Is the point of pure attraction,
 Is the central, soulful magnet
 Binding hearts, above all creeds,—
With one impulse, all who listened,
Seemed in unity of action
 Planning to be helpful to them
 Whose sweet trust-life 'shamed their deeds.

Still they sang and still we waited,
While each soul, with theirs in vision
 Saw the "cross"—His cross and their one—
 Felt the "sun-down" in the song;
By the "stony griefs" sore tear-way
Reached glad Bethel's fair elysian—

* * * * *
 Hist! That quavering, sudden ending
 Must betoken something wrong.

One beside him, springing quickly,
Caught the old man falling forward,
 Caught, and found his journey over,
 And his thankless service done:
He had heard, from out the shadows,
Loving voices calling shoreward,
 And he sang the hymn to ending,
 Near the Father by the Throne.

* * * * *
WHAT IS THY PURPOSE
For Jesus to-day?
Plan for the Lord,
Is the call from the word.
He will each holy intention repay:
Will thou not
Plan for the Lord?
Pray to Him;
Plan for Him;
Ponder His word;
Perfect His love by the grace of thine own;
Plan for Him! Plan for the Lord!

Joe Birse.

In the gray of a wintry morn
With the storm wrack driving fast
And its turbulent, freighted surgings, borne
On a wild December blast;

Mid the crash of clashing steels
And the grind of frozen snow,
And the flash as the frost-rimed, steel-rimmed wheels
Touch the iron path below,

Came the midnight fast express
With her load of human freight
And her glimmering lights, each power in stress
And her time: "Six-forty late."

She had lain through the wrathful night
On a switch'd-out, side-track's lee
Like a fettered giant in thwarted flight
Till the line was clear and free:

In the dawn when the message came,
How the forceful powers had play
In her quivering throbbing heart of flame
As she westward sprang, away

Like a slumbering ogress roused
From a restless, anxious sleep,
Or the Ossian huntress, wild, unhoused
On the bleak, bare mountain sweep!

With his hand on the throttle bar,
While his keen, dark eyes do peer
On the track, through the elemental war,
Stands Joe Birse, the Engineer.

He had fumed like a lion caged,
Through the long, dark, angry night,
But the ring and the spring and speed assuaged
And restored the keen delight,

And the joy which they only feel
Who are linked by soul and skill
With the life and the might these gifts unseal
To the mandates of the will.

Do ye know what it means for these
Who are true in cold and grime,
When ye sit in the velvet seats, at ease,
On a wintry day, "on time!"

Do ye think, who lie down and sleep
All the long night watches through,
Do ye ever think of the ones who keep
Such unceasing guard for you?

But hist! What means that glow?
Great God! The switch light, red!
And the train on the river track, below!
Lake St. Louis just ahead!

Can it be that a tension'd brain
Or a hand chill'd by the breath
Of the blustering blast, has sent the train
On this route to doom and death?

Like a flash of electric flame
On the cloud-drap'd billow's breast,
To the eye of his heart a vision came
Of the home where his darlings rest

And of homes over all the land
With their darlings in his trust;
"O Thou, before whom I soon must stand
Can these love-bound hands be just!"

And the clamorous angels call !
 And the pitiless Right demands !
And the jubilant mock of the pit-fiends fall !
 O, what may unloose these hands ?

It is done ! All the brake-rods ring
 In the strain of crushing steam !
How the ponderous coaches surge and swing,
 As the wharf lights flare and gleam !

With a grasp like a "Mailèd Mar"
 He had closed and held the brakes,
While his strong right arm reversed the bar ;
 His hands made no mistakes.

What an age in a moment's space !
 Can the Lord send no release ?
Has the demon of ill usurped His place ?
 Will the steam-throbs never cease ?

He held mid the storm and shock
 With unswerving, iron will :
As the massive engine clear'd the dock,
 On the wharf the train stood still,

But the lake in her robes of white,
 Had unlock'd her pure, cold breast,
And had kiss'd from the clay and the rude, wild night
 A hero soul to rest.

We bow, while our eyes are dim ;
 "Unto death" fills love's broad creed.
Jesus Christ is a brother unto him
 Who dieth for mortal need.

A call from the Great White Throne
 Shall ring out, supreme and clear,
In the day when the deathless names are known—
 "Joe Birse, the Engineer !"

'Tis the Father.

(In loving remembrance of Harry Lyman Morrison, our only and dearly beloved Son, who died Sept. 11th, 1888, aged 8 years and 9 months.)

'Tis the Father's thought
That plans our lives and moulds our destinies,—
Yet from beyond these mortal mysteries
There comes,—unsought—
This, that the Lord hath wrought,—
And, though we may not comprehend it, still
We bow, submissive, to His mind and will,
And learn His perfect thought.

'Tis the Father's hand
That smites so sore and wounds our hearts so deep
And crush'd and bruis'd, our spirits bow and weep;
Yet—wisely planned—
His righteous ways expand,
And we shall know, with all the journey o'er,
That all our wounds and grievings hurt Him sore,
And recognize His hand.

'Tis the Father's will
That we should walk alone o'er all the way,
And to our sobbing hearts we hear Him say,
"Peace! Peace! Be still!"
And so we wait until
The morning breaks, and earthly shadows flee,
Then we, His finished purposes shall see,
And praise His perfect will.

'Tis the Father's care :
He knows full well how weak, without, within,
The children are to cope with armor'd sin.
He answers prayer,
And so in love doth bear
The tender lambs safe to His sheltered heart,
And we shall, when we understand His part,
Extol His perfect care.

'Tis the Father's way :
It leads from sorrow's long and sombre night
To joy and perfect rest, and pure delight.
'Tis always day
Beyond the "*House of Clay*"—
To all who humbly walk with God below,
And, by and by, each trusting one shall know
'Twas His own perfect way.

'Tis the Father's love ;
So pure, so wise, so true, and always right ;
Unchanging, infinite, the life and light
Of all, above,
Below, (we trust Him quite).
The tenderest love a human heart hath known
Is but a faint reflection of His own :
God's love is perfect love.

'Tis the Father's rest
From pain, and want, and weariness, and sin.
They gain eternal life who enter in.
No fears molest.—
And God, who knoweth best,
Calls one in rosy youth, while hopes engage—
And bids another toil till hoary age ;
For each 'tis perfect rest.

Three Score and Ten.

(A birthday greeting to S. G. Blezard, Esq., St. John, N. B.)

By the grace of God, above,
Thou hast reached the royal measure:—
Three score years and ten. (What treasure!)
Every one a gift of love
Fraught with life's divinest pleasure.

See,—along the garnered years,
All the way the Lord hath brought thee;
Trace the good His hand hath wrought thee;
Sure thy soul His name reveres
For the truths eternal taught thee.

Childhood's happy hours were brief,
Yet they left thee, in their fleeting,
That, which—memory oft repeating—
Veils the stony face of grief,—
Gives thy soul and joy a meeting.

Youthful days were all too short—
Like the sunlight slipping past thee,
Yet for manhood's calls they cast thee
In a mould of sterner sort,—
Virtue-lined to live and last thee.

Manhood's years! Ah! where are they?
Gone—like summer morning's dreaming,
Though with life's allurements teeming;
Silver locks have turned to grey,
Shorn of boyhood's golden gleaming.

Muscled limbs and throbbing heart
Slowly, in the crucial burning
Of the fires of Time, are turning
Backward toward their primal part—
Vital care's accretions spurning.

She, who at the altar-fane
Bride, bedecked, once stood beside thee—
"Better half," to help and guide thee,
And within thy home to reign
Queen of love, whatso' betide thee.

Angel of thy home abides—
Watching, serving, keeping, caring—
For thy weal her heart preparing,
With the fulness love provides,
All thy joys and sorrows sharing.

Some, beneath the daisied sod,
Wait the judgment trumpet's warning,
Beauty's boast and home's adorning—
Yet thy darlings rest in God,
He will call them in the morning.

Three score years and ten, to-day :
Yet thy soul, within its vernal,
Reaching out to powers supernal—
Flounts the clogs of time's decay,
Claims the dower of life eternal.

October 6, 1890.

A Finished Shaft.

(John Harris.)

When, on some bright summer morning,
All aglow with beauty's thrill,
'Round some polished shaft we gather—
Thought of artist mind and will—
Into form of matchless grandeur
Wrought by handicraft and skill :

Mourn we then the broken quarry
Whence the unhewn stone was brought ?
Do we mourn the care and labor
That hath such perfection wrought ?
Or with tears regret the ending
Of the weary toil and thought ?

Nay : we raise our glad thanksgiving
For the finished work—begun
With such fear and hope and trembling—
Yet that now before the sun
Signals to the world its triumph—
While the world speaks back : "Well done !"

Shall we then, in grief low-bending,
By our brother's bier to-day,
Mourn, disconsolate, the parting
From the quarry by the way ;
Or the work-shop, where the marble
In its artist shapings lay ?

Nay : though human hearts may falter,
Human lips and tongues be dumb,
Yet we join in true thanksgiving
That the "Day of Hope" hath come,
And the finished shaft hath risen
On the Eternal Hills of Home.

Not the coffined clay beside us
Is the ultimate of life !
This but helped the Artist' mouldings.
All the turmoil and the strife,
And the mortal fires of passion
—By inherent nature rife

In this body—carved and polished
Shapely life upon the soul,
And when God's good work was finished
—"Base" to "Capital" were whole—
Tools and moulds were no more needed.
While eternal aeons roll,

He, whose faithful life hath blessed us,—
He, who in the way he trod,
Aimed and labored to be holy,
In each duty, wise and broad ;
Evermore shall be *"A pillar*
In the Temple of his God."

Is He Dead?

(Reid Bambridge.)

Is he dead? They say he is dead,—
The one we loved so well,
Whose holy life such a halo shed
Over all. And yet who may tell
Or measure life by the transient breath,
And say when the pulse-throbs cease:—"It is death."

Is he dead? Can we call him dead?
His words and deeds survive;
The blameless life that for years he led
Will his memory keep alive:
Some lips can be harsh and unrefined,—
But his were tender and always kind.

Is he dead? No! He is not dead;
The righteous never die:
To cover the clay in the narrow bed
Brings the day of redemption nigh;
And the soul is free and unleashed for aye
In the sensient realms of eternal day.

Is he dead? Who runs may read:
Each deed, well and truly done,
Whenever it covers a human need,
Is a star in a crown well won;
Mid the din and moil of the earthly strife
Every Christly deed hath eternal life.

Does he live? Yea, forevermore!
From Time's mutations free,
His soul hath life on the deathless shore
Of Eternity's halcyon sea,
And the simple record we place on his breast
Is the Christian's hope-star of life;
"At Rest."

He Knows Who hath Called Him Home.

(Edwin T. Coates.)

In the hush of the holy morn—
'Neath the smile of starry eyes—
A virgin soul from the Earth was borne
To a home in the restful skies:
The faithful and loving Christ—
'Mid the throes of the mortal strife—
Unloosed the breath,
And His touch, in death,
Was the thrill of an endless life.

In the flush and bloom of youth—
With the Hope-bells ringing clear
Their winsome calls, by the founts of Truth,
Where the Victor's palms appear,
He fell; but the vantage gained,
Where the strongest toil and plod,
Is proof sublime,
Of a power to climb
The measureless heights of God.

Like the blush of the lily fair,
Which but greets one golden morn,—
Or matin hymn of the song-bird, rare,
Once alone, on the breezes borne,
His life, in its brief delay,
Did such fragrant gifts employ
For love alone,
Its grace shall be known
With an ever increasing joy.

Unto few is it ever given
As to him, with soul refined,
To always walk in the light of Heaven
And be wise,—and to all be kind :
Not his forceful song alone,
But his life was a hymn of love
Whose tones shall ring
Where the ransomed sing
In the courts of the Lord, above.

In the day when the Saints shall rise
And the Righteous have reward,
His name shall shine, 'mid the list of the wise,
In the honor-roll of the Lord :
May not this be grandly true :—
It is Zion's heart of flame
That record bears
Through eternal years
Of each crowned, immortal name ?

With us, it is "Dust to dust ;"
For the dead we sob and weep ;
With breaking hearts and a stricken trust
We, the watch of the human, keep :
But with him !—O, who may sing
Of the life to which he hath come !
Or tell his place
In the work of grace !
HE KNOWS who hath called him Home.

1890.

In Memoriam.

(Sir John S. D. Thompson.)

Hence ! Angels of doom !
Smote ye, in swiftness, our glory and pride ;
Bow we in shadow and gloom ;
Over each heart Sorrow's cuirassiers ride ;
Our faces, Grief carven,
Are crouched in our hands ;
The pallor of death
Paleth all, from your brands :
Hence ! Angels of Doom.

Grieve ! Britain the great !
Mourn for the impotent dumbness of death !
In thy redemption, elate,
Out of thy pulse canst thou conjure his breath?
Though armored with brawn
Thou art vapid to save,
And mighty alone,
By such life as he gave.
Grieve ! Britain the great.

Weep ! Century's Queen !
Laurels of thine, in the dew, on his brow,
Fragrant with promise are seen ;
One, in Eternity, crowneth him now.
The dower of his days—
Impearled in their prime—
Shall mirror thy praise
In the trophies of Time.
Weep ! Century's Queen.

Droop ! Banner of God !
Symbol of freedom, uprightness and truth
Tremble and kiss thou thy rod,
Low in the penance and pain of thy ruth !
A stalwart defender
Is borne from the fray,—
Whom foeman could daunt not
Or perils dismay.
Droop ! Banner of God,

Boom ! National guns
Over each continent, island and sea !
Under the stars or the suns
Never a knight was more valiant than he :
A soldier of God—
So his honors attest—
They coffin his clay
With the cross on his breast.
Boom ! National guns.

Toll ! Funeral bells !
"Ashes to ashes" and "dust unto dust ;"
Hope in your threnody, swells ;
Faith lends a tongue to the tone of your trust ;
He resteth at noon ;
He hath won his reward ;
The service is done,
By the grace of the Lord.
Toll ! Funeral bells.

Praise ! Canada, praise !
Lift up thy face ! Through the mist of thy tears
Breathe out thy thanks for God's ways
And this crown to thy marvellous years !
Forever 'tis shown
By his virtue and worth,
True merit is greater
Than prestige or birth.
Praise ! Canada, praise.

Jan. 3rd, 1895

In the City of God.

(EPHRAIM BUTT, TORONTO.)

"He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

He hath entered the City of God :
The toiling is over, the labor is done,
The "Race" to the goal of desire hath been run ;
The turmoil and chafing and sorrows are o'er ;
The world and its pressures can vex him no more ;
The feet of the pilgrim the pathway hath prest
To the gate of the Kingdom, the haven of rest :
He hath entered the City of God.

He hath found in the City of God
The friends of his youth and companions beloved,
Who oft had his fealty and faithfulness proved ;
He bade some "good-bye" as they entered the gate,—
There, close by the portals, to meet him they wait ;
And many are there whom he helped by the way,—
Who learned by his word how to watch and to pray ;
And others, rejoicing in life which they found
By the grace of his lips, do in rapture surround ;
And ONE, above all, his Redeemer and Lord,—
The Christ whom he served and obeyed and adored,
He hath found in the City of God.

He hath wealth in the City of God :
The love which he lavished, in deeds on the poor,
Hath grown, in the Kingdom, to wonderful store ;
The kindness of heart, that came freely at call
In service, the Father hath garnered it all ;
The prayers, strong in faith and the soul-cleansing blood,

Which ascended, unceasing, for sinners to God,
The griefs and the pity, the friendships and care,
The burdens he kindly for others did bear,
The counsel as leader and teacher and guide,
In sanctified fulness all live and abide :
He hath wealth in the City of God.

He hath light in the City of God :
The night which encompassed and shrouded the way,
With its gloom and obscureness, hath vanished for aye,—
The clouds of depression, dusk-mantled in fear,—
Pain's shadows which darkened full many a year,—
The dimness of vision, confusing the known,—
These never go in where the light of the throne
Illumineth all and where love is complete,—
Where Christ will, a Brother, the ransomed one meet,—
Where gladness pervadeth, no mortal may miss,—
And blessing abideth, and pleasure and bliss :
He hath light in the City of God.

He is safe in the City of God.
The turbulent tossings are ended at last ;
The watch in the "Valley of Bochim" is past ;
The struggle and conflict with self and with sin,—
With evil without and dark passion within,—
The darts of the "Alien" which wounded him sore,—
These never can weary or harass him more :
His spirit from the discords of Time hath surcease,—
The green sward of joy shores the river of peace ;
An end and a limit hath come to the strife ;
He findeth the fulness and freedoms of life :
He is safe in the City of God.

A Barefooted Boy on the Green.

In the home of my youth, where the bright scenes of childhood,
Like jubilant angels, a rapturous throng,
Came trooping from hill-way and valley and wild wood,
Encircled by sun-light and song,
By a bevy of boyhood's beloved ones surrounded,
Whose locks like my own had a silvery sheen,
I gazed on the scene whose horizon once bounded
My world, ere the roll-calls of service had sounded,
Or I had Time's sorceries seen.

All the home-calls and joy-bells and music and story
That brimmed o'er life's Spring-time with love and delight
Came ringing and singing, in purified glory,
Like zephyr-borne songs in the night;
The songs brought the singers, with bright, blooming faces—
Unfettered by fancy, untrammelled by art—
How memory clings to their forms and their graces!
It may be, revealed from their heavenly places,
They came at the call of my heart.

Once, these hills were the highest, these landscapes the fairest,
These woodlands the weirdest in grotto and glen,
The flowers in the fern-ways the richest and rarest,
Entrancing the vision of men;
Now the hills seem so small and the landscapes so stinted,—
(The woodlands by vandal desires are defiled)
Alas for the waking, undreamt and unhinted!
O the dear happy hours when affection first minted
The strong hope and trust of a child!

Then, the sun out of dream-land came smiling at morning ;
The moon helped the fairies at night in the dells,
All the flowers and the grass-blades, for love's sake adorning
With pictures in crystalline bells ;
Then the birds sang the joy-songs the Sleep-Angels taught them
When night shadows sheltered each head 'neath a wing ;
The bees sipped the nectar the humming birds brought them ;
While the white, woven, willow robe-tassels were wrought them
To woo, win and welcome the Spring.

O the dream-days of childhood are over and ended,—
The visions have vanished, the freedoms have fled ;
The romance of wondrous delight which attended
Life's young aspirations, is dead :
Yet, still, mid day duties and dreams of the night-time,
My heart, o'er the years and their burdens between,
Will turn, and keep turning afar to the bright time
Of youth, when I scampered (O that was life's light-time !)
A barefooted boy on the green.

June, 1891.

THE YEARS ARE FOR US
what me make them ;
Each day hath its blessings in store,
And each hour its delights, if we take them,
And heaven hath eternally more,

Draw the Life Line.

(John Frederick Young.)

"Draw the life line! Pull me in!"
Mid a wild sea storm, careening
Where the tides of Fundy, crashing,
All the Court'nay shores were lashing,
With the breakers intervening,
From the surgings and the din
Rang this call for one who, kindly,
With a brother's heart, not blindly,
In the angry floods had thrown him
(Every father fain would own him,
Every mother's love enthrone him)
To the rescue of a stranger—
One in awful stress and danger:
* * * * *
Struggling, battling, slow he near'd him,
While the gathering watchers cheer'd him,—
With a sturdy grip had grasp'd him,
Calling clearly as he clasp'd him:
"Draw the life line! Pull me in!"

"Draw the life line!" Oh, the sin!
From the careless hands that held it,
O'er the breaking, stormy billows,
Tossing on their foamy pillows
As the waves (poor slaves!) compelled it,
Went the life line. Oh, the sin!
He with hero-spirit trusting,—
Freely all in Death's face thrusting,
Girt without by life's enfolding,
Urged within by love's upholding,
Strong, the boisterous sea assailing,
Had gone out with soul unquailing:
But the life line, idly trailing,
Slipped away, no hand to save it
Or the two bright lives he gave it.
* * * * *
Drifting, shifting, backward, forward
Through the booming, empty, shoreward
Came the life line. Oh, the sin!

"Draw the life line! Pull me in!"
ONE, above, where tempests break not,—
Safe within life's sheltered shore line,
Felt the Spirit's mystic fore line
In the call, and though He spake not,
Answered as the next of kin:
Son of God, who never sleepeth—
Who unceasing vigil keepeth:
Never cry, where storm-wraith sweepeth,
Rings for helping but He hears it:
Is it darkness? Lo, He clears it!
Impotent despair? He cheers it.
Once, when direful doom had driven,
He, amid the storm had striven
Till His soul-cry entered heaven,
Crushed, forsaken.
Ah, He knew it!
And His ear, attentive to it,
Heard the crush'd heart calling through it;
Felt the weakness of another.
Every Christ-man is a brother
To the God-man.
And the other?
Ah, the one he brought He gave him,
Both, in love, for life did crave him.
For they, twain, had died to save him.
Lo! The manly one, so tender,
Who did life for life surrender,
Found within the garnered splendor
Of the skies, beyond the strife line,
One who never lost a life line,—
Him, who keeps time's hero roll-call,
Always answers to a soul call:
"Draw the life line! Pull me in!"

* * * * *

Sweetly, gently, swiftly rising,
Angel songs immortalizing,—
Sunder'd from all self and sin
For the crowning at the portal:
He, who maketh man immortal,
To the Home Land drew him in.

October, 1890.

Weaving.

"I have cut off as a weaver my life."—King Hezekiah.

We are weavers for God in the life-looms He giveth
And faith, hope and love are the warp of the web;
The gracious endowments each mortal receiveth
The woof are, and woven, in flow or in ebb,
By day-dawn or darkness, each rudiment blending,
Completes the design of the Master, above,
If we weave with a purpose divine and unending:
The textures of Time are the glory of Love.

Some value but lightly life's exquisite mornings—
The dream-hours of youth with their music and song—
Though Duty persuadeth they heed not her warnings
But follow the foolish and indolent throng:
Afar in the shadows, at sunset, they linger
And mourn all the brilliance unwon by the way,
While Night, by the touch of her obscuring finger,
Consigns all the hope-wreaths to Gloom and Decay:

And some, by the way side, pluck gaily the flowers
And follow the rainbow or butterfly's gleam,
Unheeding probations that pass with the hours
And fly from their folding like gnomes of a dream;
Or charmed by the sensual, fair Chastity fleeing,
At Passion's low altar of penance they kneel
And offer to Sin all the wealth of a being—
The glory and boast of Omnipotent zeal;

But one, where the furnace was "seven times" heated,
Mid pain and bereavement, in fire and in blood—
The web of her life, in His name hath completed,
In tearful, submissive surrender to God :
Like "Roses of Sharon," with fragrance and splendor
Inwoven, each passionate heart-pulsing shone,
While trust-chords in tension, breath'd harmony tender
And pure as the purest that heav'n hath known.

And out of the time-tangles, crossing and falling—
All crude and unshapely and knotted beneath,
And out of the fear and confusion, appalling,
The bondage, bereavement and sorrow of death,
The fabric, all finished has gone to "the Master,"
Whose wondrously perfect intention was seen
In the shapely design, so much broader and vaster
Than mortal conception or measure had been,—

For over it all, at His touch and unfolding,
There flash'd out the marvellous trend of His plan—
The burdens of pain, by His magical moulding,
Like wreaths of rejoicing the whole over-ran ;
The trials and crosses were all interwoven
And over them each, by a royal decree,
A crown and a thorn-crown and deeply inthroven
His seal of the service : "Ye did it for Me ;"

As white as the lilies of God by Life's river
Afflictions, transmuted, rose brightly between,—
While heart-alms, unknown but to Christ and the giver,
Like bouquets of brilliant immortelles were seen.

* * * * * *

The Seraphs of light o'er the pattern did hover
And marvel to witness its witching accord ;
In the beautiful web they could freely discover
The love of the weaver and grace of the Lord.

Ebery Day.

Every day hath its round of duties,
Each one rising before the sun,—
Watching, waiting, ere yet the beauties
Of night hath vanished or day begun :

Watching to bind, in their chains of needing,
Body and soul and hold them fast ;
Waiting to stifle the Spirit's pleading—
Leaving thee bound to the pulseless past.

Every day hath its crucial training :
Whoso gaugeth the weal is wise—
Only the passion-bound cry, complaining ;
'Tis God's refining that purifies.

Gold may be pure, in the rubble glinting,—
(Who may measure its worth or loss ?)
Th' furnaced metal is ready for minting ;
The fires, alone, can elide the dross.

Every day hath its bane and blessing,—
Weirdly woven and strangely blent :
Hearts grow kinder in grief's caressing ;
Joy is an angel by Sorrow sent.

Every day hath its gains and losses,
Sowings early and gleanings late :
Crowns of peace spring from pain-sown crosses ;
Earthly hoardings are carnal freight ;

Every day hath its lights and shadows—
Source of them all, yon smiling sun :
Th' sombre cloudway that bathes the meadows
Is crowned with glory above the dun.

Every day hath its restful even
After burdens and chafings borne ;
Slumber's seal is the kiss of Heaven :
Waiting beyond is a perfect morn.

Never a mortal man may measure
That which seemeth and that which is ;
Gifts and gold, which he calleth treasure,
Given away may alone be his.

Day without night will be day unceasing ;
Life without death, be life to laud :
Every gift will go on increasing,—
For Christ our Brother, is Lord and God.

Weighed.

Weighed ! Thou art weighed who believest ;
Weighed, though thou scornest to know ;
Weighed and thine hire receivest,—
Earned in thy service below.

Weighed in the balance supernal ;
Sealed by the trust in the Blood ;
Unto the ages, eternal,
Kept by the Spirit of God.

Weighed by the balm which thou bearest ;
Weighed by the motives within ;
Weighed by the sorrows thou sharest ;
By thine abhorrence of sin.

Weighed by the grace in thy giving ;
Weighed by the aim of thy deeds ;
Weighed by the love in thy living ;
Weighed by the Christ in thy creeds.

Aberdeen.

In a recent number of the Toronto Globe there appeared a copy of a courteous, considerate, sympathetic letter written by Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberbeen, to the mother, in the Old Land, of a young groom, one of the servants at Rideau Hall, who was accidentally killed by a fellow servant. I quote two sentences only. A good deal can be read between the lines: "I kissed his brow on your behalf as a farewell from his mother." "We all united in prayer that you and yours, and all to whom the poor boy was dear, might be sustained and comforted under this terrible bereavement."—May, 1897.

This old world swingeth nearer truth
With each successive sun;
By self, constrained, and hearts in ruth,
Love's victories are won;
And still her laurell'd ones abide
The burdened ones between—
And history writeth there, with pride,
The name of Aberdeen.

On warrior shield and banner free
Where Scotia's ramparts rise,
From "Kyle of Durness" by the sea
To "Cheviot" in the skies,
This name, in war's tumultuous strife,
A Shibboleth hath been
To conjure with for death and life;
The Lairds of Aberdeen.

Nor yet mid thunder-crash of arms
Have they alone been great —
Nor only in war's dire alarms
Have well conserved the State.
As loyal leaders, Statesmen wise,
The centuries have not seen
Their peers for Britain's broad emprise:
The Earls of Aberdeen.

And she from bonnie Guisachan,
Doth fame and lustre bring,
Above the grace of crown or clan,
Unto the name we sing.

A Countess born ; yet not for this
Time's laurels intervene ;
The spirit of her graciousness
Ennobles Aberdeen.

This deed we laud a thoughtful part
And tenderness displays,—
A woman's holy mother-heart,
A sister's gentle ways ;
In praise all loving ones unite—
Celestial and terrene ;
She doeth well who doeth right
Like Queenly Aberdeen.

The Home-Land.

Land of delight and splendor !
Beautiful home above !
When shall my weary spirit
Rest in Thy perfect love ?

CHORUS.

Jesus, my Saviour, guide me !
Lead thou my spirit on !
In the white Throne-light hide me
Safe, when the toil is done.

Oft, o'er the halcyon meadows,
Hear I the vesper song,
Low in the twilight shadows
Hymned by the ransomed throng.

Heaven, with its joys eternal,
Heaven will be one day mine ;
Safe in its realms supernal,
I shall have life divine.

Here, mid the burdens, lowly
Serve I in pain and strife ;
There in the Home-land holy,
I shall have perfect life.

1892.

We Are Lovers Still.

(1871–1899.)

The gray is in my locks, dear love,
And thine are tinged with white ;
Our throbbing pulses slower move ;
Yet, in the waning light
Of this dear night
I joy to write
With pleased and cheerful will
That thou art mine
And I am thine
And we are lovers still.

Since that fair eve when we were wed
With vintage in its prime,
The Autumn hath her carpet spread
Many and many a time ;
And Christmas' chime
With peal and rime,
Hath voiced our souls' deep thrill ;
Though brows grow pale
Yet hearts are hale
And we are lovers still.

Our cheeks have lost their rosy glow,
Yet thine are fair to me,
Aye ! fairer now than long ago
When I was fancy free,
Yet bow'd the knee
Of trust with thee
To love through good and ill ;
Our Father's face
Attests our grace,
And we are lovers still.

Our burdens with the years have grown,
 Yet, He, whom we love best,
Hath never left us quite alone,
 But more than friend or guest
 In all life's quest
 Hath been our rest,
Our stay, our strength, our skill,
 To save and spare ;
 We laud His care
And we are lovers still.

Some duties wear a sombre hue ;
 Some griefs were deep and sore ;
But thou wert leal and brave and true
 With wealth of grace in store,
 That o'er and o'er
 And evermore
Doth generous trust fulfil.
 In heaven some day,
 We'll sing, and say :—
"And we are lovers still."

Retrospection.

(Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cummer.)

Silver Wedding Bells to-night !
 Over all the vanished years
With what measure of delight,
 Or of sorrow, or of tears,
 From the fast
 Receding past
Comes a vision of the way—
 Leading onward and above—
Since that other "Wedding Day,"
 With its mystic hope and love !

Then, the skies were bright and clear,
Life in roseate colors drest,
All the future seemed so near
With its wealth and well-earned rest,
Not a cloud
Did then enshroud
Any hope or promised cheer,—
Gifts and favors, everyone,
Everything that heart held dear,
Seemed so easy to be won.

But in all the years since then
Mingled joy and pain have blent ;
Sorrow oft returned again ;
Weary hours, in watching spent,
Brought to grief
But slight relief ;
Trusted friends did trust betray ;
Blighted hopes, an ill-timed throng
Made life bitter. All the way
Right seemed feebler than the wrong.

Now, this place of vantage gained,
What a vision of surprise !
Hindrances that gall'd and chained
All were blessings in disguise ;
While the crosses
And the losses
And the weary hours of pain,
By the grace of God, above,
Are transmuted into gain
In th' alembic of His Love.

Not our way but His is best ;
All things done by Him are right ;
All His pathways lead to rest ;
All His nights to clearer light ;
Far away
A glorious day
Breaks upon the hills of God,
Who, as Maker, Saviour, Friend—
Makes the way in weakness trod
In eternal life to end.

A Comforter.

Lying, faint and weary,
With a throbbing brain;
There's a voice as cheery,—
(How it soothes my pain!)
In a room, adjacent,
'Tis my precious wife,—
Loving, tender, patient
Treasure of my life.

Whistling as she stitches;
Singing as she sews;
Like a dream of witches,
All the rhythm flows;
Now the heart-strings tingle,
As it moves along
In the merry jingle
Of some childhood song;

Then a deeper feeling,
Or some subtle whim,
Better find revealing
In an old-time hymn,
And the sprightly measure
Finds a minor tone
To express the pleasure:
Pure and all her own.

Then, like woodland breezes
In the month of June,
Comes a strain that pleases,
And a sweet, bright tune
Fragrant with completeness,
Bearing on its wings
To my soul such sweetness,
As she sews and sings.

Immortal Youth.

(A Birthday Greeting.)

The red sun floods the dawn with gold
And all the world is one day older ;
I saw the Night her garments fold
And pass afar, nor aught could hold her :
I heard joy sing,
Like lark on wing,—
Her song for all life's gifts ascended ;
While Love's refrain
In buoyant strain,
Still with the choral blended.

Oh ! What, to some, are passing days,
Who for the present chafe and labor,
Who plan for gain and mortal praise,
Nor think of God or friend or neighbor,—
Whose word and deed
Show sensual creed,
Who take not up the Kingdom's crosses,
Who prize, alone,
The profits won,
And value not the losses.

Time hath no crown for thee or thine
Or any, in unmindful leisure,
Who sacrifice at folly's shrine
His royal gifts and priceless treasure.
Life's grace attends
Each day Time lends,
That we may as a jewel shape it ;
For each lost hour
Woe hath a dower,—
No angel may escape it.

But this day means a year to thee,
June-wreathed, and with carnation setting,
It meaneth two,—for one to be
Hath wondrous beauty for the getting ;
Hope's vernal skies
Domed Paradise

A vision of delight and wonder,
They mirror still,
Not boding ill
But love, and heaven is under.

Thy body, soul and spirit give
To God, for service, pure and fervent ;
They best have learned the way to live
Who deem it joy to be a servant :
So do thou do
With purpose true,
He crowneth each supreme endeavor,
And thou shalt prove
And have—with Love—
Immortal youth forever.

We Met to Part No More.

(Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemont, Fredericton, N. B.)

On a fair October eve
When the bloom was on the hills,
And the day seemed loth to leave
The love-songs of the rills,-
In a home where holy song
Hath a trill of the sun-lit shore
Where the ransomed harpers throng,—
We met to part no more.

Though the hills may rise between
And the parting rivers roll,
No landscapes intervene
In the province of the soul :
There the laws that bear and bind
Have eternal touch in store
For the mind in bond with mind :
We met to part no more.

On the golden, sun-kissed hills
Where saved immortals roam
And the breeze-borne music trills
With the pure, glad joy of home,—
There, our spirits, mid the blooms,
Will repeat, when earth is o'er,
And the fadeless light illumes :
We met to part no more.

1890.

Wedding Bells.

(Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Chapman.)

The wedding bells are ringing,
Transporting gladness bringing
To every heart that from their peal finds love's rich radiance springing ;
What though the lips may falter
To say, before the altar,
The words that bind each plighted heart,
For life, in love, "till death do part,"
That bind for evermore each heart,
Yet with the mystic psalter :

"O love, divine and tender,
Veiled in thy softened splendor,"
We chant this day our praise and pray : Be this new home's defender ;
God bless these hands united,
These souls by love co-lighted ;
May they be one in hope and aim,
In faith and works ; in Jesus' name,
For truth and righteousness aflame ;
Unsevered and unblighted.

Give grace in royal measure ;
Let service be a pleasure
And every gift Thy favor sends be valued as a treasure ;
Sunshine and shadow sharing ;
Each for the other caring ;
May each for each to each be true,
And every morn love's bonds renew,
And for love's sake each duty do,
Each other's burden bearing.

So by Thy Spirit guided,
And task and toil divided,
May all life's complex choices be by love and faith decided ;
Nor sin nor Satan sever,
Nor mar life's brave endeavor,
Till from these venal bonds released
Each cometh as a bridal guest,
To Love's eternal marriage feast,
"At Home" with God forever.

My Dearie, O.

My Love, 'tis joy for me to know,
While sunlight streams so cheerie, O,
That every happy mile I go
Is so much toward my Dearie, O ;
And though the fields of Maine are bare,
And April breezes eerie, O,
In "Baldwin's bowers," "The Elms" are fair,
And 'neath them is my Dearie, O.

I've been a roamer many a day,
In lands where all were strangers, O ;
I've been exposed in many a way
To countless ills and dangers, O ;
I've made new friends and bow'd farewell
Till all my soul is weary, O;
Now, every ringing engine-bell
Sings : "Going home to Dearie, O."

I've found some hearts that beat with mine
In love's divinest measure, O ;
I've seen some eyes—confiding—shine
With trust I long shall treasure, O ;
But not an eye could beam so bright
Or win a flame so cheerie, O,
As one whose glance is beauty's light,
I joy to call "My Dearie, O."

I've seen Acadia's rugged hills,
Breathed Bay of Fundy's breezes, O ;
Praised Kenne'casis' rippling rills
Where Hampton's hillside pleases, O :
But fair Ontario suits me best,
Nor why need no one query, O,
In her "Queen City of the West"
"The Elms" protect my Dearie, O.

I Know Not.

I know not! I know not!
When the sunlight, at morning;
On pinions of brightness,
With radiant adorning
Doth beauty and brilliance o'er all things infuse;
I know not,
I know not
Where the light gains its brightness
And colors, that blending,
Clothe th' lily with whiteness
And roses and pinks with their infinite hues.

I know not! I know not!
Hemmed in by the mortal,
And bound by the human
Where Time keeps the portal
Of knowledge beyond me—what dimly I see
I know not:
I know not
What is real and what fading,
What here is immortal;
Dim Nature's persuading
Hath nothing diviner than guess work for me.

I know not! I know not!
What reward for my toiling
What "Bochim" before me
Awaits with despoiling
For all the bright hopes and fair joys of my heart;
But I know
(I trust Him,
My Father, so tender)
That each "Vale of Elah"
Will see sin's surrender,—
Each "Hermon" its visions of glory impart.

She's Twenty To-Day.

I'm an old-fashioned lover nigh two-score and ten ;
My brow wears the light locks of childhood again ;
But I have a sweetheart as blithe as the May—
My heart's dainty treasure ! She's twenty to-day.
Aye twenty to-day
And as bright as the May !
My darling ! I love her !
She's twenty to-day.

I remember the morning and all the surprise
When my soul saw the smile of its face in her eyes ;
My heart-doors all opened, love came in to stay :
She loves me ! I'm fifty ! She's twenty to-day.
Aye twenty to-day
And as bright as the May !
My darling ! I love her !
She's twenty to-day.

In her music my soul-chords are vibrant with joy
And love maketh duty delightful employ ;
Now, toil is a pleasure and labor a play :
My sweetheart's my daughter ! She's twenty to-day.
Aye twenty to-day
And as bright as the May !
My sweetheart's my daughter !
She's twenty to-day.

I Remember.

(In memory of a visit to, and a pleasant evening spent with, Mrs Wm. Baker, of Lambeth, one of God's "shut-in" ones, September, 1891.)

I remember 'twas in summer, in its fading days of splendor,—
With the grain-fields in the stubble and the meadows brown and sere ;
While each evening zephyr, laden with the love the lands did lend her,
Wafted to me all the aromatic fragrance of the year.

All the dreamy haze enwreathing o'er the landscape, I remember;
Every farm-house 'neath the sun-kiss'd, golden maples I recall ;
I can see again the orchards in the bloom of warm September,
And the hallow of the mellow twilight falling over all.

I remember on the woodlands, in their billowy, breeze-fann'd patches,
Just a tinge of gold was gilding here and there the emerald green,
Like the pure, faint glow at day-fall on the rippling lake, which matches
And repeats the pearly tinting in the sunset glories seen.

From the tassell'd corn-shooks, crisping, still I hear the robins calling
On their grouping mates to hasten—winds were wooing them away—
Sunny south-land homes were waiting for their care : 'mid shadows falling
I can hear them still, in fancy, pipe their plaintive roundelay.

I remember all the pleasure of that first hand-grasp and greeting,—
Every look, and word, and gesture, every touch and every tone;
Who may tell th' eternal measure of a transitory meeting !
Soul-touch reaching into knowledge, knowing evermore and known.

I remember, like a vision of delight, the restful even
With its high and holy moments and its reveries profound ;
As we read the Word together and conversed of home and heaven
We could almost feel the pulsing of the angel-wings around.

When we bade adieu at morning, on the air-borne mist ascending
From the valley, shone a rainbow, pure, translucent as the sky,
And my soul re-read the "Promise": Love's dominion is unending,
There is life, not death, awaiting in the perfect by-and-bye.

Faith lent Hope her strong assurance for the earth-way intervening;
In His name and for His glory, by His providence we met;
Life for each hath larger import, God and heaven a vaster meaning:
We shall evermore remember,—we can nevermore forget.

"Unto God be All the Glory!"

So said Mrs. McMaster, matron of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, as with tremulous voice she returned thanks to Mrs. Harvie and the friends who had presented her with an illuminated address—accompanied by a purse and album—setting forth the noble results accomplished by her faith and work since the inception of the undertaking in 1875. Mrs. McMaster, on behalf of the Board of Management, had just declared the "Victoria Hospital for Sick Children" open, and the Chairman, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, in his address had previously stated: "This is the most complete Children's Hospital in the world."—June, 1892.

"Unto God be all the glory!" What a history lies behind it!
Could we read the wondrous story written in the books above,
How our hearts would thrill as Christ's did when He knew the place assign'd it,
Measured by the rule of purpose and the perfect law of Love!

In a tender, kindly bosom—throbbing with a broad, pure passion—
Once a little thought was planted by the Spirit of the Lord;
Nurtured by the grace it found there, lo! it grew in form and fashion,
Silent, like that Holy Temple which we read of in the Word.

"Help the little helpless children—sick and weary, poor and lonely,"
This was all, and God had said it many a hundred times before,
Said it, sung it, told it, pled it, but the ones who heard it only
Grew faint-hearted at its burden, never guessed the guise it wore;

But within this watered garden gracious seed found glad fruition,
Hope was having; Faith was doing; Love was pitying word and deed:
Bud of thought became a purpose and the purpose bloom'd a mission,
And the glory of Jehovah is the climax of the creed.

Frail and feeble at inception—trusting, struggling, praying, toiling—
Fighting want with "sword and buckler"—sheltering feebleness, unsought;
Giving free, yet lacking always, of its serfs, disease despoiling,—
Till we stand with reverent wonder, and exclaim: "What God hath wrought!"

Lo! the work begun in weakness, fostered by a faith in action,
Broadened by divinest methods, with all truth in pure accord,
Formed by fervent consecration, into generous benefaction,
Is an honor to its founders and a glory to the Lord.

Through the halls we seemed to hear Him walking 'mid the fragrant splendour,—
When the children sang we heard him calling in the sweet refrain;
But 'twas bending o'er the cot-sides that he whispered, low and tender,
As he press'd the restful pillows and appeased the pallid pain:

"*This for me, O my beloved,* now I know that ye are learning
How to follow in my footsteps for the glory yet to be;
By the children ye are coming—for the children, too, discerning
What I meant when once I answered: 'Let the children come to Me.'

"I have gathered some fair 'Golden' Rosebuds for the heavenly bowers,
That the hearts which twined about them might enshrine and love them still,
And, in tenderness be helpful all the long, lone parted hours
To the poor, pain'd, weary children needing human care and skill.

"Do ye see the breaking morning, all the crimson'd east adorning?
I am coming in the glory of my kingdom and my throne,—
And the ransomed shall be nearest—yea! and evermore the dearest—
Who have done those things for My sake unto these who are My own."

New Victoria.

(Inaugural October 25th, 1892.)

Unveil the capstone to the sun!
Let dome and turret woo the sky!
The artificer's task is done.
Where yon free banner floats on high,
The "New Victoria" rises, fair
As once by storied Kedron's stream,
Gray minaret and marbles rare
Proved Zerubbabel's fateful dream
A verity, and Faith's reply
To doubting Shimshai's low esteem.

Brought into being by the need,
The love, the trust and sturdy toil
Of stalwart souls, whose sentient creed
Blent faith and works; in such a soil
The sapient gifts of poverty—
Sown for the future, far afield—
Will bloom in all the years to be,
And wide unceasing harvest yield:
Lo! multiplied, each word and deed,
In thee stands unto all revealed.

They who by Isis' waters met
When Elswith's noble lord was king
Touch Oxford's pulses even yet,
And still adown the centuries fling
Their potent spell and virent dower,
To fashion, mould, inspire and teach;
Still Champeaux' logic wieldeth power
Beyond Ulysses' classic reach,
While Sinai's broken alphabet
Wins every tongue a purer speech.

Brave men were they, whose fire and force
And hero-spirit charmed thy birth;
Who through thy struggling, virgin course,
Guided and fashioned thee; nor earth
Hath known their peers for nobleness,
Who faced, for thee, grim Want's entail,
Dire loss and burdens numberless.
Surely, for aye, within the veil,
Still serving thee, they name thy worth,
And, through thee, wrong and sin assail!

Those who for faith, for higher truth,
And freedom's sake, in this new land,
By unborn sons, with heart of ruth,
So nobly stood, now crowned stand:
The Ryersons, wise, generous, broad;
A Carroll, saint and seer and man;
A Williams, sanctified of God;
And Rice, the peerless Puritan;
While polished Teuton Nelles' hand
Is seen in all thy scope and plan.

Like one whose time-crowned name is thine,
The queenliest Queen the world hath known;
Whose virtues as her graces shine;
Greater than Britain's royal throne:
The boast and glory of all lands;
Kingdoms and empires own her sway;
Whose name for all things noble stands;
Nations, in love, its power obey:
So may the world thy greatness own;
So may'st thou reign, a queen, for aye.

Worship.

We worship and praise
Jehovah, our King!
Rejoice in His ways!
His faithfulness sing.
Our souls, in the light of
His favor aflame,
Are strong by the might of
His marvellous name.

How strong is the Lord,
In mercy revealed!
His wonderful word
Is buckler and shield.
In hymns we adore Him,—
His glory declare;
Bow humbly before Him
In reverent prayer.

A White Life.

"There must be but one standard of purity for men and women, and that the highest."—Miss Francis E. Willard, at World's W. C. T. U. Convention, London, England, June, 1895.

Do ye hear the clarion message from the battlement of Truth,
Ringing outwards, O, my brothers, unto you?
Can ye understand the import of this challenge which, forsooth,
Claims that each in heart and practice must be true?
The strong, distinctive thesis of the Christian church to-day—
Born of consecrated service, by the Word—
Is the sanctified accretion of her gleanings by the way:
Holy being, holy doing, for the Lord.

Every era hath its "credo" as the world swings nearer God;
Old time standards with their mundane measures fail;
Clearer still from Wisdom's watch-towers ring her tocsin-calls abroad,
While her yeomen fostered heresies assail.
It might suit medieval rulers (who can doubt 'twas so of yore?)
To condone their sordid, mercenary kin
And to visit on the sinn'd-against, whose frailties they deplore,
All the judgments due their own unchastened sin;

But the world, with conscience quickened by the vibrant life of truth,
And expanded by the harmonies of Right,
Slow returning by the Spirit's law to lost, immortal youth,
Sees the dual creeds dissolving in the light.
Every heart must needs be holy. Every call hath 'thee" and "thou."
Challenge Error's armor'd "Anaks" on the plain.
Breeze your banners!
Ring the watchwords: "God" and "Life" and "Duty" now!
Christ, the Holy One, who judgeth, comes to reign.

Do ye hear the Father calling, oh, my sisters, do ye hear?
Like a mother's winsome, waking call at morn,
The promised day of freedom and of justice draweth near,
Hope's apocalyptic jubilee is born.
Did ye lead the race to evil? 'Twas in reaching after God;
Though ye lost Him ye returned Him unto men;
Ye have borne for Him the burden, scourge and scorn and lictor's rod;
Ye shall wear the crowns of honor in His reign.

Let your sanctified allegiance to the oracles of God
And your potent advocation of His word
Help the breaking-dawn light brighten, of the day the saints shall laud,
When the ransomed nations all shall serve the Lord.
Ye may bring to heart and home life, to society and State,
Pureness, virtue, honor, glory, peace and love :
All redemption's fateful forces at your faith and service wait ;
All Omnipotential powers ye can move.

Come with all your gifts and graces, chasten'd hearts and helpful hands !
Come, demanding of all others what ye give,
And as Virtue's reign of purity and righteousness expands,
All the world shall learn the royal way to live.
All the law-ensheltered villainies of earth shall have an end
If ye strip the stolen vestments of the sky :
In your love alluring pureness be to God and man a friend
And they each shall call you "Blessed !" by and bye.

Love's Crusade.

(A greeting to the World's W. C. T. U., Toronto, Canada. October. 1897.)

"The daughters of Zelophehad speak right : thou shalt surely give them an inheritence among their father's brethren."—Jehovah.

"Come ! For all things are now ready."—Jesus.

Pealeth a tocsin call
Over the nations,
Sounding from throne to thrall
In its rogations :
Unlike war's bugle blast
In the rude venal past,
Joy thrills the tones, at last,
With jubilations.

Come ! From the lands afar,—
 Sin-dark and hoary ;
Come ! From the lands which are
 Sacred in story ;
Come ! Eye and ear and thought
For hallow'd service brought,—
Thus shall God's will be wrought,
 Unto His glory.

Come ! In His holy name,
 On Him relying,
Heedless of frown or fame,
 All fear defying,
Strong in His strength by prayer,
Ready all gifts to share,
White as the shield ye bear,
 Living or dying.

Ye have the keys of life
 Fast in your holding ;
As maiden, mother, wife,
 By wisdom moulding
Peoples for truth and right,
Ye have the potent might,
Passports for wrongs to write
 In State unfolding.

So shall the world be won,—
 So shall ye win it :
Swiftly Love's coursers run,
 Fain to begin it.
Come ye, where Freedom reigns !
Here Virtue, faith obtains ;
Purpose, from her domains,
 Hath power within it !

"Unto All the World."

(Miss Gussie Preston.)

We bow the knee, O Lord to Thee
In rev'rent prayer to-day ;
That Thou wouldst bless the dear bright girl
Whom duty calls away
From friends and home, and hopes to come,
And each life-cherished plan,
To teach Thy word of truth and grace
In far away Japan.

Grant her safe voyage o'er the sea,
And in that land afar,
May all her life-work honor Thee,
Nor loss nor weakness mar
The good designed ; O may she find
Rich harvest-ground for seed,
And may she sow for Thee, and know
A full return, indeed.

Oh do Thou bless each willing gift
She sanctifies to Thee !
And by Thine own strong Spirit lift
Her soul and let it be
Ev'n unto death firm in the faith
Her Sires have kept so well :
And grant a Crown for work well done
At Life's dismissal bell.

Thy "Prophet's Children" love the Truth
As in the olden days,
And in the flush and zeal of youth
Aspire to speak Thy praise.
O, let the flame for Thy dear name
And faith intensely burn,—
And yield each consecrated life
Thy promise-pearled return.

Each earnest toiler in Thy way—
Do Thou, in mercy bless ;
And hasten on the glorious day
Of ultimate success,
When neath Thy sway, men, Truth obey,
And Christ's dear love shall span
And rule the Nations—one and all,
And far away Japan.

In His Arms.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep"

On a weary pillow tossing,
Longing for the sunlit morn—
While the fever'd phantoms, crossing,
All my restful hours suborn;
Soars my thought, as these molest me,
Unto Jesus:—(so my lay)
"Take me in your arms and rest me
On your bosom till the day."

Take me in your arms, Belovèd!
Fold me closely to your breast;
Shield me, save me,
Pain shall leave me,
While within your arms I rest.

Master! Christ! my heart is calling
In its weariness to Thee!
Sin's defilements have been galling
Since beside my Mother's knee,
Learned I sorrow's bitter burden,
Taking pain for constant guest;
Show me life's imperial guerdon,
It may lead to perfect rest.

Thou art come! My soul, ascending
From her fetter'd tryst with Pain,
Feels the thrill of love's defending,—
Measures all her losses, gain,—
Safe within Thy lov'd enfolding,
Where the lights and shadows part,—
Finds a Heaven in Thy dear holding,—
Peace and resting on Thy heart.

Call Ye for Men!

(Canada, 1889.)

Call ye for men! Call ye for men!
Clear as the clarion tones
Of the revielle's matin blast,
The Truth, from the toils of Wrong
Where the marshall'd foemen throng,
Calls out to each, who allegiance owns,
With her future overcast:—

"Call ye for men!
Call ye for men!
Men who are under no servile ban,—
Who will dare be true unto God and man.
Call ye for men!
Call ye for men!"

Sound ye the tocsin's peal
Till the halls and the hamlets hear,
For men who will dare be just
In the people's sacred trust,
Fling far the fetters of faction's weal
When my beacon lights appear.

Ring out the call for men,
In this hour of the nation's need—
Who right, for the right, will do
With a tender heart and true;
Men who are fearless with tongue and pen,
Who have grace and gifts to lead.

Thunder it o'er the land
Till her freemen hear and obey!
Where, type of the Cross that saves,
The Red cross of Freedom waves,
No alien despot-rule shall stand
Or bigot faction sway.

Call the Roll.

Ring, ye tocsin bells, a message,
Let your tones be Truth's embassage,
National weal your voice demands!
Tell the free-born sons of labor
(Let each toiler warn his neighbor)
Virtue's cause is in your hands.

CHORUS.—Call the roll!
Call the roll!
Count the record!
Call the roll!
Let the loyal sons of labor
Go in this their might!
At the poll!
At the poll!
Mark their ballots
At the poll!
Every true man is a yeoman for the right—
Every yeoman is a unit for the right.

Ho! ye freemen! Heed the warning!
Sin, enthroned, your might suborning.
Strengthens by your word and deed;
Faction's fostered wrongs are legal;
Shame and infamy are regal;
Surely "He who runs may read!"

Rouse ye! Freemen! God is calling!
Under rum's enslavement galling
Will ye cowardly abide?
Hail the ballot; Truth's evangel!
Liberty's omniscient angel!
Win the good so long denied!

Look! ye freemen! Light is breaking!
Bacchus' soul-built throne is shaking
And his funeral knell is knoll'd!
Stand ye true to freedom's charter!
None but low-born vassals barter
Manhood's blood-won dower for gold.

Pledged for God.

Raise the song ! The darkness lightens !
Courage calls ! The morning brightens ;
Lo, the day of promise whitens—
 Hope's fair bow o'erhead !
In the air a stir entrancing—
Freedom's serried ranks advancing,
Every vale the host enhancing,
 Victory in their tread.

REFRAIN.

See the banners flying !
Hear the heralds crying—
 Join the strife
 For Truth and Life,
 Jehovah glorifying.

CHORUS.

Firm in faith, by grace united :
Unto Prohibition plighted
Till this national wrong is righted,
 Pledged for God we come.

This fair land in Rum's enslaving,
Yet for potent Statehood craving,
Hath her stalwart sons been saving
 By the law of sin ;
Rum and wrong by law protected,
Have all vileness interjected ;
O, let Right be resurrected
 Virtue's reign begin.

Class and creed distinctions leaving—
Party shibboleths—deceiving ;
To our God's high standards cleaving ;
 Under His command ;
Every gift and talent bringing ;
To this holy call upspringing :
God and home our slogan ringing,
 And our native land.

Unfurl the Temperance Flag.

Unfurl the temperance flag, to-day ;
Its folds fling to the breezes :
Let knaves to vice their homage pay—
Oppose its sway who pleases.
Rum's fiendish force our land enslaves—
With Party leaders blinking—
While thousands go to nameless graves
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

A voice rings out above the din
Of Time's discordant noises,
Our sordid, vice-bound souls to win
To all which virtue prizes ;
Eternal issues hang on each,—
While blood-bought souls are sinking
Where Hope and Mercy never reach,
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

'Tis God, the nation's King, who calls,—
While low-down passions bind us,
And thro' the languor that enthralls,
We miss the good assigned us.
Up, now,—ye men who love the right!
Who for her weal are thinking,
And God will arm you for the fight
'Gainst drinking, drinking, drinking.

We lift our hands ; we seal our faith ;
In freedom's name united—
We fear not Rum, nor hate, nor death,—
For temperance pledged and plighted.
We stand where freemen all should stand—
No patriot duty shrinking—
Combined to banish from our land
This drinking, drinking, drinking.

Ring for Prohibition.

Ring the bells for Prohibition !
Bells of Church and bells of State !
Give each clarion tongue a mission !
Let their tones reverberate
Till Emanuel's morning, hasted,
Knells the doom of rum, abhorred,
And the millions, worse than wasted,
Swell the treasury of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells for Prohibition !
Ring the bells !
Oh, ring them !
Ring them !
Sound the rallying cry abroad !
Save the homes by love's volition ?
Save, oh save them !
Shield and save them!
Keep this ransomed land for God.

Fathers, ye who make the nation
Strong when ye are true and brave,—
Why this puerile vacillation ?
Will you still your sons enslave ?
Mothers, by the Christ ye gave us,
For His sake and in His name,
Faith-united, ye can save us
From this festering curse and shame.

Youths and maidens, heaven would win you
From the sordid, vile and vain ;
All the nation's powers are in you,
Shall her glory wax or wane ?
Every son, by pure uprightness,
May the cause of truth maintain ;
Every daughter haste the brightness
Of the morn when Christ shall reign.

Prohibition's Morning.

Sons of Canada, awake!
Prohibition's dawn appears!
Lo! its beacons all the crimsoned east adorning!
Fadeth now the night of wrong,
Widow's wails and children's tears,—
Breaketh in the glow prophetic of the morning.

CHORUS.

Hail we now the day and greet it
With a royal British cheer—
All the banded hate of Rum's battalions scorning;
For our Country's weal we meet it—
Creeds and party disappear—
And we'll march in solid column in the morning.

Fair Ontario led the van
For this day of grace to come,
All her heaven-lent powers in Freedom's cause suborning;
Let the whole, broad land arise
From the withering blight of rum,
Clad in righteousness and mighty in the morning.

What a heritage have we
In this goodly virgin land
With its wondrous wealth and sanctified adorning,
Bright and pure as when it came
From the Great All-Father's Hand
In the primal flush and glory of the "Morning."

While our soul-ascriptions rise
And our songs of hope ascend,
From the sheltering heavens o'er us rings a warning:—
"Would ye win? Let faith and prayer
On your words and deeds depend,
March in solid column early in the morning."

A Chance Acquaintance.

'Twas on the train, by chance we met;
(Though "chance," to me, means God's good guiding,)
A quiet *"This seat taken yet?"*
A smile, *"Come in!"* and we were riding
Along, though strangers, side by side.
We spoke, at first, about the weather,—
That hackney'd theme, where friends untried
Find common talking ground together.

She spoke of Home—in childhood's days,—
So full, to her, of joy and beauty,—
In modest, earnest words of praise,
That told me Pleasure dwelt with Duty.
She praised the quaint New England Town;
The Saint beloved, whose precious teaching
Moulded her life, and his would crown
For Christ-like Pastor work and preaching.

And easily our converse grew,
Each thought another one requesting,
And each, as brought to fuller view,
A broader line of truth suggesting:
Till in a moment: *"All change here!"*
And then our pleasant talk was ended;
A bow, *"Good-bye!"* and 'twould appear
As if, by chance, 'twas all intended.

Two Souls, to God and conscience true,
And living right with strong endeavor,
We meet, touch, cross, are lost to view,
Nor meet again, perchance, forever;
Yet casual meeting must enhance
Our gifts and thoughts and keep them vernal:
Nor word, nor meeting comes by chance;
Each hath significance eternal.

Lillie's a Terrible Tease.

Sweet Lillie ! your teasing give o'er,
Your innocent banter put down ;
Come, say that you'll vex him no more,
Nor harrass his heart with a frown ;
Now just for a moment forbear !
'Twill surely delight you to please—
His cousinly heart's in despair,—
For Lillie's a terrible tease.

You wake with a smile in your heart,
But try to make out it's a frown ;
The glances your witching eyes dart
Would charm a Leander to drown.
He's in love with your exquisite grace—
For no one can love by degrees
A Maid with so royal a face—
But Lillie's a terrible tease.

He surely has cause to complain,
You torture him so with your guile :—
You shun him with caustic disdain,
And then re-allure with a smile ;
And no one knows better than you
The friction and folly of these
To a Spirit so loyal and true ;
But Lillie's a terrible tease.

Now ! Can't you with frolic have done ?
And give him your heart and your hand ?
Your mischief and banter and fun,—
How could he their magic withstand ?
So welcome him frankly and free--
For once acting pretty, to please,
And then my sweet Lillie will be
No longer a terrible tease.

Going Home From School.

There's a scene, from vanished years,
Which my memory impearls,
In the pleasant home of childhood, far away,
Where the old log school appears,
With its bright faced boys and girls
At their lessons, or their happy, romping play.
It is not so long ago,
Since we, standing in a row,
Used to close the long day's study with a "spell,"
And then with lessons done,
We did have such jolly fun
Chasing homeward, playing "Tag" and "Merry Bell."
Going home to childhood's home;
Going home to childhood's home;
Their rosy faces come, so clear and bright;
I am back again, a boy,
Racing home from school, with joy—
My whole being full of boyish love and light.

As I glance along the years
Still another vision breaks:—
These same boys and girls at "High-School" in their "teens;"
Life more real now appears,
And each hope a new form takes,
It is dawning on them now, what living means;
But the gifts of place and gain
Seem so easy to obtain,—
They need scarcely use, to win them, hand or heart,
I behold them, bright and strong,
Such a laughing, happy throng!
Bowing low and throwing kisses as they part.
Going home to manhood's home;
Going home to manhood's home;
Their glad, sparkling faces come so clear:
I can see each girl and boy,
Full of earnest, throbbing joy,
With a long'd for, rosy future drawing near.

But the scene is changing still :
They are scattered near and far,
In the busy marts of commerce and of gain,
In the workshop and the mill,
In the pulpit, at the bar,
Growing wiser, as they toil with hand and brain.
Some are scholars, dull and slow,
Drifting, caring not to know
All the issues that on righteousness depend, —
Others, faithful, true and right,
Doing all as in God's sight,
Living for the Home and Crowning at the end.
Going home to the heavenly Home ;
Going home to the heavenly Home
Jesus Christ has promised in the Word ;
They are passing, one by one,
Earth-life, over, lessons done,
Safely home to be forever with the Lord.

Susan Lynn.

(A Christmas Reminiscence.)

In the flush and joy of the Christmas times
We tread the dear old places,
And hear the ring of their songs and rhymes
And see the long-lost faces :
From the vanished years, to me, comes in
One face, fresh, fair and hearty —
And a robe-wrapped ride with Susan Lynn
To a charming Christmas party.

The sparkling morning was crisp and clear,
The toils of the year were ended ;
Our youthful hearts without care or fear—
In the festal bliss were blended.
A merry company gathered in
For the country dances, hearty,—
In my heart joy sang, for my girl "Sue Lynn"
Was the "Belle of the Christmas party."

I was then, a verdant, backwoods lad
And had never seen a city,
And "Sue" in her dainty home-spun plaid,
Was seventeen, and pretty.
Of course I thought it "a catch" to win
A girl so fair and hearty,—
So 'twas pleasant driving with Susan Lynn
That night from the Christmas party.

But winter's prismal splendors pass
To the air that kiss'd their whiteness,
And green and gold and flowers and grass
Robe the fields with another brightness;
And young love's ardor fades away—
Though the love-thrill'd heart be burning—
It fades like the snow 'neath the red sun's ray
In the vernal day's returning.

The autumn found us far apart—
All Hopedoms abdicating—
We touched as heart-life touches heart
In quest of a perfect mating,—
And I, at Wisdom's fabled fount,
Soothed all my spirit's yearning,
While she ascended "Hestia's Mount"
In search of higher learning.

So, thrice, the summer's radiant bloom
Clothed all the land in splendor,
And thrice, unto the winter's tomb
Did autumn's wealth surrender,
And just as Christmas' chimes rang in
And love her feast was keeping,
The handsome, charming Susan Lynn
In life's last rest was sleeping.

In the pride and flush of her youth and bloom
She was borne—by friends who arrayed her
For the bridal home—to the silent tomb
On the hill-side, where they laid her
To rest, in Him, whose human birth
Brought the Christmas' joy and story,—
And the angel's song, ringing o'er the earth
With an ever-increasing glory.

Now, ever, as Christmas comes again,
I hear the same sweet voices
Ring out in the old, glad songs, and then
My heart, as of yore, rejoices.
Not in the grave, with the coffin'd clay
Is the freed immortal spirit!
She hath gained the realms of eternal day
Through the Christ-King's wondrous merit,

And the heart that beat for all other's pain,
In the Throne-Light over yonder,
Has learned that loss may be truest gain,—
And so—as I sit and ponder—
Heaven and Earth seem to join and blend
In holy, glad communion,
And friend hold fellowship with friend
At a Christmas-time re-union;

For the ones who wait where the shadows fall,
Alone, on the Christmas even,
May hear the same dear voices call
As of yore, but they call from Heaven,
May hear, if they list, some old-time word
In a song of sublimest sweetness,
Yet that, somehow, seems to lack one chord,
Their voice is that choir's completeness.

Elsinore.

Where the blue St. Lawrence glides—
Mirror of the summer skies
That o'erarch in
Dreamy splendor
All her Isles,
Which like myriad sea-nymph brides
From her jewell'd heart arise,
Each a blushing
Benediction
Of her smiles,

Rises lovely Elsinore
In her sheen of dapple-gray,
From whose cosy
Cottage porches
May be seen :—
Here, the quaintly latticed shore
Of the terraced Isle of Hay,
While, beyond it
Sits Kalaria
Like a queen.

There, the zephyrs gently wake
Rippling harmonies of love,
And the sunset
Glories linger
Fain to stay,
Or the billows dash and break—
Bathing beach and bank above—
In baptismal
Triune blessing
By their spray.

Safe, within the lunate sweep,
Nestles bonnie Dorasdale,
Whose encircled
Sides re-echo
Sylvan song ;
While the "V. P.'s" bulwark'd keep
Like a stalwart knight in mail—
Stands a tireless
Watch and warder
Of the throng.

From Sagastaweekaa's green,
Morning sunlight, mirror'd back,
Bears a message
Fraught with beauty
That beguiles :
While o'er bight and bay between,
Where the fishers beat and tack,
Laughing waves in
Sport are laving
Elfin isles.

Just beyond the rolling swells
In a rush-fringed bridal spray--
Like the fairy
Islands, flashing
In our dreams—
Rises willowed Weidenfelse,
First to kiss the God of day,
And the last to
Lose the lustre
Of his beams :

Close beside her—though apart,
Yet embracing underneath—
Bound in vestal
Bonds of beauty
All their days—
Pinehurst,—homelife in her heart,
Leafy perfumes in her breath—
Croons across her
Tassell'd symphonies
Of praise.

Like Omnipotence, on guard,
Flash the bright electric eyes :
While the virgin
Moon, a crescent
In the west—
In her hazy, wanlight ward
Blending river, isles and skies—
In a seal of peace,
And unity
And rest.

1889

On the Intercolonial.

Where New Brunswick—southward sloping
Unto Fundy's sheltered sea—
Spreads her undulating uplands to the sun,
There's a necromantic Spirit
Holding royal jubilee,
Which, from souls in tone with Nature,
Hath most wondrous worship won.

Gently rising from the valley
Where the iron pathway runs
Rolling upward, in and out, on either hand,—
Dainty homes, in floral settings,
Show where Britain's loyal sons
Found reward for self-denial,
In their love for Mother-land,

When the world, a century younger,
Saw America, in blood,
Forging Freedom's fair escutcheon for a race
That might lead the van in virtue
If they built the "Gold" of God
On the puritan foundations
Which their Fathers laid in place :

These—who loved the "Red Cross Banner,"
And who scorned sedition's gain—
Leaving homes, the toil-won heritage of years,
In this virgin land of beauty,
Free from rank rebellion's stain,
Won them other homes and hearthstones,
(History vaunteth not their peers !)

And no wonder Heaven, smiling
On a land that owned such men,
Should bedeck the laurelled hillsides, by the light,
In her rainbow robes and colors,
Which on hill and shore and fen
Are a proof she keepeth cov'nant
With the men who do the right.

See, where tossing waters glisten
In the sunbeam's crystal glance
On the pebbly beach by lovely Riverside,
How the sporting billows, chasing
O'er the river's wide expanse,
Lure the languid city sportsman
To the piscatorial tide !

All the earth and heavens are blending
To enthrill with joy the days :
Tassell'd hills, their rhythms tuning to the rune
Of the laughing, sparkling waters
As they sing the sunlight's praise,
Fill with tender, dreamy splendor
The October afternoon.

From the restful, grassy meadows
Where the drowsy cattle feed—
With their fringe of interwoven gold and green,
Slowly fade the sombre shadows
Till each verdant, mossy mead
Is an emerald in opal
In the soul-enchanting scene.

Shielding Hampton, fir-crown'd Blackwood
Rises o'er the wind-fleck'd mist,
Which in fairy frills like bridal Veil conceals
But to heighten Beauty's dower,
For, by shimmering sunbeams kiss'd,
This enfolding still more fully
Nature's loveliness reveals.

Robed in all the prismal glory
Of the Autumn's jubilee
Every love-crown'd hill and valley-way appears ;
While the river, home returning,
Air won daughter of the Sea,
Bears her Mother all their beauty
In her pictured, pearly spheres.

1890.

Folleigh Lake.

Pretty, fairy Folleigh lake,
Nestled 'mid Acadian hills,
My enraptured soul enthrills
With the tones thy tints awake !

In thy pure, unsullied heart—
Blending at the ferny strand—
All the billow'd hill-ways stand
Doubled, by thy magic art.

Gold and crimson, gray and green
In a wondrous wealth untold—
Weave their glories, manifold,
Over all the autumn scene.

Every mountain hath its mate
In thy crystal depths below ;
All with light-kiss'd colors glow,
As thy pearl-beams scintillate.

Down the glens the simpling streams
Singing, bring to thee—unsought—
All the mirror'd splendors caught
Far above in rainbow gleams ;

Like unto Eternity
In its restful, holy rime,
Holding, keeping, shielding Time
In its wondrous mystery,

Is the soft, blue evening sky
Circling all—below, above—
Infinite in bounds and love,—
Into which all sun-dawns die :

Nay ! not die ! nor ray nor clod,
Form or fancy lose their force,—
Mission done, they seek their Source,
Dwell forevermore in God.

Sunset Seraphs follow on :
Roseate ripples rule thy breast,
Luring every love to rest,
Till the pine-plumes peal the dawn.

Hampton.

Bright Hampton nestled mid the hills,
Where Kenne'casis' waters run,
And mirror back the smiling sun,
And catch the kisses from the rills

What time the summer beauties spread,
And song birds in thy leafy groves
Carol at morning to their loves,
Where blooming bowers their fragrance shed.

I saw thee in thy winter dress—
Like virgin robed in spotless white—
By radiant, shimmering, morning light
Made lovelier in thy loveliness.

Above the vale that holds thy heart,
I saw the fir-clad "Blackwood" rise
Until its summit met the skies,—
Which lingered o'er it loth to part;

While round the sweep and o'er the glen,
Where tasty Cotters—from the moil—
At evening rest; and for the toil
In quiet homes find life again,

I saw the happy children play,
And on swift sled careening by,
No shadow in their perfect sky;
They trust the Lord beyond to-day.

I caught the music of the breeze
In soothing murmurs soft and low—
Tossing the fir-plumes, to and fro,
Or rustling in the balsam trees,

And in the spell which Beauty wove
To please the eye, and charm the sense,
I found an added recompense
For unrequited toil and love.

1889.

One of God's Rivers.

Where the crystal waters of the *"Beaver,"*
Sing along the upper lands of *"Grey;"*
Every luring ledge is a deceiver—
Wooing, winning, witching her away.

In her shady shallows, cool and winsome,
Water lilies glisten, pure and pale;
'Neath her fringe of willows, lithe and handsome,
Many a silver troutlet whiffs a tail.

Onward ever flouting Nature's forces;
Tossing out her freshness to the hills;
Kissing—as they join her in their courses—
All the new-born, tiny baby-rills.

Giving of her fragrance to the sun-beams,
As unto a lover fair and true;
Reaching misty colors to the moon-beams,
Where they paint the prismal, pearly dew;

Blessing, like a heart-warm, gentle mother,
Every tender one within her reach;
Singing, like the fairies to each other,
In the same sweet, holy, rhythmal speech;

Bright'ning all the shore-way as she passes;
Laughing to the music of the breeze;
Spraying all the perfum'd flowers and grasses;
Pulsing measured treasure to the trees;

Onward, in her renovating mission;
Unto light and air and rock and sward—
In her giving, loving life-fruition—
As a benediction of the Lord.

But Eugenia's rock-ways, cleft asunder—
Broken, shatter'd, scatter'd near and far
By some ruthless Demon of the Thunder,
Fain would all her exquisiteness mar.

O the perfect unity of nature
Whether ray or spray or sparrow fall!
Light and air and dew and clod and creature,—
Each is faithful helper unto all.

Full of gleeful gladness rippling onward,
From the mirror'd beauty lothe to part,
Bearing to the waiting valleys, downward,
Pictures of the hill-ways in her heart;

Lo! The River finds her rock-bed vanish
Like a floor of fate from underneath,
As when some grim feudal lord would banish
Foeman, from the moat-side, unto death.

Then the Air, with countless pillows, near her,
Cushions all the dangers in her flight;
While the sun-beams kiss, caress and cheer her,
Calming all her prisms with their light:

All the night fair Luna's rays console her,
Chasing shadows through her chrysmal tears;
While the magic zephyrs so control her
By their music, she forgets her fears;

And tne Rock—his rudeness quite repenting—
Lifts a foam-rimm'd basin to his breast,
Where the ransomed waters may, relenting,
Close beside his heart, a moment rest:

Then adown the glen they dash in glory
—Foaming—to the harbor far away.

* * * * *

When the lake-waves chant the isles a story,
One's the crystal anthem glean'd in "Grey."

Stony Lake.

Where "Chemong" its waters pours
Past the "Buckhorn's" sheltered shores,
Down through where the "Burleigh" roars
Into Stony Lake,—
All the changing, scenic miles,
Shores and bays and festooned isles,
Wreathed in Summer's happiest smiles
Rapt'rous joys awake.

There the laurell'd hills appear
Mirror'd in the waters clear,
While the fir-crowned islands rear
Tassel'd brows below;
Cloud and rack and rock and pine,
Blending at the water line,
In a harmony divine,
Bright and glorious glow.

Yet, where "Burleigh" greets the sun,
Nature's gifts are but begun,
Far o'er bight and bay they run—
Ford and ferny brake;
Shores that echo back the swell,
Isles wherein a God might dwell,—
Not St. Lawrence can excel
Lovely Stony Lake.

"Julien's" terraced heights reveal
All that souls poetic feel
When sublime displays appeal
Unto sense and soul;
What a vision wins the eyes:
Green-robed myriad isles arise,
'Round whose base in sweet surprise
Laughing waters roll.

Yonder, by the sunbeams kissed,
"Methuen's" mountains cleave the mist,
Like a royal amethyst
Set in opal green;
While in midway, east and west,
—Sacred guardian of the rest—
"Eagle Mountain's" granite crest
Over all is seen.

Lavish glories crown "Bo-shink"
Where her clustering islands link
Past each other, till they shrink
—Seen from far above—
Into gems of rarest sheen,
Set in frills of azure green,
Where the sky-tint waves between
Sing of peace and love.

Who may sing of "Dummer's" shore —
Tell her fountained life in store,—
Laud her beauty evermore?
(Who, if not her son?)
There the echoes alway call
Soft and gently unto all,
As the evening shadows fall
And the day is done.

See from where "Wa-bu-no" stands,
Reaching out in silver bands,
Laving countless island strands,
All the waters flow:—
Here they kiss fair "Grassy Isle"
There by crooning "Pinehurst" smile,
On and on for many a mile,
Till they, far below,

Wash "Mt. Roscel's" rugged beach,
Sing their hymns in runic speech
Past the "Katch-e-wa-nook's" reach,
Where—in sparkling spray—
O'er "O-ton-a-bee's" fair head
Press they—by her luring led—
She adown her shaly bed
Bears them far away.

Morning.

See, where the brooding night,
Like a covering angel of love,
Enshadows the sleeping earth from sight,
While the star-eyes shine above,

Close, where the curtained fringe
Of her sable draperies seem
To lift from the nestling hills—a tinge
Like the smile in a seraph's dream,

So faint and far away,
But a glimmer wins the sight,
A tremulous, sprinting, sparkling spray
From the jewelled wings of light;

While from the tasselled hills—
Where a fairy zephyr plays
In rhyme with the rune of the rippling rills—
Comes a low, sweet strain of praise.

Up, like a flash of flame
From Aurora's crystal dome,
Sweeps a herald beam of light, to claim
The waiting earth for a home.

Cloudlets—that seem to lie
By the low horizon's rim,
And float on the verge of the opening sky,
Far off in the dawn-light, dim—

In crimson frilling glow,
And, like out-post warders high,
Signal afar to the lands below
Of the glory drawing nigh;

Each radiant hill replies
With a greeting for the light;
The vales awake, and enrobed arise
From the vestal couch of night;

The nestled songsters wake
In tune with the whispered strain
Of the rustling winds over wood and brake,
And join in the sweet refrain;

The perfumed meadows breathe
Their odorous balms abroad :
So the birds, the breeze, and the flowers wreathe
A morning hymn to God,—

And lo ! A moment's hush,
While the shadows flee away,
And life and beauty bloom in the flush
Of the glorious king of day.

Be Glad My Heart.

" Be glad and rejoice with all the heart.

Oh, heart of mine, be glad to-day,
The sun is shining o'er thy way ;
Around thee are the flowers of May,
In fairy wreaths entwining
Their fragrance in the vernal air,—
Their beauty in the landscape fair,
And all their sweetness, rich and rare,
In human hearts enshrining.

Rejoice, my heart, the world is bright,
The Winter's weary gloom and night
Have vanished, and with glad delight
The grass and flowers are springing ;
Spring's balmy breath hath kissed the sod,
And blade, and bud, and blossom nod
With glad thanksgiving unto God ;
In perfume, praises singing.

By Roona's Fount.

In broken walls
And cavern'd halls,
Where shattered "Artemesia" falls,
Till at her feet
The rivers greet,
The rill-born "Boyne" and "Beaver" meet.

On mossy glade,
In fragrant shade,
Far up, where sun rays scarce invade,
E'en when their floods
—Where beauty broods—
Roll over all the billowy woods,

I lie; while near—
Nor heeded here—
A wealth of fern and flower appear;
And high o'er head
Great elm trees spread
Their arching arms above my bed,

And down the aisles—
Their witching smiles
My burdened spirit's pain beguiles—
The wood-nymphs bear,
Like answered prayer,
Their solace for my human care.

With bated breath
I hear beneath,
Like chorals from the realms of Death
A virgin spring
Its pearl-bells ring
And every chiming crystal sing:—

"O Beauty and Sun-Dawn a "Vagrant" appears,
Long leashed in the darkness and fettered in night,
The bond-stones have burnished her crystalline spheres
Till they mirror and match all your jewels and light."

"I come at His bidding who sent me afar;
My life has been ransomed, my glory restored;
I have learned 'mid the shadows and silences there
How to perfectly follow the Voice of the Lord."

"I come and am coming and still, evermore,
From Nature's divine distillations I come.
I have gleaned from the "Granite-bars" music and lore,
When I touched them of yore I was tuneless and dumb."

And lo: From out the hill-way
Just below me clear and bright,
Comes the ringing, springing, flashing,
Sparkling fountain to the light,
And the light-beams kiss its pureness
And on swift, imperial wings
Bear the love-thrills of its splendor
To a million, million things;

And the sound-waves waft the glories
Of its melody and song,
And the echoes tell them over
And the symphonies prolong,
And the leaf-tips touch and whisper
To the zephyrs passing by
Of the fairy, festive fountain
Peeping past them at the sky;

And adown its rock-gem'd race-way
To the crooning, calling "Boyne"—
While its falling, swirling waters
Did the terraced hillside royne—
Went the tossing, turning, swinging,
Singing fountain, fair and free,
All its rhyming, chiming ripples
In a rhythmal jubilee.

By Erie's Shore.

January, 1891.

Once again by Erie's shore
(Where I dwelt, with pulse high-beating,
Twenty years to windward) greeting
Old-time friends, in cordial meeting,—
Touching hearts, beloved of yore:
Strange the way the Lord hath brought us,
Great the good His love hath wrought us,
Wondrous truths His lore hath taught us
Since we first saw Erie's shore.

Just to be by Erie's shore!
Though the clammy coldness presses
All the verdure from the tresses
Weaving o'er the trellis'd laces
In the vineyards; though—in store—
Fettered flowers, in night, are waiting
For the hours when birds are mating,
Yet my love hath no abating
For this charming Erie shore.

Beauty dwells by Erie's shore:
Buds in Springtime-brightness, beaming,
Blooms in Summer-glories, gleaming,
Plumes in Autumn-vintage, teeming,
(Plans in Winter's restful dreaming)
Here, as through an open door,
Heaven shines out in rays, resplendent—
Matchless, myriad tints attendant—
Robing all in hues transcendant:
Beauty reigns by Erie's shore.

Life hath joy by Erie's shore:
Nature, feudal curses spurning,
Yields to labor full returning,
She—for human welfare yearning—
Doth her rich oblations pour;
All, who sow with true endeavor,
(None may God's arrangements sever)
Find a golden harvest ever,—
Toil's return by Erie's shore.

Love hath wings by Erie's shore,
Soars afar beyond the ether,
Bringing souls—akin—together,
Blending pole and torrid weather,—
Making one forevermore,
Them, who, feeling—in life's vernal—
Cupid's love-tipt barb, supernal,
Make the bonds of time, eternal :
Love is life by Erie's shore

For 'twas here, by Erie's shore,
Here, my manhood found completeness
—Fealty's boast and burden's sweetness—
Mourn I not life's transient fleetness
Nor its failing pulse deplore ;
Wedlock's bonds, by grace, uniting
Kindred souls in deathless plighting,
Makes my soul have glad delighting
In its bonds by Erie's shore.

Life is close by Erie's shore :
Oh, to be the soulful sharer
Of its higher life, and rarer :
Glory unto glory ! Fairer
Still ! Afar my thoughts doth soar :
Yet—beyond all human seeming—
Some there are, who—blindly dreaming—
Never reach their soul's redeeming,—
Die unsaved by Erie's shore,

So I sing of Erie's shore ;
See it when the sun retraces
All the charms the frost defaces,—
Laud its flower-gem'd, vine-row'd places,—
All its loveliness adore :
Say : "Good-night !"—all doubters scorning—
Unto them, who rest till morning,
'Neath the church-yard's quaint adorning,
Safe in God by Erie's shore.

Fair Northern Land.

(Lake of the Woods.)

Fair Northern Land I love thee well
And sing the glories seen in thee ;
Nor artist hand or tongue may tell
Thy witching wealth of harmony.
Thy Son, by grace, I pardon crave,
(Indulgent while I voice thy praise
In minor key) so crude my stave
And incomplete my roundelays.

Who would not love thy lakes and streams,
With shores of many a thousand miles,
And islands fairer than the dreams
Of slumbering peri wrapt in smiles !
Sure every love-toned heart adores
Thy crystal waters, clear and free,
Rejoicing in thy pictured shores
And mystic, mirror'd witchery.

No vapors dim, thy clearer light,
Or furnace fires thy sky-way stain,—
By lightning cloud-bath burnished bright,
Translucent blue they still remain.
Thy lambent air, with pure, ozone
Full-laden, (unto Scotland's, twin,)
Who breathes, may find th' estatic tone
Of vital perfectness within.

Thy holy nights, sublime, profound,
Where terraced hill-tops kiss the stars,
Low bending in the hush, light-crown'd,
And scintillating boreal bars
Sheen all the heavens in lambent flame
And veil in weird, celestial rays
The midnight sky, until the name
Of God is felt amid the blaze.

Sunday at Lancaster.

Sweet Day of God, serene and bright,—
 Fit bridal of the earth and sky ;
 The placid waters calmly lie
And mirror back the golden light.

From perfumed banks the flowers nod ;
 The trellised roses still and fair
 With fragrant odors fill the air,
To voice their praise and love of God,

The swallows westward speed their way ;
 The rooks—on ebon wings—flit by
 And passing low across the sky
No fear of human hurt betray ;

The sparrows gambol on the lawn,
 Nor seem to heed us as we pass ;
 The grey-birds twitter in the grass
The music garnered in the dawn ;

The crickets chirrup on the sod,—
 And clearer than the voice of creeds
 Their matin hymn my spirit leads
To loving harmony with God ;

Calmly adown the summer air—
 As if some hand did love unbar,
 Like heavenly music from afar—
The "Auld Kirk" bells invite to prayer ;

And thither borne, by willing feet,
 We hear the Word, our songs upraise—
 With reverence bow in humble praise—
And God within His Temple, meet.

To-Morrow.

'Joy cometh in the morning."

Hush! hush thy dole
O burdened soul!
Though care and pain oppress thee
And joy-lights fade,
And trust betrayed,
And human hate distress thee,
And sore the rod;
Keep faith in God,
He knows His servants' sorrow;
His sun will rise
And flood the skies
With golden light to-morrow.

For none shall miss
Life's truest bliss,
Who still, in Christ abiding,
Low at His cross,
Count all things loss,
In His sweet love confiding.
Though like a pall
Sin's shadows fall
In dark'ning haze around thee,
The light of day
Will chase away
The gloom in which they bound thee.

Pain hath an end
And sorrows blend
And fade, and God shall measure
For these—and all
That now appall—
Eternal rest and pleasure,
—Supreme, divine—
Each soul shall shine
With Heaven's light adorning,
And Love adore;
For evermore
"Joy cometh in the morning."

White as the Foam of the Sea.

For a moment I watched the white sea foam on the tossing crest of each incoming wave, the purest, whitest thing I had ever seen ; then my thought went up to Him who hath promised the purest pureness of nature to the sin-stained souls who may come unto Him, and so I pencilled :—

White as the foam of the sea !
 As the wind-fleck'd, feathery foam
That rides on the crests of the billows, free,
 Where the sea-mew finds a home.

REFRAIN.

 White as the foam,—
 White as the foam,—
As the foam of the sea
In the Laridae's home !
 Out of the dross
 My spirit shall be
White as the foam
Of the breeze-winnow'd sea.

White as the snow on the hills,—
 As the floury, fleecy snow,—
And pure as its sheen in the silv'ry rills
 As they flash in the glens below :

White as the lily in th' vale,
 When its pearly leaves unclose,
Or its fragrant sister, so chaste and pale,
 Where the limpid river flows :

White as the stars in the night,
 On the shores which the "*Arctic*" laves,
Or the full moon's phosphorescent light
 On the "*Indian's*" dreamy waves:

White as the purest of all
 Is my Spirit's light-ward goal ;
Pure as the pureness where Seraph's call
 Is the life which allures my soul.

May Wooing.

In the rapturous May
A sweet maiden at play
In a bower, all gay
With the blossoming spray
Of the rapturous May,
Trill'd a song
To the breeze,
'Neath the trees
In the amorous shadows :—
"My delight !
Let me ride
By your side
Over mountains and meadows ;"

' While you win the perfumes
Your fairies are after,
I'll find all the joy-tones
And music and laughter ;"

" Both Beauty and Light
Will encircle and bind us ;
We'll leave all the night
And the sorrow behind us ;"

" Wherever we come
In the bliss of our brightness--
Our love-jewelled home,
In its pureness and whiteness,"

" Will flash out to those
Who rejoice to believe us,
And Heaven disclose
Unto all who receive us."

* * * * *

Then the Breeze kiss'd the maid,
In her May-blooms arrayed—
(So the chick-a-dee said)
And away o'er the glade,
A white soul-serenade,
The pure Breeze and the maid
Went onward
Forever
In sunward
Endeavor.
And the joy of that morning,—
Its sweetness
Supernal,
Completeness
Eternal,
Is to mortals returning :

The May-Breeze and Child-heart
For service are plighted—
Love's harp and the soul
Of all gladness united—

And the magic, impearled
In the flower-mantled sod,
And the banners, unfurled
O'er the woodlands, abroad,

And the romance of sight
And surprises of sound,—
Whose visions invite
And whose raptures abound.

These all become dear
Unto all by their word,
And each are brought near
To the heart of the Lord.

His Little Ones.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."—Jesus.

Hail the glad message :—the children may come
Into the joy and delight of His home!
Know all the brightness His blessings impart ;
And live in the bountiful life of His heart.

Every bright babe is a gem of His own,
Lent from the light of His luminous throne
Sent from the sources of being above,
A seal of His matchless, Omnipotent love.

Germ of divinity, flashed into flame—
Born of humanity only in name ;
Fashioned—it may be—and formed from the clod,
Yet, bearing the spirit and image of God.

Growth, in His growth, is the measure of grace,
No one the limit may compass or trace ;
Wide as immensity's realms unsought,
And high as the reach of Eternity's thought.

Every sweet baby—or low-born or high—
Is heir to an infinite world in the sky ;
Each tender boy that a mother may bring,
By the grace of the Virgin's sweet Son, is a king.

The children are safe in His keeping and love ;
Drooping below He transplants them above ;
Born in His kingdom, unless they depart,
They always abide in His home and His heart.

Irene.

Irene !
So winsome ! So charming and handsome !
I carol thy praises,
I sing of thy grace ;
In th' gloaming I linger
While joy's fairy fingers
Paint the bloomings
Whose lustre illumines thy face.

Irene !
My sweetheart ! My jewel ! My darling !
Thy form is perfection,
Untrammel'd by art :
Thy cheeks like the roses
Where sunlight reposes—
And blue eyes
And dimples enravish my heart.

Irene !
I love thee ! The pure sky above thee
Seems purer and fairer
Since thou hast been mine :
While the stars gleam in splendor
Divine,—and so tender
Since the morning
My soul won a trysting with thine.

Irene !
Thy soul is a holy of holies,
Whose spirit an altar
Of light might adorn ;
Thy love is a treasure
Of limitless measure ;
Thy kiss
Like a thrill of the lips of the Morn.

On the Stair.

My laughing little daughter
Climbing slowly toward the sky,
Throwing kisses from the stairway unto all,
Carols sweetly : " Dood-night, papa,
I will tiss 'oo by an' bye,
In de mornin' when I hear de 'parrows tall."

REFRAIN.

" I will tiss 'oo, by and bye !"
What a love light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care !
O, the trust life, undefiled,
Of a loving, happy child !
There's a music in the " dood-night " on the stair.

Like a white-rob'd, winsome angel
She had call'd on every one,
Dropping smiles, delights and kisses at each chair,—
Leaving " Papa " in his sanctum
Quite coquettishly alone,
But I caught and kiss'd the darling on the stair.

We are growing old and sober—
So we sometimes sadly say—
And have burdens more than heart and brain can bear ;
How the children's cheery chaffer
Chase th' chafing gloom away !
There is more than smiles and kisses from the stair.

So we climb our Father's stairway
To the restful realms above,
In His provident protection, here and there ;
We have hope to see the morning
And the sunlight of His love,
And He's ever close beside us on the stair.

1890.

A New Scholar.

(A Sunday-School Applicant.)

"Yite a 'ittle tard for me,"
Sweet the voice and tender
Of "the Darling" by my knee:
May the Lord defend her!

Life is freedom, joy and love;
All the world's before her;
Where the star-eyes blink above
Heaven is bending o'er her.

Every morning she delights
In the sparrow's calling,
While she wonders, in their flights,
How they keep from falling.

All this dear old world is new;
Wonder questions please us:
While she hums the whole day through—
"What a friend is Jesus."

May each teacher, by love's rule,
For His glory reach her,
Till she, in God's perfect school,
Finds the Perfect Teacher.

This beginning, pure and free,
Means a soul's eternity.

Wait a Moment, Papa.

"Wait a moment, Papa, do not hurry,"
Said my little, white-robed maiden
As she hastened through the hall,
"You don' need t' do away in such a flurry,"
"You hab neber tiss'd your little dirl at all."

To the burdens waiting and the duties,
From the restful, shelter'd quiet
Of my peaceful, happy home,—
Quite unmindful of its harmonies and beauties,
And the strength and light which from their solace come,

I was hasting outward in the morning,
Having gathered up already
Some sore chafings for the day,
When this cheery voice rang out its call and warning,
And her presence banished all my cares away.

Then she said: "I want a Bible story,"
"Dust to sing about and dream about,"
"Dat I tan tom-per-hend;"
And I told her how the Lord of life and glory
Came with angels to have dinner with a friend;

How He spake of Sodom, as a city
Full of sin, yet, whose salvation
He most lovingly did crave;
How he answered every prayer of tender pity
By His positive assurances to save.

Then I kissed the darling and we parted;
All the day was brighter for that
Brief sojourning by the door;
She could sing of angels, I was lighter hearted;
Heaven, for both, was nearer when the day was o'er.

It is joy to have the children hold us!
There are heart-bonds in the trust-tones
Of their voices, undefiled,
Even God who guides the Heavens which enfold us,
Doth delay Him at the love call of a child.

1893.

Good-Morning!

(A Kindergarten Song.)

Good morning! Good morning!
We come; we meet;
In love we greet
Our smiling school-mates, and repeat:
Good morning! Good morning!
We bow and sing: Good morning!
We greet our loving teacher, too.
Our Father, God, makes all things new:—
The gardens fair, the leafy trees,
The singing birds, the laughing breeze,
The shining sun, the sky so blue,
And so we come to greet Him too,
And sing with grace
Good morning! Good morning!
We sing to Him
Good morning!

We come,—brim full of happy ways,
And bring ourselves, our God to praise;
We bring our bodies, pure and free,
The Temple of His Grace to be,—
Our hands and feet to serve Him well,
Our voices sweet His Name to tell,
Our minds to learn, our hearts to love,
By these to win the world and prove
Heaven may be here, for Christ is King,
And so to all the world we sing:—
Good morning! Good morning!
We bow and sing:—
Good morning!

At Rest.

(Our beloved May, who died March 4th, 1884, aged 11 years and 8 months.)

In the quiet church-yard's keeping
Mamie sleeps,
While the wintry snow-wreath, sweeping,
slowly heaps
'Round the little grave we made her ;
God knows best
With what breaking hearts we laid her
Down to rest.

"It is easy work forgetting,"
So they say ;
"There can be no gain in fretting
Day by day,"
But the tender heart-chords, riven,
Heal so slow ;
With what soreness we have striven
God doth know.

Such high plans our hearts were weaving
Every day,
Can you wonder at us grieving
For our "May :"
Her pure life so full of promise
For the right
Did go out so quickly from us
In the night !

But we know that He who claimed her
Knows the best
When to take, and why He named her
For His rest ;
So we take the task assigned us,
This in view,—
Some sweet eventide will find us
Resting too.

1886.

We all Belong to Jesus.

Lo we come, a happy band ;
All delight to hear us ;
Song and smile and waving hand
Unto each endear us :
Would you know the love we bring ?
Learn what life decrees us ?
We are children of a King,—
We all belong to Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Boys : We belong to Jesus !
Girls : We belong to Jesus !
We sing His praise,
We do His will,—
We all belong to Jesus !
We all belong to Jesus !
We all belong to Jesus !

I am Jesus' little boy ;
I, His little maiden ;
All our hearts with love and joy
Are for Jesus laden,
So we join His grace to sing,
All His doings please us,
He is Master, Lord and King,
We all belong to Jesus.

I will serve Him every day ;
I will love Him truly ;
We will each His truth obey—
Wisely, freely, duly ;
Jesus is our Perfect Friend ;
From all sin He frees us ;
Earth and heaven will join and blend,
When all belong to Jesus.

Our Boy.

(In memory of our precious Harry.)

Our brignt, sweet boy dld leave us .
Oh, how his loss doth grieve us !
 Our hearts so long to hold him
 As in the olden days :
Their love-bonds still enfold him,
For memory hath enrolled him
 Within her holiest chambers
 An abiding joy and praise.

In fancy we can hear him—
As if to some one near him—
 Still talking in the morning :
 "I love my Lord so much ;"
And all day long each measure,
That gave us such pure pleasure
 Keeps ringing in the silence
 Our hands can almost touch.

We still can hear him calling,
With the sunset glories falling,
 To the sparrows in his garden :
 " Come, lend a boy your wings
To find where God is storing
The light." His thoughts were soaring
 To radiant worlds beyond him
 Whence light in splendor springs.

He now, beyond the burden
Hath found his soul's glad guerdon,
 In the perfect life he longed for
 And the fadeless light above :
He views the land, supernal ;
He sees the King, Eternal,
 In his beauty and rejoices
 In the fulness of his love.

Yet, though within the portal
Of Love's joy-land immortal,
He hath not ceased to love us ;
Who knows what tender care,
What light, what help, what healing,
What grace, by love's revealing,
Are ours in the burden'd conflict
By his pure faith and prayer.

With all our toil and yearning
For wisdom and for learning,
Our boy knows more than we do
Of the mysteries of grace :
Beyond Time's darkening shadows
He hath found the heavenly meadows
Where eternal joy and gladness
Beams in every happy face.

1890.

Winnie's Gone to Jesus.

Winnie's gone to Jesus,
Brief and few the days
Tarried she to please us
With her winsome ways ;
Miss me now the smiling
And the tender grace,
All our hearts beguiling ;
Miss the rosy face ;

Miss the dimpled fingers ;
Miss the laughing eyes
Whose bright love-light lingers,—
Yet we hush our cries,
Lest our lips should blame Him
For this heavy cross ;
Lest we harshly name Him
In our grief and loss.

He is always tender ;
All His gifts are wise;
He, for love, did lend her
From the jewell'd skies,
Just to show the treasure
Filling heaven above
And to teach the measure
Of the Father's love ;

By this gift to win us
To be His, alone,
Make the heart within us
Perfect, like His own ;
Help us, in our dullness,
By this crucial call,
Understand the fulness
Of His grace for all.

When He smiled, she, to Him
Spread her pretty hands,
Just as if she knew Him ;
Human bonds or bands
Could not then detain her
From His loving breast,
Nothing could restrain her
For she lov'd Him best.

In resigned submission
To His blessed will,
Waiting the fruition
Which must follow still,
All our praise is given.
Counting jewels o'er—
We have one in heaven,
Ours forevermore.

The Children.

Do you ask us where the children go
When the sunset splendors leave them
And the stars shine out that love them so
And never, never grieve them ?
They close their eyes
And gently rise,
By angel arms enfolden ;
And pass afar
To the dream land star,
Through the pearly gates and golden,
All beauty beams
In the land of dreams
Through the pearly gates and golden.

Do you ask us where the children live
All the happy summer over ?
They abide in the land of make-believe,—
Nor clouds nor shadows cover ;
The boys are knights,
All brave and true,
Like the ones in story olden ;
The girls are queens,
To be crown'd anew
Through the pearly gates snd golden.
O, life is sweet
Where the children meet
By the pearly gates and golden.

Do you ask us where the children are
Whom the Master called at even ?
They were lonely in the night afar,
It was morning up in heaven,—
When he said : "Come,
My dear, there's room,"
His smile did so embolden,
From all below,
They were glad to go,
Through the pearly gates and golden ;
They're safe, above,
In the Land of Love,
Through the pearly gates and golden.

If I Love Jesus.

If I love Jesus, the Saviour, above,—
What will I gain when I give Him my love,
Teacher says, Jesus my Saviour will be,—
Tells me, and sings to me: "Jesus loves me."

Then help me love Jesus!
I'll try to love Jesus!
I want to love Jesus
For Jesus loves me.

If I love Jesus and Jesus loves me,
I shall be happy as happy can be!
When I love Jesus I never am rude:
When I love Jesus I always am good.

If I love Jesus and live by His word,
I shall be like Him: He will be *my* Lord;
Jesus will help me be holy and wise,
Fit me a beautiful home in the skies.

I will love Jesus—my Saviour and King;
For Him I hold up my hand while I sing;
Give Him my heart, His own Temple to be;
Live for His glory because He loves me.

Let the Children Come.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Jesus.

Let the children come to Jesus!
 Let them love Him while they may,
While their hearts are pure
 And their hopes are bright,
While their faith is sure
 And their trust is right:
Let the children come to-day.

Let the children come
 With their hearts aflame,
And with song and psalm
 Let them praise His name;
In the life below
 Or the life above,
There was never a heart so full of love
 As the loving heart of Jesus.

Let the children come to Jesus!
 Let them feel His touch divine;
Let His arms enfold
 To His heart of grace;
In His ranks enroll'd
 They have each a place;
Let His love their lives refine.

Let the children come to Jesus!
 Let them speak and work for him.
Let their thoughts, contained
 In their words, be creeds
That are all explained
 By their loving deeds.
Let the children come to Him.

By and By it will be May.

"Dear Grandma, I am lonely till the pinks and roses come ;
Now, the white snow-pearls do cover all their pretty garden home;
I am very weary waiting for the summertime so long :"
But the Grandma answered softly to her darling in a song :—

"Though the flowers
In the bowers
Be not blooming fair, to-day,
Do not weary,
O, my dearie,
By and by it will be May."

"The frost-king paints the windows and with diamonds trims the trees,
But there's eye-pain in the sunshine and I shiver in the breeze ;
Grandma call the summer quickly ; bid the winter rise and go !"
But the Grandma gave her answer in sweet treble, soft and low :

"Though the flowers
In the bowers
Be not blooming fair to-day ;
Do not weary,
O, my dearie,
By and by it will be May."

"My robins all have left me and my swallows are away,
And my trees are bare and leafless—all their green has chang'd to grey ;
And I miss my morning glories with their hearts all pure and white."
But the Grandma sang her answer, softly, in the fading light :

"Though the flowers
In the bowers
Be not blooming fair, to-day ;
Do not weary,
O, my dearie,
By and by it will be May."

My Love's Good Night.

The day fades outward in the west,
 Its golden sands have run,—
And way-worn mortals woo the rest
 By Toil's atonement won.
I hear the sparrows 'neath the eaves,
 The crickets in their nest,—
The zephyrs mid the arbor leaves,
 All whispering of rest :
 But O, I miss my love !
 I miss the tender light,
 The smile, the kiss,
 The prayer I miss,—
 My own love's sweet "good-night."

A stranger in an alien land—
 My loved ones all afar—
The sunset glories on the strand
 Return me where they are ;
In every song their music swells—
 A tuneful heart refrain—
And still as ring the vesper bells
 I am at home again.

The happy children bow and part
 As falling shadows fall,
I hear the laughter of the heart
 In every cheery call ;
They gather in from lane and street,
 From lawn and flowery sod ;
'Tis still "good night" the lips repeat
 To loved ones and to God.

While others sleep I wakeful dream
 Of hopes, that like the day,
All robed in rose, with glint and gleam,
 Have vanished quite away ;
Of joys I dream—I feel their thorn,—
 Of friendship's fickle bliss ;
Yet Hope outlines a perfect morn
 To compensate for this.
 Nor will I miss my loves
 In Heaven's eternal light ;
 The smile, the kiss,
 I shall not miss :
 There will be no "good-night."

His Angels.

The Father, God, we love, is very tender
To His earth-bound, sin-chafed children, in their weariness and pain;
He calls His kindest angel and doth send her
Where her smile is like the solace to the meadows of the rain.

He sends His angel Sleep with benedictions,—
Every downy plume is laden with the benisons of peace;
The soul—unleashed—forgets the clay's restrictions,
While the burdened brain and body from its fetters find release.

Encompassed by the frailties of the mortal,—
Environed by the evils that doth human life infest,—
It is passing sweet to cross the drowsy portal
Where her lurings lead the spirit through her labyrinths of rest.

One day—a cheerless, grieving day—was ended
At the midnight, and in bitterness I sought my silent room,—
But the irritating spirits which attended
All the day kept up their torture and disturbance in the gloom.

At last, I drifted outward, in her sealing,
All the freighted years forgotten, by a mystery all her own;
Past and present strangely blended, thus revealing
That our inmost hidden history—even hopes—to her are known.

Once more across the playing ground of childhood
A barefoot boy I scampered, all my morning lessons done,
With a merry group of playmates to the wildwood,
From the quaint old cottage school-house, half in shadow, half in sun,

With rare delight we gleaned the dells for flowers:
"Lady fingers," golden "Buttercups," and "Dew-drops" pure and white!
All the garnered joys of many "nooning" hours
Seemed to centre in this dreamland one of pleasure and delight;

But th' bell rang on our gladness, and its ringing
Banished all my school-day angels,—curtained all the happy scene,—
While another rose from out the shadows, bringing
Not a hint of all the two-score, burdened, battling years between.

In a fairy, fountained garden, in the gloaming,
Midst an aromatic loveliness too subtle to explain,
With my weeping, sweet Irene I was roaming,—
She was weary, tired, sobbing,—all my comforting seem'd vain.

Then the children, racing, came—as if they missed us—
With their merry, laughing playmates, from a game of "hide and seek,"
And our darlings, May and Harry, how they kissed us!
Smoothed their "dear Irene's" tresses, charm'd the shadows from her cheek.

They told her pretty stories of Elysian
Hills and valleys, in the sunlight, where the fragrant lilies bloom,
(And it never dawned upon me, in the vision,
That these much loved ones were sleeping in the silence of the tomb.)

They led us where the sparkling waters glistened
In the silvery sheen and radiance of the sunset's afterglow,—
Bathing fever'd brows and pulses—while we listened
To their cheery songs and laughter,—as I used to long ago.

* * * * * * *

The vision faded slowly from my keeping:
I awoke: 'twas morning: rested, I arose for toil to come.
All the day my heart kept singing: "No! not sleeping!
They are angels, too, to bless me, on my pilgrim journey home."

The Father, God, we love, knows all the tension
On our weary, human heart-strings, and in tenderness doth send
The kindest, holiest helper he can mention:
Every angel, here or yonder, by his favor, is our friend.

Silver Wedding Bells.

(A greeting to my greatly beloved wife, remembering twenty-five years of delightful companionship.)

Rings again the wedding bells!
Rings the silver-wedding bells:
As we pass the quarter-century mark
Their witching rhythm swells.
O'er and o'er each peal repeateth
(In each whisper tone it beateth)
Every cherished aspiration,
Every rapt'rous exaltation;
Each pure, purposeful intention,
Hope and plan find gracious mention;
All the flower-gem'd morning meadows,
All the perfumed evening shadows,
All the Springtime's virgin splendor,
All the Summer's wealth and wonder,
All the Autumn's rich fruition
And each Winter's restful mission,—
 These all flash again
 And fading,
 Are a memory serenading
 Which of retrospection tells
In the swinging, ringing, singing
 Of the silver-wedding bells.

Ringeth still the wedding bells!
Time-toned silver-wedding bells.
 Triumph and defeat
 Are sounding
From the threnody that swells.
When our souls, aflame, first heard them,
Life's divine impulses stirr'd them;
 In the symphonies, ascending,
Power and faith had wondrous blending;
Then, the gifts of place and station
Waited, but for occupation;
Buoyant youth, with strong assurance,
Nerved us for sublime endurance;
Every boon, in royal measure,
Tarried at our call and pleasure;

And we dreamt, some brave endeavor
Would immortalize forever,—
And that Honor, Wealth and Fame,
Each, had altars for our name.

* * * * *

What though hopes were shorn of wings
By the crowding common things,
And though Wealth brought Pain and Care,
All her royalties to share,—
And the gifts we strove to gain,
Still beyond our grasp remain,
Yet—made wiser by the years—
Each illusion disappears
And we value, at their cost,
Fleeting phantoms, which are lost
In the getting.
Now we prize
That which mouldeth destinies.
We have garnered in the strife,
Not a living,
But a life,
Learned that Wisdom's contraband
Is not won by reach of hand;
Glean'd that character alone
Standeth, when the task is done:
Past and Present tone the knells
In the meetness, sweetness, fleetness
Of the silver-wedding bells.

Still the ringing wedding bells!
Singing silver-wedding bells:
Heavenly thraldoms thrill the cadence
Which within their music dwells.
"God hath wrought it!"
"God hath wrought it!"
Listening spirit-ears have caught it—
Caught the pure, celestial meaning
From the silvery tongues careening:

"Every day,—
The gains, the losses;"
'All the way,—
The crowns, the crosses;"
"Answered prayer,—
Yet purpose thwarted;"

" Shadows,—
Where with light ye parted ;"
" Friendships,—
By the human blighted ;"
" Burnings,—
By the alien lighted ;"
" Chafings, slightings, scourgings, burdens,"
" Deep and overflowing Jordans ;"
" Morning sunlight,—
Swiftly shaded ;"
" Sheltered rests,—
By Want invaded ;"
" Tomb-sides,—
Dark with sombre sorrow—
Desolating many a morrow."

Lo ! God speaketh :—
" These are mine,"
" I, by them, do dross refine,"
" Sanctify and free from sin,"
" Cleanse the spirit-heart within ;"
" These are angels of the Blood"
" Shed by Christ, the Son of God,"
" Whoso heareth them shall be"
" Lifted upward unto me."

Still the love-toned minors ring,
While the guardian seraphs sing ;
See we now the Father's grace
Eye to eye and face to face ;
All the past is His, and all,
All the future at His call ;
Withered blossoms bloom anew
Where the glory breaketh through ;
As the earth-ways near the sun,
Golden heaven-ways onward run,
And the mortal, at the rim,
Finds immortal life in Him :
His great love all love excels,
Faith imparts and passion quells,—
Ringing clearer, clearer, clearer,—
Singing nearer, nearer, nearer,
In the chiming, rhyming rhythms
Of the sliver-wedding bells.

1896.

We Miss Them So.

(A Christmas Reverie—1896.)

We miss our loves
On this Christmas night,—
Their songs and laughter and glad delight;
We miss the blessings their brightness brought
And the subtle sweetness their presence wrought:
The dun clouds drape all the wintry sky
And the lone winds sigh
As they tremble by.

We miss their songs,—
Yet we know they sing
For 'tis Christmas. Surely Heaven doth ring
With jubilations of joy and praise
When the Angels sing as in olden days!
Our darlings join in the songs, we know,
And their glad hearts glow
In love's overflow.

We miss their joy,
Though we share it too,
For Heaven hath so much it breaketh through;
There is joy wherever the Christ is known,—
High up in the light of His own white Throne
And away far down in the haunts of sin,
Where the gifts come in
Which the Christmas win.

We miss their forms
But they sometimes come
At the midnight watch, to allure us home;
With our eyes half-closed, how our pulses thrill,
When the circling arms are around us still,
And the red, warm lips to our own are press'd,
And the head on the breast
Is at perfect rest.

We miss them so!
Yet the world above
Must be richer for all their grace and love.
Our hearts! Ah, well! They can bear and wait,
For the dear Lord knoweth our low estate,
And in loving kindness our souls will hide
At some Christmas-tide,
Where our loves abide.

Some Christmas Morning.

Some Christmas morning, beyond the shadows—
The sonore shadows of Sin and Death—
We'll breathe the perfume of heavenly meadows
And know the life that is more than breath,
The fragrant fulness, divine, unending,
Nor weary waiting shall seal us dumb :
Then !
O, the bliss and delight attending !
All bondage, broken ;
Each boon, a token
Of joy, supernal,
Pure and eternal ;
All being, treasure ;
All service, pleasure
In royal measure ;
Nor bane, nor burden,
Nor morn, nor even,
But Hope's high guerdon
Of gladness, Heaven
And life immortal with Christ, at home.

Some Christmas morning we'll walk in sunlight—
God's perfect sunlight, without a stain—
Far, far behind us the misty wan light
Of Earth's probation and Evil's reign ;
With knowledge broadened by recollection,
And soul-sight chastened and sanctified :
Then !
What a vision of retrospection !
The Hand that led us
And daily fed us ;
The Eye that guided
And light provided ;
The Might prevailing
O'er foes, assailing ;
The faith, unfailing ;
The Mercies moving
Each heart, by labor
Of love, to loving
Our God and neighbor ;
No prayer unanswered or good denied.

Some Christmas morning we'll join the Chorus—
The wondrous chorus they sing above—
With all who have entered in before us
And learn'd the songs of Redemptive love;
The Ransomed Choirs shall repeat the story
Of souls made white by the Saviour's blood:
Then!
O, the wealth of Celestial glory!
The saints, combining—
With Seraphs, joining—
And harp and psalter,
By Throne and altar,—
And stars, impending,—
And suns, low bending,
And worlds, ascending,
With saved ones freighted;
Cross and distressings,
By Love transmuted
To crown and blessings,—
And every loved one safe home with God.

Thanksgiving.

"O, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good."

Sing, one and all!
Unto the Lord, Jehovah, sing!
Sing with delight!
Sing of His grace and gifts abounding!
Sound ye His praise
Making His house with gladness ring!
Every happy song uplifts a fragrant prayer.
Sing! For the Lord
Every heart and garner fills;
Praise ye His name!
Bloometh His gold on all the hills;
Sing, as they sing—
Symphony, songster and rills;
Joyfully sing
Unto the King;
Sing of His perfect care.

REFRAIN.

Joyfully, then, let all adore Him,
Lauding His gracious ways ;
Brimming with joy we sing,
Praising our God and King ;
Sing of His care and kind providing,
For He hath crown'd our days :
Worship Him and for each favor
Swell His praise.

Raise ye the song !
Sing of the love He beareth all !
Praise ye the Lord !
He doth rejoice in them that praise Him.
Like gentle rain
Out of the Heavens His mercies fall :
Every praiseful song doth wing a soul refrain.
Great are His ways !
Out of the rocks the fountains flow ;
Each hour His word
Calleth the corn to bud and grow ;
All things are ours,
Yet are what He doth bestow :
Joyfully sing
Unto the King ;
Sing of His sovereign reign.

Sing evermore !
Never a doubt was blent in song ;
Tell of His might,
For it is full and everlasting ;
Give thanks to Him ;
Over the world His blessings throng,—
Free as light and air they to His people move.
Lift up the voice !
Circle the earth with hymns of praise ;
God, over all !
Unto His name your anthems raise ;
His boons of life
Fill with delight all the days :
Joyfully sing
Unto the King,—
Sing of His reign of love.

Our God is Good.

"He will teach us of His ways and we will walk in His paths."

We raise our song; with rev'rent lips make mention
Of all God's gracious tenderness and care;
The year hath gone; our souls, in Love's subvention,
Her laurels wear.

Not in the way we plann'd our God hath led us,—
By sheltered paths, where Rest and Peace abide;
Yet, in the desert, He a feast hath spread us,
By grace supplied.

Our souls, in poverty and penance hiding,
To Pity's house of bitterness have come;
Yet, still, by God's mysterious providing,
Have found a home.

Our hearts long held afar in Sin's subjection,—
'Mid nature's twilights, malice, ill and strife
Have found the Holy Spirit's pure protection
And perfect life.

Our service, in His name, scant praise hath brought Him,—
'Twas far below the standard of His word;
Yet, He knows all the deeds we would have wrought Him,
To crown our Lord.

Our God is kind. We marvel at the measure,—
So infinite, so feebly understood,
Of all the royal fulness of His pleasure.
Our God is good.

New Year's Eve, 1896.

A Morning Message.

Listen, my soul to the morning message,
Borne from afar on the sunbeam's wings ;
Shimmering clouds are its bright embassage,—
Murmuring woodland to greet it springs,—
All the world with its gladness rings.

Be still, my soul, in the hush and hear it
Whispering softly adown the ways ;
Cometh it swift to thy heart to cheer it ;
Hearken thou to its roundelays ;
Join in its jubilant song of praise.

"All things are pure and are planned for pleasure,"
Pure as the light from the golden east ;
Life, pure life is the gracious treasure
Each altar beareth, even the least ;
Every man is a censer'd priest.

"All things are true by Omniscient making,"
Hear the symphony rung abroad ;
Choirs divine in the groves awaking
Blend their voices to praise and laud ;
All things are true by the love of God.

"All things are right!" O, my soul repining
At lowly lot, canst thou weigh or trace
By the beams from the halls of the morning shining,
Atom or universe out of place ?
Is it thou who lackest the Builder's grace ?

"All things are good." It was thus He made them ;
Formed and fashioned at love's behest !
When the holy Son of His word arrayed them ;
Finished, complete, He knoweth it best—
"Very good" was the final test.

"All things are His" and by Him appointed
Blessings of goodness of honor and gain,
And each white soul is the Lord's anointed,
The rev'rent glory of God to maintain
And share in His royal, beneficent reign.

Another World to Balance This.

Interwoven in the woof
And the fibre of our thought,—
Subtle source of Hope's anticipated bliss,
Yet nor lacking sentient proof—
This conception is inwrought :
There must be another world to balauce this.

O, the weariness and pain !
O, the loss-encompassed gain !
O, the deep and dark environment of death !
Life is drudgery and gloom
From the cradle to the tomb,
And we hold it by the tenure of a breath.

Though life's radiant, rosy morn
May be full of love and light
Unto them who miss its scourge and lictor's rod,
There are countless thousands born
Where Deception's withering blight
Darkens every aspiration after God.

Every pleasure hath a pain ;
After blessing there is bane ;
Though the day be full of brightness yet the eve
And the shadows follow fast ;
When the summer joys are past
Comes the winter-time of sorrow when we grieve.

How the passion-fires of sin
Sear the human, till their scars
Put the image of divinity to rout,—
While the pent-up soul, within,
Beats against her prison bars,
Scarcely knowing if 'tis freedom to be out.

By the accident of birth
We are fettered to the earth—
Crucial heirs of all the evils of the past—
And we wonder if 'tis Fate
Or some venom'd fiend of hate
Hath our souls in such a servile bondage cast.

Like a shallop on the deep,
Minus rudder, sail and oar—
At the mercy of the billows and the breeze—
From the land of dreamless sleep
We are launch'd, from Lethe's shore
With the passion-winds of "Hanes" on our lees,

And we neither know nor see
Whence our being came to be,
While each fateful wave that bears us on its crest,
Onward, toward a great unknown—
Baffled, ignorant, alone—
Hath the spirit-songs of Silence in its breast.

Far above the moil and strife—
Herald of a life to be—
Rings a message, full of sweetness from the Lord :
"I will give eternal life
Unto all who come to me,"
And His covenanted blood hath sealed the word.

Walk we now by faith, not sight ;
In His promise find delight,
Lest our souls, by sin, redemption's goal should miss.
By His mercy and His love,
In a sinless world, above,
We shall have a perfect life to balance this.

1890

Eventide it Shall be Light.

It is night in the morning to-day,
For low over valley and hill,
The mist hangeth sodden and grey
With its glaze and its gloom and its chill.
No confident token have I
That sunlight or noon will appear ;
The haze its black pall hath spread over the sky
And only light's phantom is here.

It is night for my spirit as well ;
The shadows within, as without,
Spread over her powers their spell
Of dumbness, depression and doubt.
The world hath been harsh and unkind ;
Fair friends have been false and untrue ;
So, weary in body and wounded in mind,
My temples are laurell'd with rue.

It is night ; will this burden uplift
From the tear-mantled earth where it clings ?
I wait and I watch ; in the drift
I can see the slow pulsing of wings.
My soul, lying prone in the dust
With this passionate rain in her eyes,
Is faintly outreaching to ransom her trust
From the altar of doubt where it lies.

It is night, but God's mercy and grace
Are as full in the night as the day ;
Omnipotent love, in its place,
Still holdeth its sceptre and sway ;
Progressing by faith I may miss
The dangers and terrors of sight ;
I go on, not seeing or knowing but this,
"At even," He saith, 'twill be light."

1890.

Like a Mother Comforting.

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing." "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

Singing, singing over me—
Like a mother comforting,
In the night of darkness, dreariness and dole;
Sombre shadows cover me,
In the bonds of weariness,
Yet His voice in cheeriness,
Singeth, singeth, singeth like an angel in my soul.

Tenderly, so tenderly—
Full of kindest comforting,—
Like a sun-down zephyr humming in the pines,
Comes His loving lullaby,
Soothing all my fearfulness—
Full of charm and cheerfulness,—
While its vestal pureness with my spirit intertwines.

Peerless in His purity,
Highest in His holiness,
Strong in His omnipotence, whose power hath full employ,
Mighty in His majesty,
Yet my trembling needfulness
Hath His perfect heedfulness—
For His heart rejoiceth, bending over me with joy.

Resting in my impotence,
Tenant of my emptiness,
Dwelling in my loneliness to fashion and refine,
Father, in thy motherhood
Let Thy face, the while, on me,
Like a mother's smile on me,
Singing, sweetly singing, softly singing:—"thou art mine."

The Legend of the Autumn Wind.

(With apologies to Frederick Abbott. A story for the children.)

Would my darling like to know
Why the winds of Autumn blow
Chilling,
Killing
All the flowers
In the bowers
Ere their winding sheet of snow
Hath been spun
Or begun ?
Listen, then, each pretty sweet,
And the story I'll repeat
Which the South wind whispered to me
As a secret down the street :
(And these old folks ? They may stay ;
We wont send them "out to play,"
Though they sometimes are a "bother,"
And are "awful in the way.")

Once upon a morn in June—
Life and light and love in tune—
Creeping,
Peeping
Forth in wonder
Out from under
Mossy covering—full soon—
Came a flower
And that hour
To the sun its petals spread,
On the air its fragrance shed,
Caught the rainbow colors blending
In the sunbeams, overhead,—
Caught the music in the leaves,
Caught the beauty where it cleaves,
And the grace of form and fashion
Which in all things interweaves.

And that morning, through the trees,
Came a gentle North-land breeze,
Laughing,
Quaffing
Joy's completeness,
And her sweetness
All his throbbing heart did please ;
So he sought her—
Flora's daughter,
In her virgin grace and pride—
For his bosom's loving bride,
And such suit as his could never
Be rejected or denied ;
So he won her for his own,
To be his and his alone,
Queen of all his broad dominions
With a rainbow for her throne.

Roguish Cupid passing by,
Did the happy pair espy,
Wooing,
Cooing,
So he plighted
And united
Them, all good to glorify,—
And the ringing
Forest, singing,
Sung the secret to the hills,
And they rang it to the rills,
And the crystal waters sang it
To the meadows and the mills ;
Pictured in each pearl of dew
Went the message forth anew,
And the pure, white water lilies
Certified it chaste and true.

But the flower made request—
Smiling from her mossy nest
Sweetly,
Neatly—
By her mother
For another
Happy month, wherein to rest
In the leisure
And the pleasure
Of the ferny friends she knew,
Ere she bid them all adieu
To go forth with him forever
And to love him leal and true ;
So the Breeze gave his consent
And departed quite content,
For the groves had pledged their honor
Every ill to circumvent.

Children ! Oh ! ! 'Tis sad to tell ! ! !
Scarce had gone the breeze when fell
Crashing,
Dashing
Through the bowers,
Angry showers,
And the tiny flower's knell
Rang afar;
Each bright star
Up in heaven veiled its flame,
It was such a cruel shame ;
Then the pine tree told the balsam
How the tempest was to blame,
And they sang a dirge of praise,
Telling of its lovely rays,
And the forest mourned about it
And lamented many days.

Far away in foreign land,
Singing to a sylvan strand—
Breathing
Wreathing
Joy and blessing
While caressing—
To the breeze, by Fate's command,
Came the story,—
And the glory
Faded from his life forever,
Form-full seem'd each pure endeavor
And the pain-pangs in his bosom
May be healed and solac'd never;
For the chordals which vibrate
At the touch of love, elate,
All are silent, dumb and soundless
To the finger-tips of hate;
And the melody which rings
Out of all love-tensioned things,
Is a harsh, discordant threnody
When Venom racks the strings.

This fair, gentle breeze, so kind
Once, but now to favor blind,—
Wailing,
Railing
Forth in anger,
An avenger,
Cometh as the Autumn Wind;
In his breath
Doom and death;
At his glance the valleys quiver
And the aspens by the river,—
And the woodlands in their futile
Paling penance sigh and shiver;
But the balsams and the pines,
Where his music intertwines,
Keep their summer robes of beauty
While they drone their mystic lines;
As they sang in balmy June—
Every tassel tone in tune—
So they sing in winter's shadow
This immortal rover's rune.

Adoration.

Praise the Lord! Let all the world rejoice!
Render thanks for all the harvest store!
Ring the joy; Let heart and lip and voice
Sing His praises evermore;
For His gifts—in love—
All are gifts of grace
For the weal of all our race.

We thank Him for His kindness
And for His tender care!
We praise Him!
We adore Him!
His goodness we declare.
We chant His praise!
We laud His ways!
We do His name adore!
Unto love we trace
All His gifts of Grace!
Sound His praises evermore.

God is good! He crowneth every happy day!
Every day! Happy day!
Every day! Happy day!
We shout and sing His praises, evermore!
Evermore! O'er and o'er
We shout and sing His praises, evermore!
What a wealth in store
On every sea and shore!
O, shout and sing His praises, evermore!

So we praise the Lord who reigneth!
God, whose glory never waneth!
Father! He who His love constraineth
Evermore!
God, whose gift of grace sustaineth;
God, whose glory never waneth!
So we praise the Lord who reigneth,
Evermore!
We adore! Evermore!
O'er and o'er! Evermore!
We shout and sing His praises evermore;
All our hearts are brimming o'er with thankfulness,
We shout and sing His praises evermore!

My Shepherd.

"I know my sheep, and am known of mine."

He knoweth me,—my Shepherd, dear!
My name he hath engraven
Upon His hand; I have no fear
That I shall be enslaven
Of Hate, or Crime, of Sin, or Wrong,
Or broken from His holding,—
For I unto His flock belong,
Protected by His folding.

Though ransom'd myriads claim His care,
Yet, since my Shepherd met me,
Within His heart my face is, where
He never can forget me.
My tender Sheperd never will
Forsake me or deny me;
His holy helping hath me still
To save and glorify me.

My vagrant thinking he deplores—
Each foolish word and action,
Because my Shepherd, kind, adores
Each grace that gives attraction
To Him in me, to me for Him,
So when I rest me near Him
And lift my gaze, His eyes are dim
Because I do revere Him.

When I am faint, my Shepherd, strong,
Upon His bosom bears me,
And where destructive dangers throng
His sheltered rest he shares me.
I hear Him singing, low and sweet,
A song of trust above me:
By faith I am in Him complete
For He delights to love me.

No fear have I. Why should I fear
When such a Shepherd keepeth?
All the long day He watcheth near
(He guardeth all who sleepeth)
And leadeth on by throne or thrall
With purposeful endeavor,—
And all the Shepherd foldeth, shall
Abide with Him forever.

Company Enough for Me.

God is my beloved Companion
On my journey every day,—
Guiding, counselling, persuading
And providing, all the way;
His most wondrous love hath mov'd Him
Such a tender friend to be
That I glory to have prov'd Him
Company enough for me.

In the brightness of the morning
And the splendor of the noon,—
When from sunset rays, returning,
Shadows linger for the moon,
Close beside me I can hear Him;
He hath such pure joy in fee
'Tis most blessed to be near Him:
Company enough for me.

'Mid the peril and the sorrow
We are gleaning (for thy good)
Strength and comfort for the morrow
Of my earthly neighborhood;
All our labor, by His shaping,
For delight He doth decree,
Making him, by grace and keeping,
Company enough for me.

He is nigher than my breathing,
We are knit together so—
Like the fragrance interwreathing
In the Autumn's mellow glow;
Both in purpose and endeavor,
Fellows for eternity,—
He is now and will be ever
Company enough for me.

On the Sunward Side.

(A reverie on Fiftieth Birthday.)

When my heart is still
And my face is cold,—
Nor delights enthrill
As in days of old,—
Let no warm lips touch
The clay-cold brow :
If ye love me much,
Be tender now.

All the love-toned years
Of my youth have flown,
And the shadow nears
Where I walk alone ;
Still my spirit clings,
All else above,
Unto Christ, and sings
Of His dear love.

Where the mile-marks shift
(On my life's brief road
Passing rearward, swift)
I go home to God.
I have crossed the line,—
Time's spectres grim
In the light divine
Are faint and dim ;

I have crossed the line
To the sunward side,—
Where the "Corn and wine"
Of the Land abide ;
And the past I see,—
How God always
Hath been kind to me :
I give Him praise !

Though the hand be strong
As the eager brain,
It will not be long
Till they chafe in strain ;
Though the eye sees clear
In light and shade,—
Yet the hour is near
When visions fade.

Though I know not why,
As I care not how,
I shall quiet lie
With unruffled brow,
Nor the where nor when :
I have His bond :—
'Twill be earth till then
And Heaven beyond.

Progress.

Though scant the motion, wave by wave,
Yet, still, the tide creeps onward ;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
Yet lift a broad land sunward ;
Though beaten back in many a fray
Strength from Defeat we borrow :
So where the vanguard strives to-day
The rear guard camps to-morrow.

Though shadows veil the glory, now,
The promised morn is breaking,
And rays that kiss yon mountain's brow
Will soon these vales be waking ;
Though Poverty and Pain hold sway
And hearts trudge on with sorrow,
Yet Joy's pure lilies bud to-day
And Easter blooms to-morrow.

Dreamland.

My Spirit springs,
Spreads hope-lent wings,
Quits mundane things
Which bind her,
And takes a flight
O'er Heaven each night,
With Luna's light
Behind her ;
She sails afar
O'er seas impearled
Scans all the wide Elysian ;
Each radiant star
And each bright world
Beams on her love-lens'd vision.

Where other skies,
Light-formed, arise
And charm soul eyes
And win them,
New worlds divine,
Revealed, define
Love's pure design
Within them.
No sombre scene
Where duty chides
From day-land hazes haunt her,
Nor heights terrene,
Where peril hides
'Mid dreamland dazes, daunt her.

O'er realms untrod
She roves abroad;
It may be God
Doth gift her
With heavenly wings,
From meaner things,
Wherein she clings,
To lift her ;
But who may tell,
Save God above,
Where opens heaven's portal ?
Or measure well
But perfect love,
Our kinship with th' immortal ?

Some Day.

"Now Lazarus is comforted."

Some day the tension and pain will be ended,—
Wearisome chafings and burdens be done;
All who have toiled through the years, unbefriended,
Finding no resting-place under the sun;
Patiently bearing the ills that befall them,
Meekly enduring the cross and the rod,
Out of the darkness will hear some one call them
Into sweet rest on the bosom of God.

Some day the sunlight will shadow the neighbors,
Who carry our clay to the churchyard afar,
And then the poor body shall rest from its labors,
Where nothing from earthward can make or can mar
The quiet and calm of its peaceful reposing;
While, borne by the angels of mercy above,
The Spirit, where God is life's purpose disclosing,
Shall dwell in the bosom of Infinite Love.

Some day! Aye, some day! It may be to-morrow,
The pathway we tread through the murk and the gloom,
May pass the dark portal where endeth our sorrow,
And widen for aye 'mid the verdure and bloom
Of the hills where the Lamb is the light and glory,
The evergreen hills of the country above:
Our spirits, with joy, will rehearse the glad story
Of all the sweet way which he led us in love.

Some day. Why, "some day?" Each day is eternal;
The aëons of Time are Eternity's cost;
The rustle of wings in each hour is supernal,
And never a moment is ended or lost;
The Hope-bells of Time ring the spirit's vacation,
And mortals, immortal, their music may laud,—
For time, in the trend of eternal duration,
Scarce measures a pulse in the bosom of God.

Shoreward.

"So He bringeth unto the desired haven."

Peace, doubting heart, 'tis well!
God's ways all ways excel:
Beneath thee and around,
Though bitterness be found,
His comforters abound:
Give praise! His ways excel!
'Tis well!

Be patient heart, and wait!
There is nor chance nor fate;
God reigneth still, and love
Doth every impulse move,
Here and in Heaven above;
He, who alone is Fate,
Saith wait.

Spirit, be calm and rest!
God knoweth what is best;
Though rough the roadstead, o'er,
The angry sea, before,
May vex and grieve thee more;
Yet He, who knoweth best,
Saith rest.

It will be peace, at last,
With the brief voyage past;
Though head-winds baffle, here,
And tempests beat severe —
The harbor-lights shine clear
At Home. The Port is near
Where toil and tumult cease—
In peace.

September, 1897.

Thy Place.

Forget the hand that penn'd the lines,—
The face and form that pleased thee well,—
The life, inwoven, whose designs
Were laid by Him, who may not tell
Or whisper why :—the restless nights,
The beating brain, the crucial call,
The open graves, the sudden flights
Of faithless friends : forget them all.

These all were his, they war no more,—
Their walls are broken, doors are dust,—
Their dole is done and perils o'er,
Their tale is measured by the trust ;
And what is he, who too shall stand
Alone, before Him, at the end,
And take the service for Him plann'd
By Christ, his Brother and his friend ?

But it may matter much to thee
What thou shalt o'er his furrows glean,—
Though scattered wide the hattocks be
And barren stubble spread between,
Yet seeds of truth, hope, faith and love,
Thy careful gleaning may obtain,
And these, re-sown, may yield, above,
A harvest rich with golden grain:

So stay thy feet where he hath stood
And from the standpoint where he saw
The gracious, guiding Hand of God,
Look well ; Thou too mayst see that law,
Divine, is love most true ; mayst find
The sweetness of the Spirit's ways,
And learn that all things bear and bind
For heavenly recompense and praise.

1899

Good Night!

It is done.
The day is done.
The glory fades in the west.
All the love-lent hours of its grace have run;
It is night—thy soul may rest.
Good night! Good night!
God giveth rest.
Good night!
His care is rest.

It is done.
The toil is done.
The weary hands on the breast
May be folded now till the morrow's sun:
It is night—thy hands may rest.
Good night! Good night!
Thou art God's guest.
Good night!
His peace is rest.

It is done.
The duty done.
Nor sin nor pain may molest,
Nor the conscience call. It is Heaven begun
When He saith: "Come in and rest."
Good night! Good night!
No fears infest.
Good night!
His hope is rest.

'Twill be done.
'Twill all be done
Some golden eve. With the blest—
When the perfect morn and its life are won—
'Twill be rest. Love's life is rest.
Good night! Good night!
God doeth best.
Good night!
His love is rest.

1899

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FIRST EDITION.

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MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

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